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AN ARDENT
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MRS. RUSSELL CODMAN
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JANE? HORTONWAY FLAGG

AN ARDENT AMERICAN

BY

MRS. RUSSELL CODMAN

FRONTISPIECE BY

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



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INTRODUCTION

AN ARDENT AMERICAN

I

I HAVE decided to write my Memoirs 'for' I think the next two months will be a very interesting period of my life. As the Comte de Ségur says, "In writing one's Memoirs one must be an actor, not an author"; so without reserve I shall take the first rôle.

In case these pages are read by strangers, I shall firstly explain who I am. My name is Yvonne Carrington. I am eighteen. I have a little more than five feet and a half of height, thus I am tall. I am blond with eyes gray-blue, and a waist rather fine. I am a half orphan as my beloved father died when I was childish. Alas! I was born and elevated in Europe which makes that I speak my maternal tongue imperfectly, but I shall quickly learn, and I am writing my Memoirs in English with the help of a dictionary, not only as a lesson but also for my pleasure.

I have always adored America, and all that was American, although I have never been there; my

greatest treasure after my father's miniature, are some American leaves of autumn, which were sent to me; I have kissed them so often they have crumbled, and if I had dared, I would have written and begged for a little American earth; the monks of Pisa did bring soil from the Holy Land to sanctify the Campo Santo, so would I cherish earth from my own country, but I feared to be thought foolish.

My mother is all the contrary from me, she likes Europe and has remarried herself to a German diplomat, which makes that I have a little German brother and sister. We have dwelt in Rome and Paris, Vienna and Madrid, and every summer we pass a few months in my step-father's castle near Hanover; but although so carefully reared as a European young girl my heart has never ceased to be American.

At last, my grandmother Carrington has insisted that she must see me, for I am the only child of her only son, and much against her own desire mamma did let me go for two months.

I am making the crossing with my maid Angélique who is very ill and cross, and I am under the guard of the French Ambassadress to Washington who is the friend of my parents. I observe everything on the boat, and I have the occasion to be often alone, which I have never been allowed before, and which I enjoy so much. I walk up and down

the deck and breathe with full lungs the air of liberty, for we are approaching the shores of my dear land.

I think there must be an American language after all, for I have made the acquaintance on the ship of a young girl, called Lily Stuart, of Philadelphia, and I really can not understand but half of what she says. She has told me I was a peach and a daisy, which are fruits and flowers in English, but I think she wanted to indicate complimentary remarks in American. She spoke of making a date with me, but I did see none. I try to look as if I comprehended, and I inscribe all to learn as promptly as possible, and I hope to loose my terrible foreign accent, which she calls peachy. She has invited me to stay with her at Bar Harbor, where she said, I would have a corking time and we should go on regular sprees. I wonder what she did mean! In the dictionary I find "spree" means to say a noisy frolic and drinking bout, and perhaps she said uncorking time, which signifies opening bottles of champagne or other beverages.

I want to be gay, but I do not want to be fast! But she has not the air fast; the Ambassadors has said she was a sweet girl, but she talks to young men as if she was a married woman. I know that is the American mode which I must also learn. She has presented to me a young man called Bobby. I did not hear his surname; he is very jolly and

agreeable; we conversed a half an hour all alone, and we discovered we both do love horses and dogs; he says I must be sure and come to Bar Harbor. Lily Stuart has told me that at home she goes to drive and walk and sail alone with young men. It will appear very strange to me, but I think I shall like it well.

WEST POINT



II

JUNE 23rd. As my following experiences are more actions than thoughts, and therefore nothing private, I will employ my Memoirs as the rough copy of my letter to my mother, which will spare me the annoyance of writing three times the same thing. I must only remark to myself, what my mother would understand never, that at the first sight of the land of America, my eyes filled themselves with tears, and that Christopher Columbus did not feel himself happier than I.

LETTER.

“Dearest Mamma,—

“My voyage has been an enchantment! Angélique was ill all the way over and never left her cabin. The Ambassadors was also tolerably indisposed, but she sent her maid every morning to take of my news and she sometimes did appear for dinner in the evening. Angélique wanted me to take my repasts in the cabin, but I would not; it would have given me nauseous sensations, so I sat between the Ambassador and the Captain, who, all two were very kind to me.

“I am trying to learn English rapidly, for although I have always spoken it with you, dear Mamma, I know it not well. I was a great deal with a nice American young girl whom the Ambassadress allowed me to know, and I am studying her expressions and also the lives of our American authors. I did not ask permission before reading the book, as I was sure the subject was correct. I think our literary men, although perhaps not so famous as the French, are better *pères de famille*.

“I cannot describe to you the joy of my heart, as I first stepped onto American ground, although it was only a wooden pier, and I liked to hear all those dear American voices shouting around me. There is no trace of the European servitude of centuries in the noble independence of manners of the Custom House officers; I suppose they are, like me, descendants of the liberators of our country.

“A gentleman encountered me on the dock with a letter from my grandmother presenting him to me as my cousin Henry Short. I was disappointed not to find him the type of the Gibson Album young American, with a straight nose and a firm chin; his nose is broad and he has no chin at all; but his manners are friendly. I think everybody is friendly here, even the driver of cabs. I heard my cousin tell the inspector, who was visiting my boxes, that I was a foreigner, which naturally rendered me very indignant, and I said, trying to speak a little through

my nose, 'I am a citizen of America returning to my own land.' Cousin Henry had the air annoyed and I discovered to call myself American made them disbelieve all I said about my frocks, and the inspector took ten times more longer, which was rather cruel; so when they began with Angélique's box I assured them she was French completely, so they treated her quite quickly. Unhappily we had missed the best train for West Point.

"The pavements of the City of New York are a little surprising, they upset Angélique very much; she was sick to her heart five times on the way to the station, and she said she had her stomach on the reverse. Cousin Henry was very discreet and looked out of the other window each time; so as the two windows were blocked, I saw not much of the beauties of the town. The trains are very democratic, as is suitable in a free country, and they allowed us to get on as it started; there are no compartments, we all sat close together, on a bench for two; Angélique next to a very fat man, and I near a little old woman, who talked to me and called me 'my dear' and offered me sweets. Cousin Henry had to stand nearly the whole length of the path. But oh! the river, the Hudson, is so beautiful, I was in ecstasy; it is so much more marvelous than the Rhine with its ugly vineyards, and it is more broad and of an aspect so noble.

"We arrived at last; there were two or three car-

riages waiting at the station with such thin wheels. An old coachman touched his hat to us, and he was driving two ravishing horses. He was not seated on a box like a victoria, but the two seats were the same; it is more American not to make distinctions. Cousin Henry helped me in and was going to put Angélique next the nice old coachman, but she refused; she said, '*Je ne me mettrais jamais sur le siège.*' I was so provoked by her monkeynishes that I jumped up next the old coachman, so she and Cousin Henry sat behind.

"It was very comic in arriving at the house. The butler who stood at the door, helped Angélique out of the carriage and said, 'This way, Miss, Mrs. Carrington is waiting for you in the parlor,' but I jumped below and ran in ahead, and in the sitting-room sat my dear grandmother. I bent down to kiss her hand, as I do to you, dear Mamma, but she would not let me, and said, 'Kiss me, my child.' She was very emotioned; she was thinking of my poor beloved papa. But oh! she is so imposing and beautiful; her hair is soft and white; she wears a cap of lace, and always a black silk gown; her eyes are blue and her skin is pink with tiny little wrinkles, and her hands are nearly as pretty as yours, dear Mamma, and she wears rings that are wonders.

"My first day in America would have been perfect except for the lamentations of Angélique. She complains of her stomach, of her head, that she has

no appetite, that there is no soup or wine for the repast of the evening, that no one speaks French, that there is only one manservant, that it is altogether a country of savages. I nearly slapped her face I was so impatient, and I sent her to bed. And there, I must go myself as it is very late. Please give my affectionate greetings to Papa, tender kisses to Hugo and Wilhelmine, a polite message but not affectionate to Fraülein, and I kiss your hand, dearest Mamma, many times.

“Your very loving

“YVONNE.”

III

JULY 1. I have been in America all one week, and I have never been so happy in my life. I feel as if the sad years of my youthfulness were rolling away like clouds over my head; even Angélique, the only black spot in my present destiny, by her lamentations so continual, makes me compare more vivaciously the joys of the present with the oppressions of the past.

I was like a bird in her cage with prison doors opened only to play tricks. We dwelt in Paris last winter and there I studied without remission; I followed History and Literature courses; I had lessons of singing, piano, elocution, German, Italian, dancing and deportment; two detestable hours a week sewing with Fräulein; also one hour's cooking, as my mother said I might marry myself to a German and these domestic things would be required; thus I have been prepared to espouse men of every nationality. My one joy was high school riding lessons, and I jump so well my step-father has promised to let me go to the imperial hunt next autumn. He has always good intentions, but his manners are cold and severe.

I was presented this spring at the German Court; my mother being the wife of a nobleman and an Ambassadors, I was admitted with the privileges of the aristocracy, but I assured everyone I was an American, therefore "*bürgerlich*," although the German servants call me Comtesse Yvonne like my little sister Wilhelmine. Since our glorious Marine was victorious over Spain, and since royal princes go to America to amuse themselves, our country has gained much prestige in European eyes. Those who questioned me about America when they heard me sing her praise, were surprised when I avowed I had never been there. This was a bitter sorrow which rendered me all mortified, but now I shall be able to tell from my own experience how perfect she is.

I am content to verify that I speak English already more runningly; never do I let escape a foreign word and my little dictionary is always near me.

My grandmother fills me with love and admiration; she never tells me I am too young or too old to do things I want; when she calls me her little girl, my heart melts of tenderness, for no one has treated me in a manner so sweet before. My mother I did see but rarely, and she likes not caresses. When Hugo and Wilhemine were babies I did embrace them all I wanted, but no one did embrace me in my turn, and so my heart instead of blossoming has remained a little closed bud. But

my soul did find expansion in my love of God. I often lay awake at night and imagined angels near me. I have spent a whole hour on my knees, on the cold bricks of the Chapel in our Castle, till I fell in a sort of a trance with sensations soft and angelical, but notwithstanding these aspirations towards Heaven, I am naturally very bad; to better understand my nature I will divide my faults and qualities.

FAULTS.

- No. 1. Selfish.
- No. 2. Impolite towards people I hate, like Fraülein.
- No. 3. Impatient with people like Angélique.
- No. 4. Obstinate.
- No. 5. Vain.
- No. 6. Unconscientious.
- No. 7. Careless.
- No. 8. Forgetful.
- No. 9. Impetuous.
- No. 10. Adoring pleasure.
- No. 11. Mundane.
- No. 12. Desirous to seduce persons by hypocritical charms.
- No. 13. Passionate; I mean when I love people I want to press them in my arms; when I am happy I want to sing, and jump over chairs; when I am angry I want to cry and tear things to pieces, so

I suppose I have a nature very violent, although I can be so gentle, too.

QUALITIES.

- No. 1. Patriotic.
- No. 2. Religious.
- No. 3. Truthful.
- No. 4. Affectionate.
- No. 5. Generous.
- No. 6. A great desire to do right.
- No. 7. Rarely cross.
- No. 8. Discreet.
- No. 9. Not curious.
- No. 10. Manners which are excellent, but they
come from ceaseless overwatching.
- No. 11. A strong will; this last quality is for the
good and for the bad.

So in calculating the total I have two more faults than qualities, which is discouraging. I may add to my qualities in becoming old, but I am no better now than when I was young; here, at least, I am so happy, I have no temptations except to slap Angélique. She cannot get accustomed to no dinner in the evening and no wine. I tell her the enormous American breakfast is instead of dinner, and that the sparkling American air is like champagne, that she can aspirate with every respiration, but she will not let herself be convinced. She is like a mule,

so obstinate. She thought it her duty to accompany me on my first walk. We escalated a hill so precipitous, that on our return we had to sit on the grass to slide down, and she declared she would not support such expeditions. To my joy my grandmother allows me to go alone. Angélique said, "*Que dirait Madame la Comtesse, si elle savait que Mademoiselle se hasarde seule sur les grands chemins.*" - But I think she is content to stay at home; the butler teaches her English and she trims hats for the maids. Their admiration of her address consoles her a little for her exile of France.

Thus I promenade myself alone, which makes me happy. I can march as fast as I want; I can stop to look at those ravishing little honey-birds who plunge their long beaks in the corolla of the flowers; I can run down hills; I can sit myself and contemplate the clouds; I have no more to adapt my paces to a detestable, grumbling German, who but looks at my shoulders, my head, my arms, my legs, to correct the way I employ them.

The peasants here do not bow to the passersby, only an Italian organ grinder saluted me. I asked a man the direction to the river. He did not lift his hat only pointed with his thumb; perhaps American manners are not as well cultivated as European ones, but after all good manners are not natural, all children have to be taught and punished. The

salute of the peasant is the result of the servility of generations, so even in this, to be truly loyal to my nation, I must admire the independence of their gestures.

IV

JULY 4th. Declaration of American Independence.

I was awakened this morning at four o'clock by noises of war. I thought our soldiers at West Point were making the manœuvres and repelling a false attack; so I listened to the firing of the first American guns I had ever heard, with a trembling joy in my heart. They sounded very differently from European guns as they went off in loud crackles, even under my window; then I heard whistles very acute and the sound of tin bells.

I got up, and in front of the house I saw little boys and big boys and men making to explode crackers; thus my patriotic transports were a little diminished, as I should like to have slept longer, but the detonations never ceased, and we could not all day forget, for one instant, that it was an American feast. I tried to be pleased by the fervor of the people, but it rendered Angélique very cross and even somewhat agitated my grandmother.

My cousin, Henry Short, had come to spend the holiday with us, and I made a long walk with him in the morning. He asked me a great many ques-

tions about things all natural, and he smiled all the time at my answers; but to me, it is equal, for thus do I learn more English, and it flatters me a little, for never before did an older person want to listen to me speak.

I sat alone with my dear grandmother a little of a time before lunch, and she asked me how I liked my Cousin Henry. I said, "I find him nice but he has not manners very seductive. He called me a pollygoat. What does that mean to say?" My grandmother had the air surprised. "Yes," I continued, "when I said I spoke four languages he called me a regular pollygoat."

My grandmother laughed and explained he must have said polyglot, which signifies a speaker of many tongues. I was all confused at my stupidity.

My grandmother then added in stroking my hand, "My dear little girl, I am afraid it is dull for you here; there are no young people and you have come to America to see something of society and enjoy yourself."

I said, "But I am so happy with you, dear Grand-mamma. I have never been so happy before, and it is a joy for me just to walk alone. I received a letter to-day from my aunt, Mrs. King, who invites me to make her a visit at Newport, but I shall thank her and refuse."

"No, my child," said my grandmother, "I wish you to accept. Mrs. King is your mother's sister;

she has young daughters and you must go, for there you will have the chance to see one of the gayest places in the world."

I did want somewhat to go, so it was not difficult to obey. When I heard it was a seashore place where I could bathe, I ran up to tell Angélique she must make me the prettiest bathing suit imaginable. We both remembered one the Comtesse de Villars wore at Trouville, and Angélique said she would copy it exactly. She is pleased to go to Newport for she knows my aunt's French maid, and that she will find there a big style of house, just what I detest — Angélique and I have not the same tastes.

In the afternoon my Cousin Henry took me to West Point, our military school, which corresponds to St. Cyr. The Colonel was having a large reception; it was thus my *début* in American society. When I courtesied and kissed the hand of the Colonel's wife she seemed much surprised; perhaps it is not the custom here, for I saw no other young girls do it; they had manners very free and talked with loud voices; I heard one tell a cadet he was a "perfect darling" because he did give her his photograph, but perhaps they were betrothed.

The cadets and officers had the air very nice; they held themselves as straight as German cadets, and I was so happy to feel I was at last in the midst of my own army, and not a stranger, as usual, among

European troops who might any day be my enemies. I was so interested looking at everyone, I forgot I was a young lady in society, until some cadets were presented to me, and one of them asked me to dance.

There was a big tent where the military music played, and I soon discovered that my compatriots dance like a dream, as well as Austrians. Oh! it was ideal! I danced without ceasing, laughing and talking all the time. It was delicious not to have to return to a chaperon; Cousin Henry did observe me, but I did not have to pay attention to him. He came to ask me to go with him to have an ice, when a charming Lieutenant Hill reminded me I had promised to go with him, and three cadets said it was their turn for a dance. I felt myself in a whirlwind of enchantment.

After Lieutenant Hill and I had taken refreshments he offered to show me the Armory of which I was very content. He indicated the portraits of the Presidents; I had only heard speak of Washington and Lincoln; my ignorance was lamentable!

"What did that one do?" I asked, pointing to a sad looking man in uniform.

"Why that is General Grant!"

"And who was he?"

Lieutenant Hill exclaimed himself, "Well, I'll be jiggered!"

I did not understand this new American word;

looking at me, he added, "See here, Miss Carrington, where have you lived all your life?"

"In Europe," I answered.

"Then I suppose you have heard of Napoleon."

"Yes," I answered with dignity, for his manner of questioning offended me a little, "I know all that concerns him."

"In that case you may know too much, but let me tell you that our General Grant was a greater and far better man than your Napoleon."

I was very indignant and said, "He is not my Napoleon, and General Grant is as much mine as yours, and if I have been enough misfortunate to be elevated in Europe, it was not of my fault, and you ought not to mock yourself of my greatest unhappiness." I became more indignant still when I felt tears come to my eyes and I turned myself and walked to the door.

He followed me quickly and said, "Beg pardon, Miss Carrington, I supposed, as you were brought up abroad, you could not possibly care for these men we West Pointers love and honor so much."

I looked him well in the whites of the eyes, although I felt one tear I could not retain roll down my cheek. I said, "Mr. Lieutenant, from the tenderest age I have adored my country; it has been to me my great pain of never having seen it. If I know not my American History, it is because I was made to learn all the histories of Europe first.

This last winter I was studying Modern History, but I had the bad chance to have the Grippe during the moment we came to the chapter devoted to American History, and thus I am so ignorant of what I most wanted to know."

"Please forgive me," he said humbly, "I am awfully sorry."

"You must be sorry for me," I said sadly, "you need not be sorry for yourself."

"I am sorry for us both, then; sorry I was such an ass, and sorry you never learnt that chapter, but look here, Miss Carrington, let me give you lessons. I'd just love it."

"Oh, thank you," I said, once again happy, "will you really? I should be so very grateful."

"All right then, when shall we begin?"

"To-morrow morning, if you want; I am alone all the morning."

"First rate! Then I shall be at your house at twelve. I am free then, it is the dinner hour."

"And you will miss your repast?" I asked.

"I don't mind," he answered, "after all dinner is only an old chestnut."

I nearly exclaimed myself when I heard our dear soldiers were given such queer nourishment, but I try now to firmly suppress all my wonders.

We left the Armory and Lieutenant Hill showed me the points of view around the fortifications and took me to a path called "Flirtation Walk."

I hesitated to advance. "Do only people who flirt come here?" I asked.

"That is done everywhere," he said.

So I followed him and I asked, "Do nice young girls have flirts?"

He looked a little intrigued and said laughing, "Search me! for I guess I am out of the running."

I was offended at his remark and said coldly, "I do not want to touch you, Mr. Lieutenant."

"Don't get mad with me, Miss Carrington. Your French and my slang don't quite understand each other yet, but we'll take lessons of one another and you'll see we'll get on capitally."

"I only asked you about flirting," I said, with an air very grave, "because I wanted to hear an American officer's opinion. It is a pastime so differently regarded. I have only seen other people do it in all sorts of ways, and heard the people not doing it criticise them so much. I am really as ignorant on this subject as about the American Presidents."

It was dark when we returned to the tent; Chinese lanterns were lighted, and I began dancing again, and they all said I ought to wait for the fireworks. But Cousin Henry arrived with an air very cross; he said he had looked for me everywhere for over an hour and thought something had happened. So I said, "Cousin Henry, you knew I was under the

protection of our American officers, therefore I was safe."

They all clapped their hands and made me a little ovation, but Cousin Henry looked more cross and said we must go home at once. I heard as we left the tent an officer whisper to him, "Your French cousin is a corker!" It was meant as a compliment, I suppose, but I was greatly afflicted to be called French. How soon shall I lose my foreign appearance? And what can corker mean?

We were silent as we drove home, till at length Cousin Henry said, "My dear Yvonne, as I am somewhat older than you and a relative, you must allow me to make an observation: your enthusiasm for America and Americans is no doubt very delightful, but you ought to moderate your expression of it somewhat, as it must appear to strangers an affectation or at least an exaggeration."

That piqued me to the quick; "Cousin Henry, you are not worthy to be an American, and to those who love their country, my admiration cannot seem exaggerated. I heard you remark in the tent that the 4th of July was the beastliest day in the year, and I was mortified a cousin of mine could say such a thing to our officers, who have consecrated their lives to the service of their land. I am sure they understood my sentiments. Did they not applaud my words?" Cousin Henry mumbled something

I did not understand, and I did not deign to question, I felt I had triumphed.

As we turned into the avenue he patted my hand which I did not like at all and said, "Let's be good friends, Yvonne. You are a nice little girl, though somewhat foolish." I find his tone insupportable; it reminds me of Fraülein, although he is more amiable usually. "And by the way," he added, "I prefer to have you call me Henry."

"Oh, but!" I said astonished, "you give me advice because you are so much older, and thus it would not be respectful."

"Rats!" he cried out.

"O my God!" I screamed, for I have rats in horror. I jumped on the seat just as we drove to the door, so the butler and coachman must have thought Cousin Henry had pinched me.

"You silly child," he said and pulled me down, "'rats' is slang."

I have resolved to ask Lieutenant Hill to teach me slang before we begin on History.

At table I told my grandmother that a kind officer had offered to give me lessons in American History and would she permit me to take them. She was very willing and I said, "If Angélique sits in the room with her work it will be sufficient chaperonage, will it not?"

"Quite sufficient," said my grandmother smiling.

When I saw how kind she looked, I asked, "May

I give Lieutenant Hill something to eat as he has only old chestnuts for dinner?"

"Only old chestnuts!" exclaimed my grandmother and Cousin Henry.

"Yes, he told me so himself."

"He was laughing at you," said Cousin Henry.

"I hope not," I answered, "for he is a very nice officer."

Cousin Henry displeases me sovereignly.

V

JULY 5th. I come from having my first lesson in American History; I felt myself a little timid to ask him to teach me slang firstly. I received him in the little sitting room; it was very hot and all the windows were open to catch the breeze. Angélique was seated in a corner with her work. I had forgotten it was her dinner hour and so she was of her very worst humor, and coughed all the time, to not let us forget she was there. When Lieutenant Hill was announced, I observed how he held himself of a manner so straight and military, and I did like it. He had the air astonished to see Angélique sitting in her corner, but he said nothing and showed me a book he had brought.

I shall inscribe as a dialogue our conversation, for I have a memory very exact.

He —“Miss Carrington, I am going to be a very strict teacher, and we shall get on very rapidly.”

I —“It must well be rapid, as I leave for Newport in four days.”

He —“That is too bad! I hoped to see a lot of you for a long time.”

(Angélique coughs, she is beginning to understand

a little English; the butler must be a good instructor.)

I —“ We want to dispatch the beginning so that I can learn of our Presidents.”

He —“ You have heard of Columbus? ”

I —“ But yes, he was born at Genoa; I have there seen his statue, and I know of how Ferdinand and Isabella did assist him, although they were occupied with the siege of Granada, which surrendered in 1493.”

He —“ When did Columbus come to America? ”

I —“ About the same time.”

He —“ That date you must know — 1492. The siege of Granada is of no importance compared to it. Now go on; what more do you know? ”

I —“ Under Louis XIV the French acquired Louisiana and discovered Canada and the Mississippi. All America ought to have been a French colony instead of English. It was the weakness of the ministry of Choiseul under Louis XV which was the cause, and yet, if the Marquis of Montcalm had not been killed at Quebec in 1759, the French valor would have triumphed over the English arrogance.”

He —“ Your learning has been very one-sided; I take entirely the English point of view.”

I —“ Oh! but the English are our enemies, and it was because the Marquis de la Fayette, the Duc de Noailles and other French noblemen instructed

Washington in the art of war that we triumphed, and that the English are no longer our masters. Imagine if you were now an English officer. What a horror!"

He—"But really Miss Carrington—"

I—"Oh, let me finish. For I know also that Washington and Franklin were great generals and that with the help of the French they destroyed the English army and fleet; that in—"

He—"I beg you to stop."

I, continuing—"That in 1783 the peace was signed at Versailles. I also know that Washington was our first President; that he wrote the code of our laws, by which every American citizen is equal to the other; that South America and North America declared themselves war, as the South possessed slaves and wanted to keep them, and the North had none, and wanted not the South to have them either. Of this war I know not the date, but I think Lincoln was like Washington—general-in-chief—and then became President. There are two streets off the Champs Elysées called for them."

(I was breathless from talking so fast and the Lieutenant had an air resigned.)

He—"Have you exhausted all your knowledge?"

I—"Not quite; for I have heard that although we are all Republicans, some men want to be a

little more so, and call themselves Democrats, and they quarrel like the Republicans in South America; thus our Presidents are murdered sometimes by the party opposite. I think Washington or Lincoln was murdered, but I avow, I don't know the which."

He—"Well, I'll be jiggered!"

I—"What do you say?"

He—"If that is what they teach you abroad, I call it rotten."

(Rising with dignity.)

I—"Mr. Lieutenant, I thought you came here to instruct me, and when I make mistakes my teachers do not insult me and call them decayed." (Then turning to Angélique.) "*Venez Angélique la leçon est finie.*"

He, jumping up—"Now, Miss Carrington, I beg you to stop an instant and accept my apologies. You misunderstand my words."

I—"I understand enough to know when a gentleman is impolite."

He—"Yes, I was beastly rude; please remain, say anything you want, and forgive me."

I, smiling a little—"It is the second time that I must forgive you."

He—"Yes, you are an angel; and now let us unravel these historical statements together."

Angélique who was near the door coughed; I bade her sit herself which she did very noisily, as if protesting.

He —“ Does your maid always assist at your lessons? ”

I —“ But yes; in France a maid would not suffice; I should have to be overwatched by a governess.”

He —“ What a rotten country to be sure.”

I, raising my eyebrows —“ Again the ugly word, Mr. Lieutenant.”

He —“ Beg pardon, but it makes me mad to think that a girl can't trust herself alone with a gentleman.”

I —“ Oh, but I trust you; it is only for the conventions.”

He —“ Here we require no such absurd precautions.”

I —“ Do young girls receive young men all alone? ”

He —“ Of course they do.”

I —“ I remember that Lily Stuart told me the same thing; you would not then be surprised if I sent my maid away? ”

He —“ I should be infinitely satisfied.”

I, reflecting a moment —“ Perhaps, Mr. Lieutenant, you will take a little collation? ”

He —“ What 's that? ”

I, embarrassed —“ I mean to say, something to eat.”

He —“ If you are having something, I'll join you.”

This was a good excuse to dismiss Angélique.

I told her to ask the butler to bring the little lunch I had had prepared, and that she need not return.

I —“ I thought you might be hungry, if they only give you at West Point old chestnuts to eat, as you told me yesterday.”

He —“ I never said that.”

I —“ Oh, but yes, you said you did not mind missing your dinner, it was an old chestnut.”

He, laughing —“ That’s slang, Miss Carrington. By Jove, that’s a pretty good joke. You are a regular daisy!”

The Lieutenant was still laughing when Angélique herself returned with the tray; she will never carry one on other occasions.

I, to Angélique —“ *Je n’ai plus besoin de vous.*”

She, sitting down —“ *Je remplirai mon devoir envers Madame la Comtesse qui ne permettrait jamais à Mademoiselle de rester seule avec un jeune Monsieur.*”

I was furious, but would not make her a scene, and hoped she had hunger at seeing us eat. When we had finished our little repast, he told me about the Civil War.

He —“ And really, Miss Carrington, considering your grandfather was killed at Gettysburg —”

I, stupefied —“ What! and I was never told!”

He —“ That is extraordinary.”

I —“ Yes, is it not? My father died when I was a little child, and my mother is not patriotic, alas!

She seems to belong to all the countries she inhabits. My dear grandmother, I suppose, thought I knew. Oh! I shall love and venerate her more than ever. I see now why you were petrified at my ignorance. I supposed it did sound in your ears 'decayed.' "

He — "I said rotten."

I — "But yes, it is the same thing, and now you will find me a scholar so attentive."

And we did no more quarrel. He said I had wonderful dispositions for learning, and he is coming to-morrow.

VI

JULY 8th. I awoke this morning at six and I am writing in the freshness of the day, before I start on my voyage. It seems to me that my heart is a little bubbling fountain, but I must subject my turbulent emotions to relate what has arrived to me.

The second day of my lesson I demanded the permission of my grandmother not to have Angélique in the room; she thought it all natural that I should be alone, but Angélique was offended for she liked the importance it gave her to be my chaperon. Thus, Lieutenant Hill and I were alone, which was very agreeable, and he gave me a general idea of our history and I discovered how much my ideas had been false. Then to repose ourselves we walked in the garden and he asked me the history of my life, which he said he found more interesting than American Presidents, but I scolded him for not possessing sentiments more patriotic. My grandmother invited him to remain to lunch, as he thus missed his own on account of me; he did not kiss her hand as a young man would do abroad for courtesy, but his manners were very respectful, and

I was proud of her air so distinguished and his air so military.

The third day my lesson was short; the events are not very interesting after the murder of Lincoln, for there are no wars or revolutions, only two or three Presidents are assassinated by imbeciles. We again walked in the garden, where I asked him the history of his life; he belongs to a family of militaries — his father is a colonel in the West, and he says the West is the true land of promise in the United States. He invited me to drive with him late in the afternoon as it was our last day. I said I would ask permission of my grandmother, which she did accord me at once. When I returned he said, "Your grandmother is a corker."

Oh, what does mean corking? If it applies to bottles, it cannot apply to my grandmother, too; I feel a timidity to ask, for if I were a real American I should know.

Before starting on the drive I suspected Lieutenant Hill to love me a little, for else why should he want to see me twice in a day, and before he brought me home, I knew he did love me much, and now I am so content to be betrothed to an American officer, for I had always redoubted greatly to espouse a European. I shall relate our conversation and how everything has arrived.

At five and a half he came for me in a buggy;

an adorable carriage, without a groom, only for two. I have observed that in my country many things are thus arranged for only two at a time.

The afternoon was deliciously fresh after a hot day, and the road was shadowed by big trees; at first the horse went rapidly, but in ascending a steep path up a hill, the horse walked, and I think after that he walked most of the time and did even stop to eat the grass. I admired the scenery and the Lieutenant related about West Point, and then, I know not how, we talked about ourselves — thus:

I — “Do you know, Mr. Lieutenant, it is the first time that I went in a carriage, head to head with a young man.”

He — “How’s that, Miss Carrington?”

I — “But yes, do you not understand? In Europe when a young girl is left all alone with a young man, people think there is danger he may talk to her more literally than if they were overwatched.”

He — “I see; that danger exists here sometimes, too. I swear, your literal translations are too cunning for anything!”

(While he guides the horse past a steam roller, I look in my dictionary for the word cunning.)

I — “But no, Mr. Lieutenant, not cunning; I employ no artifice, I am not crafty; I only speak in the best manner that I know.”

He — “By Jove, I love to hear you talk, and we

mean here by cunning just what you are — something sweet and lovable.”

I — “Oh, Mr. Lieutenant, if you knew how I was afflicted to speak so differently from others, and above all not to understand the American slang; when you say peaches, and daisies, and dates, and chestnuts, and rats, and corking, and rotten, and ‘search me,’ and so many other expressions that in my dictionary mean flowers, and fruits, and nuts, and animals, and actions, so different; I am altogether discouraged and fear I may never learn.”

He — “You are in the right and we are wrong to use all these stupid words; don’t try and learn them, but just go on talking in your own pretty way, with that bewitching accent, which makes me think of the song of a bird.”

I — “You are very amiable, Mr. Lieutenant, but alas! we do not understand the birds, nor do the birds understand us — and I want so much to know and to be understood.”

He — “That won’t take long, I promise you, and it would be a shame if you were different. I have never seen a girl like you before. You are like a flower, with its delicate petals just opening,— a wonderful, lovely, sensitive flower. If I was only one-tenth good enough for you, I would tell you what I felt the first time I saw you, and how I feel now.”

We were silent for a moment. Was this a decla-

ration, and what should I answer? I felt very emotioned, and very timid, but as I glanced at him he had an air so nice and manly, and I liked so much his American uniform that I thought it would be well to encourage him.

I — “I am sure there can be nothing bad if you tell me of your sentiments.”

He, dropping the reins and turning towards me — “You dear, sweet girl, do I understand you will let me tell you that I love you?”

I, softly — “Yes.”

He — “Yvonne, you are wonderful! Do you know what a tremendous thing a man's love is?”

I — “But no, I have no habit of such things, and Mr. Lieutenant, you must know before you engage yourself to me, that I have no dowry.”

He — “All the better, for I have no money myself, and anyway we could not get married for years and years.”

I — “That would be sad, would it not?”

He — “Very sad, you darling, but knowing you cared for me a little, I could wait forever.”

I — “I like you, Mr. Lieutenant, better than any other young man.”

He, taking my hand — “My sweetest girl, I never thought I would have such luck.”

I — “It is very natural, for I have never known a young man before.”

He, looking pensive — “You are very young and

very inexperienced, and I cannot take advantage of this, but I declare I love you, Yvonne, and I will be true to you, and try to be worthy of you, and if after you have seen other men —”

I —“ Oh, but I shall not want to see other young men now.”

He —“ Yes, you must; it would not be fair to you if you did n’t, and the deuce of it is, they will all admire you, and tell you they love you, they can’t help it.”

I —“ Oh, but, I shall not let them; and then after all, Mr. Lieutenant, you will always be the first.”

He —“ Call me Joe, darling.”

I —“ It would seem to me not natural.”

He, tenderly —“ And won’t you give me a kiss, Yvonne? ”

I, frightened —“ Oh, please, Mr. Lieutenant, if you do not mind very much, I should like to wait till we are married.”

He —“ I shall not ask for anything you do not want to give freely.”

(He let go my hand and took the reins, for the horse was eating grass.)

I —“ Mr. Lieutenant, can we keep our betrothal a secret? ”

He —“ You must do as you think best, dearest.”

I —“ I want to keep all alone for myself the thought that someone loves me.”

He, dropping the reins and taking both my hands

—“ My sweetest girl, you cannot understand how much I love you, how much touched I am by your trust of me, how deeply honored by your affection, of which I feel so unworthy —”

I, proudly —“ An American officer is worthy of the affection of any young girl.”

He kissed my hands, but had to drop them quickly as we nearly upset in a ditch. We promised to write to each other as it was our last interview. I am sure this is permitted when people are betrothed. The sun was down when I returned to the house, and I was late for dinner.

I was a little absent-minded at table; afterwards in the drawing room my grandmother called me to her. The lamps were not yet lit, but there was enough clarity from the moon to see the face of a person. I took a footstool and sat at her feet. I was a little fatigued after the emotion of my first proposal, and I leant my head against her knee while she stroked my hair. Here is our conversation:

She —“ You are leaving me to-morrow, and I shall miss you, my dear Yvonne, but I am glad that you will have this opportunity to see a lot of people in general before you make up your mind about people in particular.”

I —“ Oh, Grandmamma, dearest, I am so sorry to leave you and everybody here; I should love well not to go.”

She —“ You have seen no one, my child, except a few officers and cadets, and their lives are very narrow ones; the same round of military duties here, and then they are transported to distant army posts, where the only excitement is catching thieving Indians.”

I —“ But is not to be a soldier the most glorious thing a man can be? ”

She —“ It is well for a man to be ready to fight for his country. But with us there is little prestige and much hardship in the military life, especially for the wife of an army officer, unless a girl has been brought up in that milieu.”

I —“ But Grandmamma, you were the wife of an officer, and you must be of it very proud.”

She —“ Yes, my child, a woman is proud of her husband's achievements, and your grandfather fought and died in a noble cause, but I remained a widow.”

I, leaning my cheek on her hand —“ Will you tell me about my grandfather? ”

She —“ Yes, my little girl, I am happy to talk of him to you. We had been married but a year when the war broke out, and your grandfather took command of a regiment. I remained with him in camp as long as he drilled his soldiers, and when he was ordered to the front, we had to part.”

I —“ Oh, dear Grandmamma, how terrible that must have been.”

She —“ We never met again ! ”

I, with tears in my eyes —“ You must have been in despair.”

She —“ At first I thought I could not bear it, yet I did, but how, I can not tell.”

I —“ And my father ? ”

She —“ He was a baby. I tried in a feeble way to replace his father. I learned Latin, and Greek, and Algebra to help him in his studies, and I kept myself well informed in politics and business matters. It did not occur to me to study art, and on leaving college that was the vocation he chose. He went to France,— I was advised to let him go alone ; it was the greatest sacrifice I ever made, for he begged me to go with him. He passed through the art schools and after returning home, he meant that we should live together, but he became engaged to your mother ; she was young and beautiful ; they went to Europe, and I,—well I remained alone once more.”

I —“ He loved you tenderly, dear Grandmamma. When I was a little girl he used to tell me of you, I can remember ; and when he died your heart must have broken.”

She —“ I don't know if the heart can break twice, but I felt very, very lonely.”

I —“ Oh, poor, dear Grandmamma ! ”

And my tears did begin to flow, first slowly and then I sobbed with much violence, in cause of her,

and a little in cause of me, for I could not prevent myself to think of Lieutenant Hill, which redoubled my emotion. My grandmother was so tender and gentle and tried to calm me. I think she had divined my secret.

She —“ Hush, my little Yvonne, you have had an unusual day, and you are overwrought; listen, my child. I received this afternoon a letter from your mother.”

I, ceasing to cry —“ Oh, really; what does she say? Does she want me to return? Dear Grand-mamma, do not send me back.”

She —“ No, my child, but I must talk to you as if you were a very reasonable, grown-up person. Your mother's letter is about business, about money matters.”

I —“ About my dowry, I suppose.”

She —“ Yes, Yvonne, you have guessed rightly. Your mother is not able to provide for you a large *dot*, and she asked me — which was quite proper — what I was willing to do for you.”

I —“ Does someone want to marry me over there? ”

She —“ Again you have guessed rightly, and I think you had better be told — I shall read you the letter.”

(I turned on the electric light.)

She, reading —“ ‘ Dear Mrs. Carrington,— I am glad to hear through a despatch a Mr. Short sent

me, that Yvonne had a good voyage; she was so anxious to go to America, and I hope she will not be too much care for you. She seems young for her age and rather *étourdie*; however, she has made her *début* at court, and I must consider her future. Prince Ulrich Weissenberg, a Hungarian nobleman, saw Yvonne this spring and he fancied her very much. His aunt, the Dowager Duchess of Krasi-bor, approached me on the subject of Yvonne's *dot*; she was also kind enough to say she had noticed the child had excellent manners without a tinge of American *laisser-aller*; I must ask you therefore very frankly whether you are willing to settle any sum on Yvonne, and what dispositions you are thinking of making in the future.' (Interrupting herself)—"Your mother is quite a business woman." (Reading)—"'At present I feel her *dot* ought to be in proportion to her husband's position. Prince Ulrich Weissenberg is of very high birth, connected with the Austrian Imperial family, but his fortune is hardly adequate to his great estate, and a rich marriage is an absolute necessity. He is charming, handsome, and *très-grand seigneur*. I inquired in Berlin of his doctor — who is also mine — concerning his health; the answer was entirely satisfactory; so in every respect my husband and I think he is a very desirable *parti*, and I am told he is quite *épris* of Yvonne.'"

My grandmother stopped reading.

She —“ What are your recollections of Prince Ulrich Weissenberg? ”

I —“ I saw him three times at Berlin, but he spoke very little to me, only paid me some compliments on my dancing and riding; that is all I remember, for of course we were never alone.”

She —“ If you cared for someone, Yvonne, I would gladly settle a sum on you now; later you are the only one to inherit what I have.”

I —“ Oh! please, dear Grandmamma, write promptly to mamma that you will give me nothing, no dowry. I don't want, in fact — I can't marry a European now; I can't explain, but —”

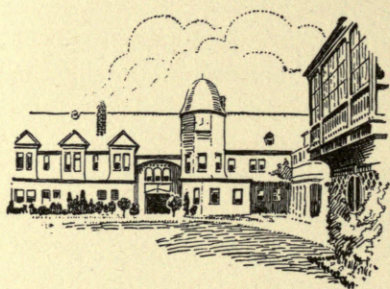
She —“ Very well, my child, I am glad you feel this way, and I shall write in such a manner that this healthy Hungarian nobleman will renounce the hope of your making your fortune proportionate to his estate; and now, little girl, it is late, but before you go to bed there are two things I want to give you. Here is a cheque book. I have deposited some money for you on which you can draw, and this is a necklace I want you to wear on your pretty neck.”

I opened the white velvet box and saw three beautiful rows of pearls. I embraced my grandmother several times, my heart full of gratitude not only for her presents but for her love, and I told her I never wanted to go back to Europe, al-

though it must be my fate so melancholy in less than two months.

I went to bed, but I could not fall asleep for a long time, my head was full of all species of thoughts, and I was tormented of what my grandmother said of our officers catching robbing Indians, but I am glad and proud that an American loves me; for the love of Prince Ulrich, I do not care.

NEWPORT



VII

JULY 9. I have committed a great thoughtlessness on my voyage yesterday, and it torments me much to think of it.

I left my grandmother with my heart very big. I love her more than any one in the world. I also thought with affection of the officer who loves me. Angélique was enchanted to go, as she thinks to find herself in a civilized place.

In New York Cousin Henry met me, which I considered not at all necessary; he procured my tickets with the recommendation to be sure not to lose them, and placed us in a long compartment with arm-chairs for each person, which I would not have known to find; so after all there are two classes in American trains; it is not as Republican as I thought, but it is more comfortable. Cousin Henry said he hoped after my Newport visit I would visit at Lenox his sister Carolina; he explained she was a maiden lady much older than himself who possesses a lovely house. He said also, he would try and run down to Newport some Sunday, to see how I was getting on. He treats me as if he were my guardian, which pleases me not at all.

I observed a young girl in our compartment traveling quite alone without a maid. I did envy her independence and to have no Angélique to annoy her.

After a long time the controller came for my tickets; I could find them nowhere, nor my purse, either. Naturally, I have no pocket and I searched myself everywhere, in my belt, my sleeves, inside my bodice, but no, there was nothing. I stood up and examined my chair. I overthrew in my agitation everything in my bag, so that my different little objects were scattered on the floor, and my sponge rolled down the corridor. Everybody was staring at me and I became more and more red. Angélique only had French and German silver, which the controller would not accept; to show I was not a thief I offered him my jeweled watch and I thought of my pearls concealed from view around my neck.

When all of a sudden a gentleman got up and making me a very polite salute said, "Allow me to pay your fare." I did not know that expression, but understood his charitable action to help me in my distress. I told him my destination was Newport and so he paid for Angélique and me. I was all confused and only murmured indistinctly my thanks. He went back to his arm-chair, which was behind mine; another gentleman who sat opposite me brought me my sponge, and the negro porter

rendered me my pink slippers which had also fallen from the bag.

Angélique in a loud voice to show each one what she thought of my conduct said: “ *Je pensais bien que Mademoiselle n’ était pas d’âge à voyager seule; que dirait Madame la Comtesse!* ”

I found my arm-chair could turn; so as no longer to make face to Angélique I revolved it, and thus I confronted the kind gentleman who had paid my tickets. To hold myself in countenance, I plunged myself in my book,—it was Rhodes’ History of America, Lieutenant Hill had given me for my instruction; there are three volumes in my boxes; they are very heavy.

The kind gentleman did not stare at me as I was afraid he would, but only smiled in a sort of friendly recognition, and I calmed myself. After a time, as my lecture was a little arid, I contemplated the scenery; it was in truth another manner of studying America, and a great love filled me for my own country; for the fields through which we were running, for the forests so uncultured, for the sea which arose through wide bays, and for all this land which was mine, because it was America and I am American. And the sky appeared to me more blue than elsewhere, and the clouds like little gay sheep playing, and oh! the world pleased me and I was so glad to be in it. I think it also made me happier

to know I was so aged now, that two men did love me, even if one was only an Austrian. My reverie was interrupted by a loud bang, the History of America had fallen to the earth.

The kind gentleman picked it up; in giving it to me I observed what a nice smile he had, and what a good look in his eyes; immediately I felt I could have all confidence in him, and thus as we were traversing, on an iron bridge, a magnificent river, I said, "Pardon, sir, how calls itself that current of water?"

He answered, "The Connecticut."

I thanked him and explained I desired to know the names of this region as I was learning both the History and Geography of America; he told me so pleasantly that he would be happy to answer any questions that I adventured myself to inquire about the town of New Haven.

He said: "It is principally famous on account of Yale."

I remembered then in an old journal to have read that Yale and Harvard were to have a race at New London, so I asked if Yale was a renowned horse.

He said, "No, it is a college," and was so kind as not to even smile at my foolishness; he explained to me it was a University like Oxford or Cambridge; and then looking at me again said, or like Heidelberg or Jena, so he perceived I was like a European, at which I could not help sighing. We

continued talking a long time, and never did I encounter a stranger so sympathetic. I could not decide to myself about his age; he had such serious eyes, and so gay a smile; his hair was brown; I noticed he had long aristocratic hands, and his voice and pronunciation were more English than those of the officers at West Point.

We were interrupted by a negro waiter shouting through the train, "Last call for dinner." I felt how hungry I was, and I asked the gentleman if the next station had a restaurant. He told me I could dine at once on the train. Angélique at that moment spoke to me; she must have been asleep to have left me so long in peace, and she looked scandalized to see me in conversation with a gentleman. I hastened to silence any remark by saying we were going to lunch, and the kind gentleman guided us to the restaurant of the train. He placed us at a little table, and then left; I was sorry to see him go, and still sorrier when I returned to my seat to find his chair empty, and his coat and bag gone.

The porter came for me when we reached the Junction, and acted as a sort of a maid in brushing the dust off our clothes; Angélique was very gracious in her manner to him; I told him I was sorry I had not a tip for him as I had lost my purse. He grinned, showing very white teeth: "That's all right, Miss, your gentleman friend saw to tips and such like, and he told me to look after you."

We arrived at Newport at 8 o'clock as the train was late. I was surprised to see such a dirty little station, as I thought Newport was such a fashionable place. The gentleman who had picked up my sponge, had also changed at the Junction. I heard him, to my surprise, ask for Mrs. King's carriage. A footman came up and said, "Here, sir," and then to me, "Miss, are you Miss Carrington?" and on my saying yes, he showed me to a limousine, where I found my traveling companion already seated.

Angélique had to go in a carriage with the boxes, and on this occasion she did not dare make her objections. The gentleman of the sponge took off his hat saying: "As we are both guests of Mrs. King, allow me to introduce myself. I am Hilliard Carrington."

I was so pleased to hear my own name, I cried out, "So am I! I mean I am Yvonne Carrington."

"By Jove," he said, "I might have guessed it. I used to hold you on my knee when you were a kid in Paris." (How curious to call children little goats.) "I am your father's cousin, a good bit younger than he, and now you have grown up to be a young lady! I wish I had only known when I handed you your sponge!" At that we both laughed and were like good friends; but the next minute my laughter was dissipated.

My Cousin Hilliard asked: "Who was your friend you were talking to in the train? He has a fine face. I have seen him before."

"I know not his name," I answered, "but he was very kind for I lost my purse, and he paid my two tickets, and tipped the porter." Then it suddenly occurred to me for the first time, "And he must also have paid for my lunch."

"But how will you pay him back, if you don't know his name?"

"Oh, my God!" I cried, "I never thought of that! It's terrible! I shall be in his debt all my life."

"Never mind," said Cousin Hilliard, "he can probably afford it."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "I had not thought either of that; he might be poor; it was a lot of money." I was very unhappy at my lack of mind which Cousin Hilliard could not make me forget by his conversation.

It was dark as we drove up the avenue. I could just see the house was of marble or granite, which astonished me, as I expected a chalet like at Trouville and other sea-bath places.

I had not seen my aunt, Mrs. King, for three years. I felt excited at our meeting, but she was not there to receive us. As we entered the hall, her youngest daughter appeared sliding down the

banisters of the stairs; sitting on the end post she called out, "Mamma and Nancy have gone out to dinner and I stayed up to see you."

"Hullo! Miss Mischief," said Cousin Hilliard.

"Hullo! yourself," she answered.

"Come here, kid," he said, "I have brought a pretty French cousin with me."

She came forward slowly; I thought she was about twelve; she was a handsome child, but looked terribly naughty; instead of kissing me she said, "You look like Romola."

"By Jove, you do!" said Cousin Hilliard, "that's what puzzled me when I first saw you —"

"Do you like horses?" asked Mischief.

"Yes," I answered.

"Can you ride bare back?"

"I have never done it, but I should like to try."

"All right, to-morrow then we'll do some stunts," and she fled up the stairs.

The servants took me to my room. Cousin Hilliard and I dined alone together; he was pleasant, but I remained rather silent. I think I was tired, and I felt a little lonely, as if I were in a strange place, among strangers. Thus I went to bed early and very rapidly fell asleep.

VIII

JULY 9th — *continued*. It is now evening. I have to report another misadventure, which has rendered me all confused. I must first say that I discovered my purse in the bottom of my box, under my dresses, where I had placed it so as not to lose it; the tickets I cannot find.

After writing my memoirs this morning and just as I was finishing my breakfast, Mischief, as they call her, entered my room like a tornado and said, without wishing me good morning:

“Hullo! Yvonne! Gee! I’m glad you’re dressed; come and try my pony. I’ve two tin trays; we can slide down the stairs.”

She seized my hand, and down the stairs we did go on the tin trays which made a terrible noise. Cousin Hilliard came out of his room in his pantaloons of night, to see what it did mean, just as I was rolling down the last step, and fell before him, which was but little agreeable for me. Mischief gave me no time to explain, not even to breathe, and dragged me after her to the stable. There we found a little pony with only a bridle on; Mischief jumped on his back, and called me to follow. I

ran after her to a paddock, where she galloped about. Then I tried riding bare back, and I tumbled off several times; but once I have decided to do something, nothing can resist my will. Finally I galloped about, holding on by the force of my knees, and when I at last jumped off, Mischief flung her arms around my neck and said, "Gosh! you're a corker! and I love you."

I felt happy to be loved by her, although she is a real child-terrible. It made me also joyful to act thus in a youthful manner: to run, to jump,—for I have had no occasions for such pastimes.

Then Mischief and I ran down to the rocks. We sprang from one to another like *chamois*; I wore no hat and my hair unrolled itself on my back, and when we went in wading, Mischief said I looked like a mermaid, in Rhinegold. It was delicious to feel the cool water on my feet. As we were playing about so happily and making to swim pieces of wood as boats, we suddenly heard voices calling us; looking up, I saw standing on the bank Cousin Hilliard and a young girl.

I let drop all my skirts in the water and Mischief said: "It's only Nancy and old Hilliard. Don't pay any attention to them."

I remembered Nancy was the cousin the nearest to my age, so I waved my hand and slipped on my shoes to scramble over the rocks. With my frock

all wet and crumpled I presented a disastrous appearance. Cousin Hilliard laughed much when he saw me, saying, "By Jove, you looked like such a sedate young lady yesterday, I never supposed you would turn into a playmate for Mischief." Nancy was beautifully dressed as if she were going to an afternoon reception; she kissed me as if she thought I was a dirty beggar.

"The carriage is at the door," she said, "to take us to Bailey's Beach, and Mamma wants to see you, but you had better tidy up first."

"Golly! You bet you had," said Mischief, who had joined us; she led me through paths unseen, and hiding behind the foliage, we climbed through a window into Cousin Hilliard's room and went up the back stairs leaving wet traces behind us. Angélique nearly fainted when she saw me, with my hair undone, nude legs, and a wet, dirty dress. She scolded the entire time I was changed from an untidy child into a delicious apparition, in pink muslin, with a pink hat, white shoes and white gloves; a costume I had reserved for great occasions, but which only matched Nancy's morning toilette. My hair fortunately waves of itself, so it only took me a few minutes to dress.

Mischief had watched my transformation; when it was accomplished she said:—

"Gosh! You are just the beautifullest thing I

ever saw." And that wild little girl made me the most graceful, charming courtesy, and quietly she led me to her mother's door.

I knocked and entered Aunt Marian's boudoir. She was dressed in a marvelous white lace morning gown; she kissed me and said:—

"I am glad to see you, Yvonne; you have changed very much in three years; you look like your mother: the same golden hair; but you have Carington eyes, and perhaps your nose is like your father's. Where did you get that dress, Paquin or Doucet?"

I told her it had been made in Berlin, so she no longer examined it with interest.

She resembles my mother; her manner is the same, but because she is so fat her movements are slower; she must be at least ten years older, and she has not conserved her waist. Our effusions lasted two minutes, and then I left, for I heard Nancy calling me with great noise. I wonder what my step-father would say if he had heard some one screaming through the house in that manner.

Nancy at first did not recognize me and Cousin Hilliard made some flattering remarks; then we all three drove to the bathing beach, so soon to be the scene of my great blunder.

Nancy said the maids had gone ahead with our costumes. It came to my mind, I had no peignoir, to wear to the edge of the water, but Nancy said

in America nobody wore them, and I was glad to think in my country nothing was considered improper, because people had such a pure mind.

Nancy looks terribly *blasée*; she has been out for two seasons; so I suppose nothing seems new to her; she bows to her acquaintances only with her eyelids.

There were a lot of carriages waiting in a semi-circle; as we alighted, a tall, very distinguished young woman came towards us, and Cousin Hilliard looked extremely contented to see her.

"This must be little Yvonne," she said and took my hand. "We can't kiss, our hats are too big," and then staring at me an instant, she added, "You lucky girl, you have curly hair."

I looked a little bewildered —

"I am your cousin Romola," she exclaimed laughing. I blushed at my stupidity, for I remembered the oldest of my aunt's four daughters had married the Duke of Fairfield. I had heard my mother say she was very fast; and that the duke was very dissipated, and an intolerable creature, and if he had not been a duke she would have divorced herself of him long ago, but I don't suppose women often divorce themselves from dukes.

"Hurry," she said, "you are late; everybody is in already; I am only looking on to-day, for I have just had my hair crimped."

I found Angélique waiting for me, and I was

soon in my bathing suit. I must say she had been very successful; it looked just like the Comtesse de Villars', but, alas! if I had only known, I would not have admired so much the little frilled pantaloons that came down half way to my knees, and the little short blouse cut square at the neck, all in sky blue cachemire. Angélique had even procured a light blue cap, and white sandals with blue ribbons; when she is pleased at her own success, she is very amiable and she made me compliments, so I knew my costume was well succeeded. I did feel a little strange as I stepped from my cabin to walk down the whole length of beach without a wrap. I observed to my surprise that the men and women bathed together, even lying all of their length on the sand; and that women wore stockings, which must be most uncomfortable when they are wet.

I knocked at Nancy's door, but she said she was not half ready and told me to wait for her in the water; so I walked along the soft, warm sand, where the waves rolled over my feet; they seemed to be giving me little caresses, before I plunged into the great big embrace of the sea.

In looking back for Nancy, I noticed the people were staring at me terribly and even whispered to each other, which I thought very rude. I knew no one. Then I perceived Romola talking to several gentlemen; she had her back to me, and I did not dare to join myself to her group. I am not often

really shy, but I did feel a little uncomfortable and strange.

I passed at the side of two young men; I heard them speaking French, which to my surprise gave me a sensation of pleasure and familiarity.

Cousin Hilliard joined me. He looked me over, frowning a little, "By Jove, Yvonne, where did you get that costume?"

"Angélique made it," I said, "do you not think it pretty?"

"I guess abroad it would be all right, but here — well, let's get into the water."

I thought Cousin Hilliard looked a little red, perhaps he felt the heat of the sun, so we went into the waves quickly, and oh! it was delicious to plunge in their green coolness. Soon I saw Nancy appear followed by three or four young men.

"Nancy is very popular to-day," said Cousin Hilliard, "I like her bathing suit immensely; you ought to have one just like it."

"But no," I said, "it must be horrible to wear stockings and in a skirt so long one cannot swim; and that I do wish much to learn."

Nancy approached us looking rather cross.

"Everybody is asking who you are, Yvonne," she said, "is your bathing suit queer?"

"Why, no," I answered, "it is like the Comtesse de Villars'."

Nancy could see but to my waist and had no

fault to find. The young men asked to be presented to me; apparently at Newport the morning bath is a ceremony of society like the evening ball. I recognized the two Europeans; they were presented as Count Janos of the Austrian embassy and Marquis de Muy of the French embassy.

I asked Nancy if there was a swimming master I could engage; she said none was to be had, but all the young gentlemen very kindly offered to teach me, and so I did sport joyously in the water like a dolphin, and I learnt very quickly to float. Nancy was not interested in my swimming lesson; she looked discontented and stayed not with us. Cousin Hilliard I saw go and talk to Romola; it seems strange to me, a man all dripping with water talking to a woman beautifully dressed.

I began at last to feel cold and tired and came out of the water. Count Janos and the Marquis de la Muy wanted me to sit myself with them on the warm sand; they said all the ladies did it. At that moment Romola came up to us; they bowed to her, but she paid no attention to them, and slipping off her wonderful white pongee cloak, all trimmed with lace insertions, she put it over my wet bathing suit.

"Come, Yvonne, you look cold," she said and took my hand. I was surprised at first, but then I suddenly understood from her expression she thought my costume was immodest, and I was over-

whelmed with shame! At the door of my cabin I asked Romola to come in and with my voice trembling I said, "I suppose I have disgraced you all, and myself too in appearing like this before everybody; I knew not what people wore here, and this is like the costumes abroad; I fear it has even shrunk in the water, to be shorter than the one of the Comtesse de Villars. Oh! why did I ever think of copying it! I am so ashamed, I want to go back to grandmamma, and let no one here see me again."

I was shivering all over from cold and shame. Romola commanded Angélique to rub me down as hard as she could, and then she said to me in the kindest way imaginable:

"Nonsense, Yvonne, you need not feel so badly; it was only a mistake, and the thing for you now is to brave it out. I am sure you are not a coward. If the people talk a little, don't pay any attention; women always love to say disagreeable things, especially when they are envious. Everybody will consider you a foreigner; and I shall see to it, that no unpleasant remark is made. To-morrow you will appear with me in our conventional bathing suit with stockings; and a great pity it will be too, for you looked like the sweetest and prettiest little Naiad."

"They say I look like you," I said shyly.

"We'll call it a compliment to us both." And she kissed me.

When I was dressed she walked about with me a little, introducing me to her friends; then she drove me home in her dog-cart. Oh! she is so charming, and she has the most seductive manners I have ever seen.

I still must hope my compatriots have a pure mind, although they do consider a European bathing costume improper.

IX

JULY 16th. I have been a whole week in a vortex of gaiety; every minute a new delight, and owing to Romola, the bathing suit episode has passed itself without bad consequences. This morning it is raining, and I shall devote myself to my correspondence. I shall copy firstly what remains of Lieutenant Hill's letter, as Nancy came to my room to curl her hair and burnt off part of it with her tongs.

"My sweetest Yvonne,—

"I can hardly believe that I am the lucky fellow who is engaged to you. Night and day your lovely image is before me; I wish I were a poet or a great musician to find in some beautiful way the expression of all my love for you. I close my eyes and I see before me the deep blue eyes with their dark eye-lashes, the golden hair, the red lips, smiling and sensitive, of my beloved; your whole face where every emotion is so vivid; the charm of every gesture, of every intonation. You sweet, exotic flower! how do I dare transplant you in the rough soil of my unsettled life. My Darling, I feel so

unworthy of you! I am learning French so that we can talk together in that delightful language. I long for you unspeakably —”

The rest is burned and I have no remembrance of the words; I have had but little occasions to think of my Betrothed, but now I will write to him:

“*Dear Mr. Lieutenant,—*

“Your letter so tender made me to redden; you are not unworthy of me I am sure, so torment not yourself with that idea. Do not learn French for cause of me, for I am making great progresses in English and I prefer to speak it always. Imitate my example and seek diversions, for then you will not think of me so much and feel longings; it would be misfortunate, as we have to wait so long to be married, if you were unhappy all the time. I leave you now as I must write to my grandmother. Receive, I pray you, dear Mr. Lieutenant, the assurance of my very good friendship.

“YVONNE.”

My letter sounds very cold in comparison with his, but a young girl cannot write with the same ardor as a young man.

“*Dearest Grandmamma,—*

“It is just eight days since I left you, with my heart very big, but so many new things have suc-

ceeded themselves with so much rapidity, that I feel I have lived in the meantime a whole little life. I lost my tickets in the train, and my purse was in my trunk, so a kind gentleman paid for me; but I stupidly did not ask his name to repay him, although I talked with him a long time; the thought of it troubles me very much.

“Cousin Hilliard Carrington came with me here; he said he remembered me as a little goat in Paris; he calls also Mischief a kid,—that is a strange expression, is it not? Mischief is my youngest cousin; she is a very wild child, but with such a warm heart she has quite won my affection; everybody expects her to be naughty, so of course she is, but for me she will do anything, and as I arise two or three hours before the others, thus we spend the early mornings together, in all sorts of childish plays. At eleven I become a young lady dressed in beautiful clothes, and my marvelous pearls are very much admired. Nancy made me spend a lot of money; she said I was fitted out like a school girl, and I find that here women are more distinguished by their clothes and carriages than by anything else. Newport is a very gay place; there is something going on every minute; and at night dinners and balls; but nobody looks very animated or as if they enjoyed it much, for all the trouble it costs.

“People are very kind to me, especially the gen-

tlements, and some old ladies who know you, and other ladies who want Mamma to be polite to them abroad. It is very clear to observe those whose politeness comes from the heart, and those who use it to obtain a return favor. Aunt Marian is very easy to live with because she is quite indifferent to what anybody does; the one I love best is Romola of Fairfield. She is very beautiful, and distinguished, and elegant; although she seems not to care for anybody, people are constrained to care for her. The Duke is not here. Mischief says I am the first young girl she has ever taken a fancy to, because my manners are quiet and I do not ask questions. This pleases me much.

“I think young girls are very negligent of their behavior and they are not taught to venerate their elders. Nancy laughs at me for my bows and courtesies. I have learnt now to converse with young men like a thing all natural, and I often have a little circle around me. I observe also the young girls shriek very much, with piercing voices that seem quite untrained; I do not think they have had lessons of deportment, for they swing their arms, and cross their legs and sit down all in a heap. I hope, dear Grandmamma, you do not think me unpatriotic to make these remarks, for they express more surprise than blame.

“Lily Stuart has invited me to stay with her at Bar Harbor; if you allow me, I shall accept;

for although I regret infinitely to be so long away from you, yet I want to see as much of America as I can. I hold all my thoughts of the future folded around me, so as not to let them stray towards the terrible moment of my departure. I knew I should love my own country but I had not awaited to enjoy its pleasures so enormously.

“Good-bye, dearest Grandmamma. I embrace you with the tenderest affection. Your loving little
“YVONNE.”

“1st P. S. I do not want to glorify myself of the admiration of young men, and I must tell you that unfortunately Aunt Marian told people I was an heiress, a remark I regret, but know not how to repair, so perhaps that is why the gentlemen surround me in circles. I discovered also Angélique was interviewed by a reporter; I fancy she told him all sorts of stupidities concerning me.

“Y. C.”

“2nd P. S. I forgot to tell you Uncle John arrived yesterday; I had thought he was dead, for Aunt Marian brings him not abroad with her, and nobody had ever spoken of him. He is kindly, and very bald, and smoked all the time in the library; Mischief was the only one who caressed him. How astonished my step-father would be, to see that the chief of the house was always, so to say, put at the foot of the table.

“ With one more kiss, dear Grandmamma, I must close at last, this very long letter.

“ Your

“ YVONNE.”

X

JULY 23rd. For a whole week I have not written in this little book, and yet I could fill pages with things most interesting, which have arrived to me.

Uncle John disappeared this morning without the household being gathered together to bid him good-bye, as we always do when my step-father departs. In America no ceremonies are practised to increase the importance of little events, as is the habit in Germany, and yet I see no great love of simplicity; at least not at Newport, where everything is so elaborate, and it is thought necessary to spend much money for a little amusement; thus I am rendered perplexed by contradictions I do not understand.

Evelyn, my aunt's second daughter has been here for a few days; she is so full of contradictions that I am lost in deciphering them. She is no longer very young; she is twenty-three, and looks more like Nancy than like Romola or Mischief, who both have red brown hair; she is tall, and thin, and blond; she told me that after four years of society she got sick to death of it, and took up Settlement

work in New York; there she lives among the inferior classes, but I notice she has not attained that happy expression of peace one sees in nuns' faces. She is very fatigued at present and lies down all the time. I supposed as she had given up her life to the poor for love of charity, she would try and make Mischief happy and show her tenderness; but no, she hardly allows her in the room, for she says Mischief is so noisy, she makes her head ache.

The different members in families here are very independent of each other, and don't stick together all the time as they do in Europe; they never invite to dinner parents and children, or brothers and sisters, and yet it is not because they have quarreled. Oh! no, they simply prefer a society occasion to be very formal, not a reunion of intimates.

Evelyn likes me to read to her in French, and to stroke her forehead; she says I have a soothing touch. When she has rested herself a little she is going to a Settlement in Boston, and has invited me to stay with her for a day or two on my return from Bar Harbor; this I shall do, as I want to see all the sides of American life, but I do not wish to dwell long among the poor as I am not at all sick of society.

The one person here who likes me not is Nancy. Mischief says she has a beastly nature and that she is jealous of me. Apparently the Marquis de Muy and Count Janos have paid less attention to her since

I came, but it is not of my fault, but I have done nothing to seduce them.

Yesterday morning was Sunday, and no one went to church. It was raining in torrents when Count Janos called. He wished also to follow the American custom of going in pairs, and as Nancy was executing some music in the drawing room, and Romola and Cousin Hilliard were in the library, Evelyn lying down in the morning room, and Mischief sliding down the banisters in the hall, Count Janos persuaded me to go to walk with him. I am never afraid of the bad weather, thus we went. He is very amusing; we talk French or German, in which languages I fear I am more at my ease than in my maternal tongue. We walked along the cliff path, and took refuge from the storm under an enormous rock. The waves were gigantic, and sprang towards us as if to seize us; it is thrilling to watch the mass of green waters rise and roll over into glistening foam. Oh, I do so love the sea, I would like to be a mermaid, and plunge and play in its depths.

My hands being cold and wet I took off my gloves. Count Janos warmed them by holding them, and then he kissed my fingers. I cannot think there was harm in that, although perhaps Mr. Lieutenant might not like it; but I reflect I have not yet given him my hand in marriage, thus my fingers are still my own. Count Janos said he would like to marry a

sweet, American young girl, and I said I hoped he would, just as I wished to marry a nice American man. He looked annoyed at my answer, and said I was an exasperating flirt; that all American girls were flirts, and yet that Europeans were always falling in love with them. I said, "Is it not our dowries which Europeans love?"

He answered, "We love no more your dowries, than you do our titles." Our talk seemed to grow a little acid so I asked him for one of his funny stories, and our good humor was thus restored. On the way home he told me that he had just received a letter from a cousin of his — Prince Ulrich of Weissenberg — who was on his way across the ocean, to persuade an American girl to marry him. This news did stupefy me, but as Mischief says, I am a sport, and I love excitement even when it is somewhat perilous; it will be altogether formidable to refuse Prince Ulrich face to face.

On returning to the house, Count Janos and I entered the hall; there to my surprise and annoyance I saw Cousin Henry Short. The family were in the hall, where they assemble when it arrives by extraordinary that they are ready for the repasts, otherwise here, one waits for nobody.

Cousin Hilliard cried out, "Well, Yvonne, here's another cousin come to see you."

I shook hands with Cousin Henry who gazed at

me with a searching and unpleasant stare; but I quickly escaped myself to change my wet clothes. They were all at table when I descended and I found my place was next to Cousin Henry, but I talked mostly to my other neighbor. Cousin Henry said he must speak to me alone for a moment, so after the coffee we went to a little parlor, my curiosity awakened to know what he wanted of me.

With a dramatic gesture he handed me a cutting from a journal, where I saw to my surprise my own picture, taken from a photograph made when I first came to Newport.

“Read that!” said Cousin Henry with ferocity in his tone.

I read: “*Miss Yvonne Carrington, a débutante fresh from Europe, with all the flavor of the old world added to her very modern charm, has dawned on Newport society. Her début was at Bailey’s Beach, where she took the élite by storm, as rising like Venus from the waves, the risqué scantiness of her costume recalled the far-famed sights of the beaches of Trouville and Ostend. It is rumored that this bewitching ingénue who is connected with the highest insular and continental nobility, and already presented in imperial circles, is soon to have her fair locks adorned by a prince’s coronet. . . .*”

I crushed the paper in my hand; my face covered with redness.

Cousin Henry said, "I am glad to see you can blush: what explanation have you to give to this outrageous article?"

"None to you," I answered, "for it was outrageous for you to show it to me, and I shall never speak to you again." With my head very high I traversed the room, but he seized my arm.

"What is this allusion to a prince? At West Point you got involved in some sort of flirtation, with a half-baked officer. I suppose here you have got engaged to one of these foreign monkeys!"

I saw the ugly gleam of jealousy in his eye; freeing my arm I left the room without answering him, and locked myself into my own chamber.

My spirit was filled with disgust; all my pleasure, my happiness did faint away; I had begun to forget my misfortunate bathing suit, and to have this vile paper publish in America that story, the rest of which was supplied, no doubt, by the babblings of Angélique! I was too angry to cry, I should like to have screamed.

Mischief came to the door and said, "Mr. Short wants to speak to you."

"Tell him," I cried, "I shall never speak to him again; I hate him."

"I am so glad," Mischief called back, "I hate him too."

And I could hear her run down the stairs where she gave my message as I said it.

All the afternoon I remained obstinately alone, till finally Evelyn plaintively asked me to rub her head, so I let her in; when she saw how emotioned I was, she was very kind to me, and forgetting her headache, she made me tell her the sad history of my bathing costume.

“Don’t bother about it any more,” she said, “we never pay attention to what the newspapers say, especially a yellow journal like that,” and she smoothed out the paper, but I could not see that it was yellow.

Then she suddenly became absorbed in reading the article, and I was pleased she showed me so much interest. I bent over her shoulder to look at it again, when to my surprise, I saw that she was reading the reverse side, where there was the portrait of a man. It was the face of the kind gentleman in the train, and Evelyn was reading with avidity the lines beneath his picture; the top part of the article had been cut, and there was no name.

Evelyn suddenly exclaimed, “It is an outrage to publish such things; the cur who wrote this ought to be whipped!”

I had never seen Evelyn so indignant; I did not know she could ever be so aroused.

“But,” I said, “you have not read what concerns me!”

She was quite embarrassed, and for the first

time she hastily glanced at my portrait and at the villainous remarks.

"Oh, yes," she observed quite indifferently, "that is just silly nonsense," and she prepared to quit the room.

"Please," I said, "give me back the cutting."

"Oh, no, my dear," said Evelyn, "I have a special reason for wishing to keep it."

"And I have two special reasons for wanting it," I said. "Give it back to me."

I then noticed Mischief had slipped into the room, and was watching us with much curiosity; I did not want to make a scene, but I wanted that cutting, which belonged to me, and I could not understand why Evelyn was so determined about a thing which concerned her not.

"Yvonne," she said, "don't make a fuss; I am much older than you, and my reasons are better than yours, so we shall discuss this no longer," and she went towards the door. I felt a sudden anger ascend to my brain:—

"Evelyn, you shall not leave here with that paper; you are very strange; you have contradicted yourself—firstly by saying that article concerning me was of no consequence, and secondly by saying that what was written on the other side was an outrage."

"You little fool," said Evelyn angrily and tried to pass me.

At that moment Mischief seized the paper from Evelyn's hand and cried out triumphantly — "Stung! There Yvonne is what belongs to you; Evelyn sha'n't treat you as if you were one of her paupers, who has to obey her."

I saw Evelyn's hand rise as if she were going to slap Mischief; then it dropped to her side, and she left the room.

I was sorry Mischief had been so rude, and I told her so as she gave me the paper; but she threw her arms around my neck, and embraced me with all her strength.

"You sha'n't be angry with me, you darling," she cried, "for I have only you to love. Evelyn has the temper of a turkey, and everyone else is horrid to me except you. They all think I am bad, and nobody likes to have me near them. To-morrow you are going away to Bar Harbor, and my heart will break."

She nearly strangled me, and, bursting into sobs, she fled from the room. I love Mischief, and I wish the others loved her too, but I have never seen such different characters as those of my aunt's four daughters.

Angélique appeared to dress me, as there was a big dinner at home that evening, and, even torn as I was by different emotions so varied, I did not wish to miss it. She talked a great deal while she did my hair; said she had had a letter from Fraülein

a few days ago, and that everyone hoped I should return to Europe and marry a nobleman, like my cousin *Madame la Duchesse*. I concluded from her remarks that Fraülein had been listening behind the doors, as I once caught her doing, and that it was through Angélique that the rumor had circulated of Prince Ulrich's intentions. I disdained to reprove her; the evil was done, and there is no use in bleeding a dead man.

While she talked, I smoothed out the crumpled paper, and I succeeded in making it flat. I looked long at the portrait of the gentleman, who had been so kind to me; I noticed what a strong, fine visage he had, and these were the words written beneath the picture, the continuation of what was missing above:—"as the habit is now of rich financiers to advertise themselves through philanthropic schemes. This new reformer, with his Sanitarium in the Berkshire Hills, side by side with his stock farm, both conveniently situated to combine charity with gaiety, draws attention to the gifts his left hand bestows, which overshadows the source of wealth from which his right hand is drawing —"

I did not understand what this meant, but I saw it was spiteful, and I wished his name had been there. As I was all dressed, ready to descend, Evelyn entered the room. She looked more pretty than I had ever seen her, with quite a little color

in her cheeks; she wore a beautiful dress; she held out her hand to me:—

“Forgive me, Yvonne, for having lost my temper; I have a very quick one, which I try to control, but sometimes it still gets the better of me.”

I kissed her and said, “Dear Evelyn, do not speak of it again, and if you really want the paper so much, you can have it.”

“Thank you,” she said, and a little to my surprise she calmly took it.

“What is the name,” I asked, “of the man whose portrait interests you so much?”

“Oh!” she said lightly, “it is someone with whom I have been associated in charity work; but come, dinner is ready. I heard some of the guests arriving.”

I had no further chance to question her and soon forgot this episode in the gaiety of the dinner, where I let myself go very freely to the animation of conversation; I received many compliments which tickled my ear agreeably. Oh! it is so good to be young and to find people appreciative!



BAR HARBOR



XI

JULY 28th. One cannot write with facility, when all one's time is addicted to pleasure. But this morning Lily Stuart is in bed with a headache, thus I have a few moments to consecrate myself to my Memoirs.

My voyage to Bar Harbor was without incidents; it was the first time I traveled by night in an American train. I could not secure a stateroom, so Angélique and I had two beds over each other. Me, the upper one, as I am the most agile in climbing. Angélique was scandalized that people removed their clothes so publicly, but I told her that every land had different opinions of decency. She undressed herself not at all, and thus conserved her own modesty; I slept very well and only regretted not to have studied more my country's scenery. There was a great deal of fog in crossing to the island; therefore, my first impression of Mt. Desert was vague. Angélique managed to be ill three times,—she says just the aspect of a boat turns her stomach. I left her alone, as I do not think that sea-sickness calls forth sympathy.

Lily Stuart met me at the quay; it is a very ugly one and I am surprised that the entrances to our

fashionable places have so little a smiling aspect. We drove to the Stuart's country estate, where Mrs. Stuart greeted me with a warm welcome, which did please me much. Lily says Philadelphians are nearly always amiable; I should like to reside in that city.

I am so very happy here that I nearly lose the desire to be with my dear grandmother; we do not whirl about like at Newport from one distraction to another; thus we have a little time to reflect and to know we are amusing ourselves.

We breakfast all together at nine, and Mr. Stuart, although he assumes not the dominating position of master of the household, yet is loved as a husband and a father, unlike poor Uncle John, who seemed to produce a family only for their own pleasure, not for his.

Mr. Stuart does not have a chance to talk very much; for Mrs. Stuart is so bright and amusing one wants to listen to her all the time. Lily and her little brother Tom have also perfect freedom to converse. Mrs. Stuart is very stout, and all her person seems to contain kindness and motherliness, as if it overflowed to everyone, beyond the natural evidence of her love for her two children. It must be very wonderful to have such a mother!

I like Tom very much; he is ten, and is ten years younger than Lily. He is a very interesting boy. He adores music and animals; his pockets are al-

ways full of beetles, frogs, rats, snakes and worms. He tries to educate them, and gives them Bible names; the more beautiful names to the ugliest creatures, as a sort of compensation. His favorite, a big toad, he calls Israel for he is the father of many; Jacob and Rebecca are two earth worms; Solomon, a very fat guinea pig, who seems to have a large number of companions; a tame crow he calls John the Baptist, for he has a voice like one crying in the wilderness; and a long, black snake he calls Moses, for he makes frogs and insects to disappear like the Egyptian Plagues. He loves to have me play or sing to him, and sits perfectly quietly all the time the music lasts. He draws wonderfully well, and likes to design his animals in all sorts of positions; he has made a little theatre where two little mice perform tricks. In the garden he has a small house where he keeps his pets; he calls it Noah's Ark, for there are many animals within; birds, four-footed beasts and creeping things. I have difficulty to overcome my repulsion to insects when I enter it to please him, and it does not smell agreeably. As he and I arise earlier than the others, I often spend an hour with him before breakfast as I did with Mischief; we also ride horses unsaddled.

Poor little Mischief! I had a desolate letter from her yesterday which I copy, for I was touched thereby.

MISCHIEF'S LETTER.

"Darling Yvonne,—

"You are gone three days, and three nights I have cried myself asleep. I love you so as I can never love any one else. I sit in your room and try to imagine you are there. I kiss your pillow and long for you until my heart feels like a squeezed orange. I am very bad since you went, so every one hates me more than ever. My new governess has arrived. I loathe her. Please get married quick; you love America so much you ought to be able to love an American, and every one loves you, except Nancy — but then she's the limit! The Marquis is devoted to her again since you left. If you marry, and you can bear to have me, I will come and live with you. I should be so happy, I should be very good, and I would play with your little children. So please make haste for I am very miserable.

"Evelyn had a gentleman stay with her; a perfect corker; he was only here one night, and he talked to me before dinner, so I showed him your photograph; he was awfully interested, asked a lot of questions and wanted to know just the day you came here. I said you beat all my sisters hollow, even Romola. I heard them say he was an old beau of hers. She wore her duchess tiara

the other night at a ball given here for a German Prince, a friend of Count Janos; she looked stunning. As I was looking over the stairs I heard Hilliard Carrington tell her under a palm he loved her. She took it very calmly, and called him poor, dear old Hilliard, and he went on making goo-goo eyes at her, like that cousin of yours, Mr. Short, made for you. Gosh! he was fierce!

“Count Janos saw me on the stairs and brought me an ice. He said he was going to Bar Harbor with his friend, and wanted to know if I had a message for you. I said no one was strong enough to carry all the weight of my love to you. He laughed and told me to go on loving you, and when I was grown up he would come and marry me himself. O! dearest darling, I sometimes joke with people, but when I'm alone I cry.”

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Dear little Mischief! I pity her so! If I marry I will tell Mr. Lieutenant she must live with us, and we can all chase thieving Indians together. And now I will copy a letter I received from him to-day which has annoyed me much. Men are often so silly when they make great efforts to please, and the poor Lieutenant has rendered himself very absurd.

LIEUTENANT'S LETTER.

"Ma Aimée,—

"A toi est adressé mon première effort dans lettre-écriture Français. Tout a fait indigne de ton lecture sans doute, mais comment suis-je digne de toi dans aucun manière. Je ai fermement résolu de apprendre Français, et quand je aurai maîtrisé les principes de la langue, alors je entends étudier Allemand, pourque un jour dans la future a le coin de nos foyer, mon petite épouse et je, pouvons jouir ensemble des littératures de le vieil continent. Je baise avec tendresse tes petites douces mains.

"Ton fidèle adorateur."

Can my English have ever been so ridiculous as his French? He fills me with impatience, and I will demonstrate to him that I have also mastered our slang and our manner of speech.

YVONNE'S LETTER.

"Dear Mr. Lieutenant,—

"On receiving your letter I exclaimed myself: Rats! for it is perfectly decayed of you to write to me in French. It is limited! it is fierce! never do it again and remember that the literatures of Europe are to me old chestnuts! I am having a corking time here; Lily and her mother are peaches and I have a date every morning with Tom in the

garden. He is Lily's brother, and he promenades me in boats and on horses. I am so happy in the present, I have little time to think of the future, but I have made the project to have my Cousin Mischief live with us, and she can help you to catch Indians. You may not like this letter, in effect — in reading it over I think it is horrid; but it is better you should see I am not as nice as you think, for it is not wise for people to marry themselves with false impressions of each other. You consider me too good, that renders me uncomfortable, for Oh! I have so many faults, you would shudder if I enumerated them, and perhaps even renounce to espouse me. When I am opposed I become like a kicking mule, so please do not write to me in French again. A French gentleman never gives the 'thou' to his fiancée, nor to his wife in public, (although Germans and Italians do); it is not chic to seem familiar. The bourgeoisie do, but then perhaps we Americans are bourgeois, as we have no nobility, I had not thought of that. Abroad I only frequented Court Circles. Doctors, lawyers, clergymen we met only in a business way. I am sorry not to have better known persons who lived by their intelligence; I am sure they must be more interesting.

“Good-bye, dear Mr. Lieutenant, I did not expect to be away so long from my grandmother, and

now I have less than a month to remain in America. Oh! it splits my heart to think of it. Receive, I pray you, the expression of my best sentiments.

“YVONNE.”

I never know how to sign myself but it seems more natural to be formal.

I hear a carriage on the gravel avenue; my window overlooks the entrance. There are two gentlemen in one of those carriages they call here buckboards. I recognize Count Janos and — Oh! whom do I see? Prince Ulrich von Weissenberg! Quickly! I must change my dress! . . .

Two hours later — Angélique had discovered who was downstairs and she was so excited she could hardly fasten my dress. I found Mrs. Stuart in the parlor talking French to the two Austrian gentlemen. I shook hands with Janos in the American fashion, Prince Ulrich bowed to me. He spoke little but looked at me much. Count Janos and Mrs. Stuart were soon absorbed again in animated conversation. I asked Prince Ulrich with an innocent expression, why he had come to America.

He — “America interests Europeans very much.”

I — “Then I suppose you will travel all over the States to make a study of our country, and remain at Bar Harbor a short time.”

He — “Bar Harbor interests me more at present than all the States.”

I blushed quite red, and to cover my confusion I said rather boldly:

“Do you not think I have changed and become quite grown up since you last saw me?”

He — “I observe you have become very American.”

I — “You have paid me the greatest compliment, for I never wish to be thought anything else, and my most ardent wish is to live here all my life.”

In answering him thus I felt all the excitement one experiences at taking a high and difficult jump.

He rose and bowed to take leave. I noticed his great height and his air of elegance. He is the type of the high aristocrat. Count Janos looked surprised that the visit was cut so short, and whispered to me, “You have been as unkind to him as you were to me.”

Mrs. Stuart invited them both to a picnic on the thirty-first. Janos accepted; the Prince simply expressed his thanks. Since they left I have felt a little dull, as if I needed some excitement.

XII

AUGUST 1st. What a joy to be considered agreeable and to be courted! How sorry I am for the old maids, who have never received attentions from men; who were never surrounded by that delicious and intoxicating atmosphere of admiration; and who have none of those dear little vanities to color the recollection of their youth. How pleasing it is to put on an indifferent expression, and seem not to care one's self, because one is sure other people care so much. But I fancy my mask is very transparent, for I do care so much about people, and am terribly interested in all they want to say. Lily says the reason I am a success, is because I like everybody and find them charming.

Oh! what a happiness to be young, and not ugly; I am very grateful to God for that, as therein I have no merit, and it is so much easier for me to be sweet and nice, than if I had a crooked nose and were humpbacked. In truth people are kind and the world is beautiful, and the minutes fly like birds on the wing, merrily singing. I used to be sad and notice more the shadows than the sunlight; drops of falling water made me think of tears,

but now Oh, no! they sparkle like diamonds, and a love for the whole universe possesses me so that I should like to embrace it. The trees, the sky, the sea, the breezes so gentle, the air so vivacious, surround me with all their delights to render me more joyous. When I pray at night, my lips can only formulate little sounds of ecstasy and my heart throbs with thankfulness.

How can I describe how I walk, and drive, and dance, and play tennis, and swim, and canoe with different persons. How all the hours of my day seem not to suffice to fill the demands that are made to them. When I was in Europe it took me pages to describe one little rare moment of pleasure, and now they succeed themselves with such rapidity that with a few words only do I verify them. But the picnic I will give in detail, because of the adventures that arrived to me there.

It was yesterday. On awakening myself I ran to the window to examine the weather. Towards the sea there was a cloud of mist, but on the earth the sun shone bravely. At eleven we assembled on the wharf, a company of sixteen. Lily Stuart is a marvelous hostess, she puts animation into all her guests with her air of good humor and her amiable manners. Prince Ulrich had decided to remain. I have seen him every day, and I like him well, but he has the appearance always a little austere as if his surroundings did not interest him much.

We started on our little steam yacht; the waves were agitated, which rendered some people somewhat morose but without misfortunate results. We approached a ravishing island and landed in little boats. I was enchanted that Lily had brought no servants, for on such occasions they are only tiresome guardians of decorum; thus we arranged everything ourselves; the gentlemen made the fire and the ladies unpacked the baskets, laid the cloth and spread all the good things thereon. We eat with a great appetite and were very gay. After lunch we scattered two by two over the island.

I knew Prince Ulrich considered me his partner, for he speaks not to the other young girls; he renders me very timid and so without his perceiving me, I escaped with Bobby. Bobby is the young man I met on the steamer, his surname is Smith; he is very jolly, and not very old; he is a Senior in the University of Harvard, and when I told him I had believed Harvard and Yale to be two race-horses, he first looked much scandalized at my ignorance, and then rolled himself on the grass with laughter.

We were sitting among pine trees, and we smoked cigarettes, which gave us a feeling of comradeship and of enjoying together a somewhat reprehensible sport. It is so nice to be just a little wicked!

He likes to talk very much and I am always glad to listen. He told me he was an orphan, and

an uncle called Herbert Dale had brought him up. He grew quite enthusiastic and said:

"My Uncle Herbert is the best all round man I have ever known; he is as straight as a die, kind, good-natured, firm as a rock so you always know where to find him. He is splendid at every game, rides a horse like a Centaur, plays polo better than any one, and he spends lots of money helping people. I tell you what, he is perfectly fine; ever since I was a little chap, I passed all my vacations with him, for after my parents died he looked after me, and he's my guardian."

"I wish I knew him," I said. "I suppose although he is your uncle he is not an old gentleman?"

"No," answered Bobby, "he is sort of middle-aged, between thirty and forty, but he has a lot of endurance left; I guess he can beat me at pretty nearly anything; and by Jove! he is a good sort; he has seen me through a lot of scrapes; yet would you believe it, some people dislike him. I think they're afraid of him, for he can be awfully sarcastic; he does n't care much for society. He is clever, you know, and dull people bore him and I guess he lets them see it."

I then asked Bobby about his life at college, and I was deeply interested to learn thus about the whole existence of a young man.

"By Jove, Miss Carrington," he said, "if you will only stay here, instead of going back in three

weeks to that beastly old Europe, I will show you all the sights of Cambridge, and next spring at Class Day when I graduate, I'll see to you having the time of your life."

"Oh, but!" I said, "I should so love to stay, but I cannot."

"Look here," he said, "if you got engaged, then you would stay with your grandmother."

"But, no!" I answered sadly, "being engaged makes no difference."

"You bet it would," he said eagerly. "By Jove, Miss Carrington, I have not known you so awfully long, but long enough since the steamer to know that I'd be just the luckiest fellow on earth if you — if we — well, if I was engaged to you, for I am head over heels in love with you."

And he looked at me with such a nice, smiling expression that I thought to be engaged to him would not be so disagreeable; unfortunately one cannot promise to be betrothed to two young men at the same time; it would not be honorable.

"I am extremely sorry," I said, "but I am already engaged."

It sounded as if I were refusing a waltz. He jumped to his feet and looked more astonished than sad.

"By Jove! you are already engaged, and you are only eighteen! Well! I might have known it."

"Please," I said, rising also, "speak not of it to

any one, for it is a secret, but I told you, so that you should lose the desire to espouse me."

He looked at me a long moment; his expression changed from an air of surprise to an air of sadness, and I felt I should like to console him.

"Don't let your disappointment pain you too much," I said gently.

"I shall never care for any one else," he said; and I thought that surely he had not loved me so greatly until he found he could not have me.

"Do you mind," he said, "if I leave you for a bit, I just want to pull myself together."

"Yes, go," I said, "and do not desolate yourself because of me. Later on you may meet a nice young girl whom you can marry."

He shook his head and went off among the trees while I wandered along the shore; there were big, flat rocks that sloped into the water, and I found a ravishing place just above them, where soft, green moss stretched under the shade of pines. I sat myself, glad to be alone, watching the sparkling waves and plunged profoundly in my reflections.

How strange to feel that in the space of a month, two charming young Americans had wanted to espouse me, and I wondered who the third American would be. If only I could be married at once and not return to Europe, but I shall have to wait long years for Mr. Lieutenant. I was perhaps a little too hurried in accepting him, for I know now that

young people drive together alone without becoming betrothed.

I sighed under the trees; the blue waves shone beneath the great rocks; and I fell into a deep reverie. Poems of Heine about love, and tears, and death traversed my mind like whispering voices; it was warm in the sun and I think I fell asleep.

A cool shadow fell upon me and I opened my eyes. Prince Ulrich stood gazing at me. I arose quickly all confused; for in sleep, when the mind does not hold guard over the face, it seems immodest to be watched. His expression was gentle and kindly; different from what I had ever seen. We conversed in German which I shall translate.

He —“ I sought you everywhere, mein Fraülein. I feared you had gone off like the other young ladies with some young gentleman; instead, I had the happiness to find you alone, slumbering beneath the trees, and the song of Schuman flows from my lips: —‘ *Du bist wie eine Blume, so hold, so schön, so rein.*’ ” He murmured the whole of it with an accent so tender, that suddenly I felt steal over me an emotion very soft. It must have been the effect of my sleep, and to dispel it, I said laughing lightly:

“ I had never thought you were so poetic. Look at that lovely little island opposite us. I am longing to visit it; will you take me over there? I know where the boats are attached.”

He stiffened himself and said formally, "Certainly, if you wish it."

We strolled to the beach. Only one canoe was left. Nobody was to be seen. I carefully got in for I have discovered a canoe upsets like a nutshell, and Prince Ulrich in entering nearly tipped it over. He knew not how to paddle, but I had been taught by three different young men, so I took place in the stern. I found it a laborious task. I was less skillful than I had imagined, but the tide and the wind helped me; Prince Ulrich was silent; he smoked cigarettes and watched me. I became very fatigued, but naturally, without complaining, I paddled on. After a very long time we reached the little island.

Oh! it was magnificent! just a pedestal of rock with the sea all around; in the center a pine tree with moss at its feet; towards the open ocean we saw on the horizon a great wall of fog, so we preferred the sunny side where we found an immense rock, forming a platform, whereupon we did sit. The sun was pleasantly warm, and the sky looked as if it had drawn a thin, white veil over its surface. My heart was light and I was gay. I think my gaiety was contagious, for Prince Ulrich's formal tone melted away, and he had the manner of one who lets himself go to be agreeable, without constraint.

He told me about his wild boar park in Hungaria

and of some exciting hunts he had witnessed; of a voyage he had taken to Persia, where he was the guest of the Shah; then he related anecdotes about the court of Franz Joseph, where he holds some function, and never before had a man of the world conversed with me with such freedom, and yet with such an air of deference.

Oh, but yes! he was all that is most charming! For a moment he was silent and I tried to play ducks and drakes with flat pebbles as Tom had taught me, but I stopped when the Prince spoke to me again with a new gravity in his voice.

He —“ You must know, Fraülein Yvonne, why I have come to this country. Since I saw you last spring in Berlin, I have wished to have you for my wife. I have your parents' consent, and their permission to seek yours.”

I —“ Oh! Prince Ulrich, you were not then told that my grandmother gives me no dowry? ”

He —“ Yes, your mother has told me, that for the present you have no fortune, but that has not made my mind to change; and if we can not live in the great state I should have wished, yet I can offer you an easy life and I hope a happy one. You have bewitched me, Yvonne. I think of you day and night.”

I —“ Oh, but Prince Ulrich,” I said, my voice trembling a little, for at last I understood that he really loved me, “ I can only marry an American.

I love my country as you do yours; you would die for yours, so would I for mine; all these years of my youth where I have been an exile, my love for it has grown and grown, like the deep roots of a tree, which cannot be torn and transplanted without being killed. Soon I must return to Europe, but then later I shall return to America, to stay forever."

He, quite tenderly — "*Mein süßes Mädel*, my sweet girl, you are still very young, and you are impressionable as a child; your feelings will change, and remember a woman's country as well as her name, when she marries, is her husband's."

I — "That is why I must marry an American, and then you forget I am grown up now; I am a woman, and I know whom I must love and where I must live."

He — "I will not reason with you now, but I shall wait and this Autumn at the Imperial Manœuvre we shall meet again, and you may relent; I assure you, it is the first time I have ever pleaded thus with a young girl."

I — "Do not think that I am not fully aware of the honor you are doing me, and I have all the feeling for you which would be required of a German young girl; I fear you a little, I respect you much and admire you sufficiently, but I shall not change my mind, and you will find me the same at the Imperial Manœuvre as I am on this tiny island."

(For some secret reason I did not tell him I was engaged; perhaps I wanted something exciting to look forward to in the autumn.)

He gazed at me long and searchingly and I returned his look straight in the eyes, although I felt myself redden. He bit his moustache and with his air of superb assurance he said:—

“I shall wait; my desire is stronger than your obstinacy.”

The air had grown cold and damp; he arose and looked at his watch and said: “It is after six o’clock; we must return at once; for although young people here are left strangely alone together, I would not for the world and for all the pleasure I have of being with you awaken the slightest misapprehension.”

I—“We Americans have no evil thoughts concerning young girls; they are safe from all scandal and all blame.”

He, ironically—“You are very proud of your countrymen’s faith or credulity, which I prefer not to tax. Besides it is growing dark rapidly and the fog is surrounding us.”

We hastened to where we had left our canoe; it was not to be seen! The tide had risen greatly and the wind swept sideways over the island, bringing the fog with it, and we were soon enveloped in its chilly embrace. Faintly we could see in the distance the picnic island and the yacht, but as we

gazed they became more and more indistinct, and we surely could not be seen at all. We shouted, but our voices, thickened by the fog, seemed to drop at our feet. Prince Ulrich was agitated and said:

“I am accustomed to the Adriatic and the Mediterranean where the tide hardly rises; I wonder how much more of this island the water covers, but do not be frightened.”

I — “I am never frightened, and if they do not find us to-night they will find us to-morrow morning; the only thing is, we shall be very hungry.”

He, more agitated — “That must not be that we spend the night here. I shall swim to shore.”

I, seizing his arm — “Oh! that must you not do; you will drown; the water is like ice; no, we must talk and be cheerful, and try to keep warm.” (I shivered as I spoke, for my dress was very thin; my coat I had left on the yacht.)

He — “You plucky girl! yes, we shall make the best of it,” and taking off his coat he forced me to wear it notwithstanding my protests.

The tide was rising over the rocks; we withdrew to the solitary tree where the moss gave us assurance the waves would not reach us, and drawing my arm through his, he walked me up and down. He recalled incidents at Berlin, spoke of people we knew, and tried valiantly to entertain me, but I could discern he was anxious, for he often stopped to listen; no sound reached our ear except the

splash of the waves, and sometimes a sea hawk screeched overhead.

I became fatigued and asked him to let me rest; he spread his waistcoat beneath the tree; the air was like a wet sheet, and I begged him to put his coat over both of our shoulders; at first he would not, walked up and down, but I said I should be warmer if he sat beside me, so at last he consented, and like the lost babes in the wood we huddled together in the moss.

I had never divined how kind and gentle he could be. He warmed my hands, by rubbing them gently, then held them in one of his, while he held with the other the sleeves of the coat, and as I leaned against him I wished he had been an American; but no, why should I wish thus? am I not already betrothed? and for the second time that day the thought which before had made me to smile, made me to sigh; and then I followed the impulse which came with a sudden idea.

"Prince Ulrich," I whispered, "why could you not do, what so many English lords did long ago, settle in this country and become an American?"

"I!" he exclaimed, "I, an Hungarian Magnate become an American citizen! little Yvonne, you are mad."

"You wanted me to abandon my nation, why should you not abandon yours?"

"*Ach!* there is no comparison. I repeat, a

woman's country is her hearth and home, but we will not speak now of such matters; if only," he continued, "I could make a signal to draw their attention, for they must be searching for us. This is terrible."

I wondered that a man who had been in so many perils should be so anxious. After that we remained silent; it was dark; no sound could we hear, but I felt not afraid.

Thus the hours passed, gliding one into the other, with nothing to divide them, and we remained cold, damp and hungry, but comforted by each other's warmth and presence. We thought the night far advanced, and were watching for the dawn, when suddenly a deep voice near us calling — Hullo! Hullo! made us jump to our feet.

We shouted as loudly as we could. Then the same voice seemed to come from another direction. Again we answered, but to our cries we received no response.

"They are calling us through a megaphone," said Prince Ulrich.

Again we shouted, and through the fog appeared a vacillating flame; a man yelled, "Where are you?"

"On a little island, right here," we answered, and we saw the fantastic shapes of men rising through the mist holding torches, and a boat scraped the rock.

We ran forward and Count Janos and Bobby sprang to meet us.

"We thought you were drowned and lost," they said.

Janos embraced Prince Ulrich and I think Bobby embraced me. We told them as they rowed us away what had happened to us, and presently we heard the fog horn from the yacht and saw lights flashing to guide us. We were received on board with shouts of delight; all the young girls did kiss me, and Lily Stuart was nearly hysteric with joy, for they had really been very anxious. We discovered it was only ten o'clock, which surprised us much, as we had thought the night nearly over.

I sat down to supper in warm clothes the young girls gave me, and Prince Ulrich looked very funny in a seaman's jersey; but he had become solemn again.

I was given champagne, and we were all very jolly; but when we landed on the quay at midnight we were encountered by worried parents, who were not jolly but very cross, for they had waited several hours for our return, and who, after we had explained what had happened, seemed to think it very silly that I should have been lost on an island in the fog.

I notice people's points of view are so different!

XIII

AUGUST 2nd. Yesterday morning I felt happy when I wrote the long account of my adventure. I had slept ten hours; my heart was gay; it even amused me to think that at my will I could be called either Mrs. Lieutenant Joseph Hill or Mrs. Bobby Smith, or lastly — Princess Ulrich von Weissenberg; that is a very high name, but a true American does not feel honored by titles.

And so I was lightly turning matters over in my mind as I sat in the afternoon in the garden, trying to read about our Civil War; my ideas would not work over the bloody battles; they felt like butterflies put into a bee-hive and told to produce honey; thus I was making great and useless efforts to absorb myself in history, when I saw Prince Ulrich advancing down the garden path. His expression was so serious I wanted to run away, but I remembered my grandfather had fought in the war, and I must not be unworthy of him.

Prince Ulrich kissed my hand as if I were a married lady, and sat down near me.

I began talking with vivacity of the ball I was going to that evening, but he interrupted me as if he had nothing heard.

"I have come to very earnestly speak with you. You must realize, of course, that after the hours we spent alone on that island last night I am expected as an honorable man, by your friends and everyone you know to make you my wife."

"Oh! but certainly no," I protested.

"Hush," he said, as if I were an impatient child, "a little thought on your part will make clear to you, that what will be my greatest happiness is imposed upon you as a necessity, and, my dear Yvonne, I cannot feel it ought to be so difficult for me to dispel your childish objections; I thought last night you showed confidence in me, did you not?"

"Yes," I admitted, "but —"

"You said," he continued, "that you respected and esteemed me; from a worldly point of view, I offer nothing unworthy of you."

"I assure you," I hastened to say, "I am deeply honored, but —"

"And what do you oppose to my suit?" he went on in the same calm manner — "patriotic feelings for a country you have only known a few weeks, whose history, I observe, you are trying to learn; but I can inflame your fancy with tales of my Fatherland that can equal yours; we Hungarians have also struggled for home and liberty; in marrying me you will bear the name of heroes who have fallen as sacrifice to their country, your children will make you the proud mother of warriors and

patriots, and then, can you not comprehend that all these things ought to fade in a young girl's mind in comparison to the deep affection and exalted desire which I consecrate to you? I love you so much; your sweet innocence, your spirit of pride, your fearlessness and every girlish charm I adore; tell me in truth would it be so difficult for you to care for me a little?"

I hardly dared raise my eyes to his — "I care for you very much," I whispered, "but —"

"That is sufficient," he said with a glad accent. "I am sure I can make you love me; you are so young a creature, that life is still a closed book to you, and no other man but me can as yet have turned the leaves to open even the first page. You require a strong man to guide and shield you, and tenderly care for you; Yvonne, tell me that I am the one to whom you will trust yourself; for surely you are to be my treasure, my bride."

"Oh, Prince Ulrich," I cried, "it is terribly sad, but I am not free; I am already betrothed."

He rose to his feet, a flush of anger spread over his face, then he became very pale.

"You have played with me," he said; "you have deceived me."

"No, I have not," I answered, my courage returning, and I arose also, drawing myself up to my full height. "I have told you since the beginning I would not marry you, that I should only marry

an American. You would not believe me; that is not my fault."

"And may I inquire," he said, his voice sounding like a steel sabre cutting off people's heads, "the name of the American on whom you have bestowed your hand?"

"I am engaged to an officer of the United States Army!" As for the first time I made this clear statement, the sense of the words struck me as false, and my heart seemed to deny my declaration; a great doubt and unhappiness took possession of me, yet I felt I was carrying a banner I had promised to bear, and I must be true to my colors,—at least while the fight and struggle lasted.

Prince Ulrich looked at me coldly for a moment. I felt the color come and go in my face, but I lowered not my head and looked him in the eyes. Then he bowed low with a sort of ironical deference, saying:

"Allow me to take leave of the future Frau Generalin of the Army of the United States of America," and turning he walked down the path.

I saw, through the bitter sarcasm of his farewell, how deeply wounded he was, in his pride and his affection; and so I took not amiss his words, but I felt grieved, oh! so grieved.

He reached the little gate at the end of the path leading to the high road, and following my impulse of remorse, that by me he should suffer, I ran after

him. He stopped, but did not turn his head. I laid my hand on his arm and stood before him with tears in my eyes.

“Prince Ulrich,” I stammered, “I may never see you again, and I do not want you to leave with anger and bitterness against me. I meant no harm; I thought I had told you no, so plainly, and how could I have ever thought you would love me thus greatly.”

He looked at me then and smiled with a sadness that I could hardly support.

“Dear Prince Ulrich,” I continued, “if I could have imagined this, I would have told you the first day I was not free, although, then no one else knew it. Please be not longer angry with me, for I like you much, very much, and you see we resemble each other, too, for we both so love our own countries and we are both proud; will you not say before you go that you forgive me and will not think bitterly of me? I pray you do, for I am so unhappy.”

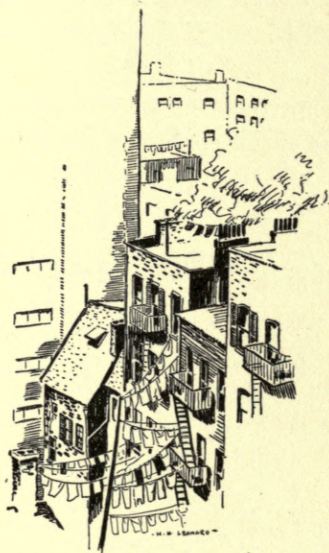
As I looked up at him two big tears rolled down my cheek.

“*Mein süßes Liebling,*” he murmured, as he gazed at me, “my sweet darling, I am not angry with you. And can I forgive you for being lovable? You are everything I most wanted my wife to be, and fairer than I could ever have imagined,—*so hold, so schön, so rein.* I think not, that I shall

love another, but I wish you all that is excellent and beautiful. May the man you have chosen be good and strong, and watch over you, as I had so fervently hoped to do myself, and keep you from all harm," and as if he were blessing me, he softly said, "*Behüt dich Gott,*" and rapidly he walked away.

I watched him as he went — a noble, martial figure; and then I turned back into the garden and hid myself and wept.

THE SETTLEMENT



XIV

AUGUST 5th. The scene has changed! Instead of the beautiful, cool Mt. Desert, I am now in a stifling hot little house in the poor quarter of Boston. I am staying with my cousin, Evelyn King, and following her about in her Settlement work.

The last day at Bar Harbor I felt all different from myself; dear Mrs. Stuart fussed over me, thinking I was suffering from the effects of my adventure in the fog, but no! what disturbed me was my experience so grave with Prince Ulrich. He left that same night and I shall probably never see him again, and in my heart I feel many varied emotions. I have lost part of my youthfulness, for I must be quite a woman if a man like him wants to make of me his wife. I contemplate myself in my mirror to observe if I have visibly changed, and why such three different men want to marry me. I look into my own serious eyes, and they give me no answer, and as I gaze — my lips smile back at me, for questioning them so curiously. No, I do not understand! Life is mysterious! Why must human beings create so many difficulties in

their affairs of the heart? I see the little butterflies gaily chase each other in couples, and the doves that fondly mate, whereas men and women are tormented by their love. A month ago I had not thought of such things and now I so continually search my heart. But it is foolishness to think so much of myself, rather will I inscribe what I am doing.

I left Lily Stuart with great regret; she has become my most intimate friend; although of my proposals I did not speak to her. By silence, a young girl must respect a man's love.

Tom, as a parting gift, gave me Israel, his favorite toad, and said, "Please keep him and love him for my sake."

I have such a horror of toads, and yet Tom's affection for the creature and his sacrifice in giving it ought to make me like it. Tom said, "He will be a quiet pet. I had thought of a rat, or a rabbit, or a guinea pig, but they would so easily run away, and Israel can only hop a short bit. I have put him in a Maillard candy box with a few little bugs for the journey."

I do not think it a very convenient present.

Cousin Henry Short appeared at Bar Harbor, the day before I left, to escort me to West Point; he asked my forgiveness for his rudeness at Newport, and said he had written three letters which he had torn up, and at last had decided to come himself,

to make his peace. Oh! but how he bores me; and he smiles all the time to render himself agreeable. Lily Stuart said he was like an afternoon tea,—a necessary drudgery of society to be endured for the sake of other amusements. If he talks not to me himself, he stands and watches me talk to others, which is most exasperating, but I have had my little revenge: I informed him in the train that I was so glad he was going all straight to West Point, for then he could take Angélique there, for I was to stop two days in Boston. Of course, in a Settlement, Evelyn had told me, there was no place for a French maid, and I had written to tell my grandmother he would take care of Angélique. He was furious, and went off to smoke.

Count Janos, who was on the train, immediately took his chair; he was like always very amusing, and said he was spending the next day in Boston, and would take me out in his automobile.

When Cousin Henry returned, he saw the Mail-lard box, and thinking it contained sweets opened it to offer me some. Israel fell out and the little insects flew around; Israel hopped onto Angélique's foot, who began to scream most fearfully; I could not help laughing, and Janos was simply convulsed with amusement, and everybody in the carriage was aroused. Naturally, for all the world I would not touch the toad, and so Cousin Henry had to catch him, but Israel hopped about with much energy,

and finally took refuge under an old lady's skirt, who made little squeaks of fright, while Cousin Henry repeated, "Madam it is not a mouse." Finally, he captured the poor beast. He was in a rage and said he could not understand a young lady traveling with such creatures; and he went off to smoke again; so, after all, Israel rendered me a good service, in ridding me a long moment of that tiresome man.

At the station in Boston Evelyn met me, and I bade good-bye, with a great deal of joy, to Cousin Henry and Angélique, who thus were forced to pursue the journey together.

Evelyn and I drove in a cab through very dismal streets; it was night, and I noticed that only the public houses were gay and brightly illuminated, so I was not surprised they were so crowded. I thought I saw some tipsy men, and they frighten me much.

I asked Evelyn about her headaches and she said she had too much to do to think about them. She is much more cheerful here than at Newport.

The house where she lives is small and very simply furnished. There are two other Residents, as they call them: one a Doctress and the other a Kindergarten teacher; they had pleasant, quiet manners, and I liked them for consecrating their lives to charity, without the satisfaction of wearing a nun's pretty costume, which is so becoming.

After a little supper, I went to bed; many queer city noises penetrated through the open window, but I soon dropped asleep and heard no more.

Evelyn awakened me at seven, for at half-past seven they breakfast, and they have only one servant, so everything has to be very regular. The Residents dress very simply. I looked a little queer in a flowered silk muslin. I had only a tiny little box with me and I had forgotten to tell Angélique to put in simple raiments; it was very hot and this was my only thin frock. Evelyn told me I had better not go about alone; and at eight we started together, as I wanted to see how the poor live in America.

The first family we visited lived in a cellar; the beds were not made, and everything was in disorder, and the children wore hardly any clothes. Evelyn told the woman to open the window, but she said, as it was on a level with the street, everyone could look right in, and winter and summer for the sake of decency they kept it mostly shut. She said: —

“I know, Mum, we lives like pigs, but we can’t afford no better rooms; my man has rheumatiz of the back, and my Susan was took awful bad with cramps so they had to send the ambulance for her, and they cut something out of her stomick, and so Tom just gets enough to keep us along by selling newspapers.”

“How old is Tom?” I asked.

“Well, dearie, he’s going on ten; he’s strong enough if he’s got food in his stomick, although it does go awful hard gettin’ him out of bed before there’s no light to fetch his newspapers, and there’s times he don’t get home till near midnight. Gettin’ no sleep, I guess, will stunt his growth, and them poor cratures,” pointing to two small children, “them goes at the peril of their lives to pick up bits of coal on the track; sure they’ll be brought back to me dead some day, and me with no insurance to bury them dacent.”

The woman began wiping her eyes on her dirty apron. It tightened my heart to hear of such poverty, and taking out a twenty dollar bill from my purse, I gave it to the woman; she looked at it and then half sobbing said:

“The Lord bless your pretty face and your kind heart; sure ye are the only lady I’ve met who took pity on the poor folk,” (this was said with a reproachful look at Evelyn) “and this will pay for a white casket for one of them poor cratures.”

“But,” I said, “please buy coal with it so that the children shall not be exposed to the peril of being crushed.”

“Just as you say, dearie; anything to plase you.”

At that moment a man came in from the back room, with only an undershirt and trousers on; he spoke in a gruff, cross voice:—

"What's the rumpus? Just some of them visitors who come round to jaw and advise poor folk instead of helping them, and prevent a man from sleeping, who's been workin' all night."

He looked so menacing I was frightened, but Evelyn went right up to him and said quietly:

"You are master in your own house, Mr. Costello, and if you tell me not to return I sha'n't, but I had some work I thought your wife could do."

"Well," said the man in a surly tone, "I ain't no objection if you give her work to do, and lave me in peace," and he slouched out of the kitchen.

"Mrs. Costello," said Evelyn, "I have two dozen towels for you to hem, if you will come for them at the Home; we pay five cents a towel; and I shall go and see Susan at the hospital."

The woman thanked her and begged me to come again; she accompanied us to the black corridor from which some broken steps led right up onto the street.

The sun was baking the pavement and I felt as if I could hardly draw a full breath. Evelyn was silent until I questioned her about the Costellos. She told me the man was a drunkard, and the wife drank, too, sometimes, and neglected the children.

"Did I do wrongly in giving her money?" I asked.

"It was unwise," answered Evelyn; "if he finds

it out he will beat her to get it, and I think in either case, it will go for drink."

"But then," I said, "how can you help the poor if you don't give them money?"

"We try," said Evelyn, "to furnish them work to earn their living; we try to strengthen their moral sense, and, by living among them as neighbors, we give them opportunities for amusement, instruction and rest."

I listened to Evelyn with much respect for her wisdom, and I admired her courage in confronting Mr. Costello. We then entered another house, and climbed to the top; the stairs were dark, and smelt of all sorts of horrid things. Evelyn knocked at a door; a little boy in a torn undershirt opened it. We entered a small room. There was a big bed in which a woman lay and two babies crawled beside her; one was crying and the other was sucking a comb.

The whole place was steaming with wet clothes which hung on a cord stretched between the window and the stove, where fish, onions and cabbages were cooking. A man sat eating at a table, and paid no attention to us. A girl of twelve, who was washing in a wooden tub, came forward and wiping a chair offered it to Evelyn; but Evelyn made me sit down while she stood by the bed, seeming not to notice the terrible odor and dirt.

"I brought you a few grapes and oranges, Mrs. Homer," she said in a cheerful, pleasant voice, "and how is your asthma to-day?"

"Awful bad, Miss," answered the woman gasping for breath; "I don't get no air at all when the washin' 's bein' done, and this hot spell has made us all sick."

"I'll brush your hair and wash your face and you'll feel fresher," said Evelyn, while she got water in a basin and took the comb from the baby and gave it some grapes instead. "It is all arranged, the children are going to the Farm to-morrow, and I'll have a tent put on the roof where you can sleep and remain during the day."

The man spoke for the first time, "We were near stifled last night, and it kills my appetite livin' in sich a place."

"You will be more comfortable when the bed is in the fresh air."

"There ain't no fresh air round these parts," said the man.

"Say, Miss," gasped the woman, "you don't want me to sleep on the roof because you thinks I have consumption? I don't want to go to no hospital; I wants to stay at home."

"The doctor," said Evelyn, "told you you had asthma and we hope you will get well soon."

I tried to speak to the little boy who stood star-

ing at me, but he would not answer. Oh, what a difference between him and happy Tom at Bar Harbor!

Evelyn and I visited several more families; it was everywhere so hot, so hot that I longed for a plunge in the cool ocean. We went to see some Italians who were very clean and tidy, and smiled all the time, although the man was in bed with a crushed leg, and they were delighted to have me talk Italian to them. The last person we went to was an old blind woman, who lived all by herself, and was cheerful and loved flowers; we took her some geraniums. She said that smelling them made her see all the lovely gardens she had known in her youth, in Scotland. Evelyn read to her, the Bible, while I tried to keep the flies off my face. I whispered to Evelyn, to know if I might offer to have fly screens put in for her. Evelyn said I might, and the old woman was so pleased, and thus I knew there was one thing I could give the poor people, for I had noticed what a plague the flies were in all the tenements I visited.

I was so hot and tired when we got home I could eat no lunch; and then I lay down, while Evelyn went off to a meeting at the Neighborhood House, — a big, brick building she showed me close by, with large rooms for entertainments and social work. Towards four I got up, and I remembered that

Israel had not been taken out of the Maillard box. I ran out into the street; it was still boiling hot. I saw a few children playing in the gutter where there was a little moisture.

I opened the box and the toad at once jumped out; the children surrounded it, — they had never seen a toad; I wanted to feed it but there was no grass. An Italian fruit vender passed by. I bought a head of lettuce for Israel and a lot of oranges and bananas for all the children of the quarter who had gathered about me, like a flock of sparrows. At that moment I heard the horn of an automobile, and a big, red car stopped in the middle of the street. Count Janos jumped out and came towards me saying in his manner so gay,—

“If to the hungry you give good things, the rich shall not go empty away. I have come to carry you off for a little promenade —”

“Oh, I am so glad to go,” I said, “I have not been here twenty-four hours yet, but I am dying for fields and green grass.”

“It is the only cool thing to do in this torrid atmosphere. I see you have released Israel.”

“But no,” I said, “I must keep him for Tom’s sake,” and I begged one of the boys to put him into the Maillard box for me.

Then we got into the auto — it was a great, big Panhard — but it made me chagrined not to take

all the children with me, they looked so wistful; happiness cannot be complete when you leave people behind, so I said to Count Janos:

“If you take me, you must take some of these children; the tonneau will hold ten; the ten oldest, for little children are sometimes a source of trouble.”

Count Janos looked uncertain but he is amiable, and I was decided. By that time the whole population was at their windows giving me advice as to whom to take. I was heart broken to refuse so many, and I had to console myself with the happy faces of those who went. The Italian fruit man helped me to get the children seated. As we started he called out,—

“*Arrivederla, Signorina, bella passeggiata!*” and he looked as pleased as if he were going himself.

Oh! it was delicious traversing rapidly through the air, and to leave the sun-baked streets behind; and the children were quiet and good.

Count Janos was busy driving the machine, so for once he could not talk much; as we reached the country, I looked upon all the sweet, green nature as if I had been parted from it for long years. We stopped at a little wayside place, and gave the children ices; Janos and I went and sat at a little table, and eat ours; imagine my doing such a thing in Europe! although twenty eyes of children fixed upon us ought to be sufficient chaperons, but still it was quite an escapade, as no one knew where I was.

Then we were forced to return; Janos was going back to Newport by a late train, and thus our party of pleasure drew to its end. The brick houses, the dusty streets seemed worse than ever, and as Janos and his car vanished, I looked upon them regretfully. But oh! how weak of me, for is it not my choice to be here? and only for two days? and one day is already over.

XV

AUGUST 6th. It was so hot last night I slept not at all, and I heard babies wailing, and people scolding all night long.

At eight o'clock I was told to help the Kindergarten lady to take twenty children to the train. It was not the same thing as going in an automobile. Oh, but no! we had to divide into two electric trams, and I was afraid that the children would fall out; one little boy's hat blew off, and one little girl dropped her doll and began to weep as the conductor would not stop for it, and one child said it was always car-sick, which made me very nervous. One little boy asked me — if cows eat green grass why their milk was not green, for when he eat strawberries he became red all over his face — and many other strange questions they asked. At last we arrived at the station, where the children and the Kindergarten took the train for the Farm. I am glad I don't have to look after twenty children in a hot train; and after losing my way once or twice, I finally got back to the Settlement; then I went and ordered fly screens for several people, and when I had paid for them I had

only seven dollars and twenty-five cents left in my purse.

At lunch, I found on the table a letter from my grandmother, enclosing one from Cousin Carolina Short, inviting me to stay with her at Lenox for a few days. My grandmother said she wished me to go; it was very hot now on the Hudson, and Lenox was a beautiful place in the hills I ought to see, and it would not be polite to refuse. I did not want to go; I was tired and homesick for my grandmother; and if Cousin Carolina is like her brother, Cousin Henry, I shall not like her; but I had to obey, and I telegraphed to-day to Cousin Carolina I would come to-morrow afternoon. Thus my twenty-five cents were gone. I have never counted money so carefully.

At three o'clock Evelyn and I went together to the hospital to visit Susan Costello. I had never been in a hospital, and the idea frightened me, for I feared to see all sorts of dreadful diseases. We entered a long room, with beds on either side; it looked very clean, and the women lay quietly, without displaying their infirmities, so my dread disappeared, and my interest in all these poor sick people grew.

Susan Costello was a nice looking girl, and seemed pleased to see Evelyn; as they talked together I looked about the room. In a bed opposite I observed a young girl with long, blond

tresses. I smiled at her and she at me; she moved her hand, and a book fell off the bed; I went to pick it up, and I noticed it was a German Bible.

“Are you German?” I asked.

“Yes, Miss,” she answered.

And thus I spoke to her in German, and all her face lighted with pleasure. Although she had pink cheeks, she appeared to me very delicate; her eyes were blue, and she looked no older than me. Her voice was a little hoarse, and I drew up a chair so that we could converse. I asked her about herself; she told me her name was Anna Engel, that she was the daughter of a German pastor, and that she was a nursery governess.

“How come you in the hospital?” I asked.

“*Ach, Fraülein*, I broke my arm falling down the stairs, and —” here tears came into her eyes, “and the doctor says I am beginning tuberculosis of the lungs and that I ought to live out of doors in a high region; but how can I, I must earn my bread.”

“Oh,” I said, “that is terrible! you must be well and strong first. Have you no friends or relations who can help you?”

“I am a stranger in America,” she answered, “I came here all alone.”

“Were you not afraid?” I asked.

“*Ach ya*,” she answered, “I was afraid, but I had to come. I am the oldest of eight children

and so I must help my parents; at seventeen I had my diploma, and I traveled to America to earn my bread. I could not speak English, and the sea was so agitated, and all the people were to me so strange; but it had to be; through the German Church in New York I found a place as governess to six children at the sea-shore, near Boston. But American children are different from ours, and the lady said I was not able to manage them; the day she dismissed me I broke my arm, and now I know not what I shall do. *Ach ya! Fraülein*, life is not very gay."

"Listen," I said, for my heart was all troubled at her misfortune, "my name is Yvonne Carrington, and you must think of me as your friend; I shall arrange that you go somewhere to get well. When do you leave the hospital?"

"In ten days the Doctor said."

"Well, you shall hear from me before that." (Evelyn was calling me.) "Good-bye, Anna." I bent over and kissed her forehead.

"*Adieu, Fraülein*," she said and kissed my hand, "I know not how to thank you."

I smiled at her as I left, but I felt more like crying, for her sad story had distressed me much.

On the way home, I kept silent with my thoughts and in wondering how I could assist Anna Engel, I forgot how hot and tired I was.

At supper, Evelyn told the Doctress she wished

she had not to take charge of the Girls' Club that evening, as Mr. Dale was going to speak at Neighborhood House, and she wanted to hear him.

"Who is Mr. Dale?" I asked.

"He is a friend of mine," said Evelyn.

"I have heard him," said the Kindergartner, "make a speech at a political rally; he is very eloquent."

"He has a Home for Consumptives in Lenox," said the Doctress, "he is a philanthropist."

"That hardly describes him," said Evelyn, "for his time is taken up with every sort of thing; some people would call him a financier, for he is a director in mines and railroads; he is, I think, a humanitarian; every thing human interests him, although he visits Settlements as he would the Chinese quarter, partly out of curiosity. He runs a Sanitarium at the same time as a racing stable,—on the most advanced modern methods. He can talk at a political rally and dance a Cotillion the same night; he will take a child on his lap and tell it fairy stories, and turn to a society woman and listen to scandalous gossip. Everything he does, he does easily, without effort, and at times without much seeming interest, so he is often called *blasé*."

"You know him well?" asked the Doctress.

"I have know him long," answered Evelyn.

"Is his name Herbert Dale?" I asked.

"Yes, do you know him?" asked Evelyn, rather sharply.

"No," I answered, "he is the uncle of a friend of mine, who spoke of him with enthusiasm as a wonderful sportsman and polo player."

"Superficial people know him as nothing else," said Evelyn, "he is also a traveler; to-night he is going to tell the men and boys at Neighborhood House, of an ascent he made in an airship at Spitzbergen. I should like to hear it."

"Evelyn," I said, "I will take your Girls' Club if you think I can manage it, and you go and hear Mr. Dale."

Evelyn hesitated, and then finally she said, it would be a good experience for me, and so I might take her place; she hurried away to the lecture without telling me what I had to do; the Kindergartner went with her.

I was very much alarmed at keeping a lot of grown up girls in order, and the Doctress could not help me as she had gone to a Mothers' Meeting.

The young girls arrived a little before eight, and did not seem pleased to find I had taken Evelyn's place. I did not know what to say to them; they paid no attention to me, and formed little groups. One of them said to me:

"Ain't you going to call the meeting to order?"

I answered, "Oh, no, that is not necessary, everybody is behaving so quietly."

She looked at me and giggled.

One young girl had brought an illustrated part of a Sunday paper to show her friends. I shyly asked if I might look at it also.

"We ain't got no objection," said one.

"Say," said another, "there's a picture of a real live duchess. My! ain't she smart looking."

I bent over and exclaimed, "Why that is Romola."

"Who?" said several girls.

"That," I said, "is the Duchess of Fairfield, Miss King's sister."

"Oh, come off!" said one of them.

"Come off what?" I said.

"You're stuffing us," said another.

"I don't know what you mean," I answered, "but that lady is Miss King's oldest sister."

"Is she a relation of yours too?" asked one of them.

"She is my cousin. I have a photograph of the four sisters taken together."

"Will you show it to us, my dear?" asked an older girl.

"If you like," I said, "my album is upstairs, I will get it."

I was glad to discover anything to interest them, for I had had an uncomfortable quarter of an hour, feeling so helpless and young; and some of the girls were getting very noisy, but now when I returned

they all crowded round me, and I sat at the table and opened the album. They were tremendously interested; I showed them my four cousins in a group; but they liked even better a picture of Romola in Court dress.

"My! if she ain't a regular daisy," said one.

"You bet your neck, we 'd rubber if she came to see us."

"Say, you were n't sarsing us when you said she was Miss King's sister?"

"Of course not, and I'm sure she would be glad to come to see you if she were in Boston."

One of the girls turned the page and looked at my mother and step-father in Court dress, and wanted to know who they were. I told them.

"What's their name?" they asked.

"The Count and Countess von Wildesheim."

"Then you are a Countess, too."

"But no," I said and tried to explain, but when they saw my photograph in Court dress they would not believe I was not a Countess also.

"You're real foreign," said one girl, "the minute you opened your mouth, I knew you were n't born here; now come, were you?"

"No," I said, "but my parents being American —"

"Oh, cut it out!" said one, "your ways and manners are different from the ladies round here, and from us girls."

"I think she looks real Frenchy," said one, and they all looked at me as if I were an animal in the Zoo, from an unknown country.

"Say," one girl exclaimed, "you are the girl who took my little brother in an auto yesterday, and talked Italian to one man, and Dutch to another; we know well enough you're a foreigner, but we don't mind, do we girls?"

"No," they said.

"Say," asked the oldest girl, "if you've been wearin' Court dress, then I guess you've been to visit some kings and queens."

"I was presented to the Emperor and Empress of Germany."

"You don't say!" exclaimed one.

"You must have looked real cute," said another, "but say, how do you walk in that long train?"

"One has to learn to courtesy and walk backwards."

"You be a darling," said the oldest girl, "and show us how you did it."

Suddenly a brilliant idea struck me.

"If you want," I said, "I'll show you just how they do at court; two of you will be the king and queen; the others will be the royal princesses, and I'll be the lady who is presented."

The young girls were enchanted with the idea. We made two paper crowns, and I chose the oldest girl for the king and the prettiest for the queen,

and told them all how to stand, and I pinned the table cloth to my shoulders to look like a train. Then I advanced, and made the three deep courtesies, and walked out backwards. They all clapped their hands and cried out:

“Do it again, little Countess, do it again.”

“You are giving us the best time we ever had here.”

And so encouraged I did it once more; just as I was backing out towards the door leading to the stairs, I saw the door had been opened into the other room which was dark, and Evelyn and a tall gentleman stood watching me. I was so confused, that seizing the album off the table I ran out of the room and up the stairs; some of the young girls called after me, “Little Countess, come down,” but I refused to descend and being more hot and tired than I had realized downstairs, I quickly undressed. I could hear the young girls talking and then gradually going away. I was in my night gown braiding my hair, when Evelyn entered:

“Already undressed!” she said, “Mr. Dale wanted to meet you.”

“I am sorry,” I said, “I did not know who was with you, but I am too weary to come down; tell him I am sorry for I should like to have seen Bobby’s uncle.”

Evelyn stood and watched me for a moment, then said:

"I regret, Yvonne, you told the girls about Romola; they at once asked me about my sister, the duchess, and it was absurd their calling you 'little Countess.' I live here as simply as possible, absolutely on the same basis as the other social workers, who are girls who have to earn their own living, and I never talk about my family; now everybody will know about my father—the Copper King, as he is called in the newspapers."

"I am very sorry, Evelyn," I said, "I meant no harm and I did not know how to amuse the girls."

"My dear Yvonne," said Evelyn, in her clear, decisive way, "you are like many other people who are carried away by their impulses; you see a poor person, and to relieve your own feelings, you give them money; you amuse the girls at any cost; you throw food to the children in the street; you give them a desire to ride in automobiles; it is like putting a plaster over a wound instead of dressing it and making it heal gradually. I am afraid you have rather demoralized the neighborhood, but you are very young and warm-hearted; you will learn in time to be wise. Good-night, Mr. Dale is waiting for me downstairs," and she left the room.

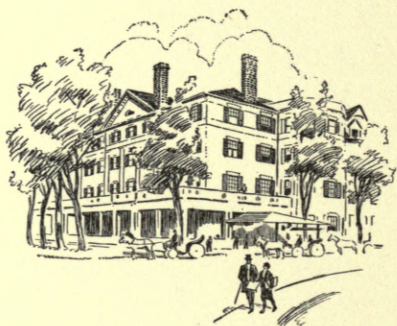
Thus I am not wise, because I am young and warm-hearted; she spoke as if they were faults to be corrected. Oh, I am so discouraged, and so hot and tired.

Midnight. After writing my Memoirs, I lay down and I fell into a sort of torpor. I have had a strange dream or vision, which I must inscribe.

I felt as if upon my shoulders had been laid a great weight, the burden of all the sorrows and pain of the world, and I tried to raise it, so as to make it lighter for others to carry, and I could not; and then I felt that love, great love to all mankind would make the world less oppressed; and before me stood Anna Engel, the young consumptive; and she held out her hands, and her eyes were full of pain and grief, so that she was the image of all that humanity suffers; I took her in my arms and tenderly I loved her, and wept over her, and tried to take her misery from her; and then I awoke, sobbing.

My candle is burnt down to the wick. I cannot sleep. The air is so hot I cannot breathe. I hear through all the open windows around me, the sleepless people tossing, and the babies crying, and the children fretting. Oh! why did God let pain and sorrow enter into the world, and fall so heavily upon the poor!

LENOX



XVI

AUGUST 7th. I left the Settlement this morning, feeling I had gained much knowledge of the sad manner in which the poor have to live. It was hotter than ever, and on the doorsteps women and children who looked as if they had also not slept, were trying to breathe a little air. Oh, so gladly would I have taken them all to the hills where I was going.

Evelyn did not accompany me to the station, as she was occupied, and I felt very emancipated going all alone, and traveling thus for the first time in my life. After getting my ticket and paying for the carriage, I had one dollar left wherewith I should buy my lunch. I had some time to wait for the train, and so I promenaded myself outside the station. As I walked up and down, I noticed a little girl who looked very ragged, carrying a pitcher in both hands. She slipped and fell, and the pitcher broke, and milk flooded the pavement; she burst out crying. I went up to her as she knelt on the earth and said:

“Have you hurt yourself, my little girl?”

She shook her head and went on crying.

"Can you not get some more milk?" I asked.

"I have no more money," she sobbed.

So it was but natural I should give her my dollar which consoled her completely. I could not have any lunch, but then there is no value in a gift without sacrifice.

I found it was time for my train to start, and I had to run the whole length of the station with my bag and my book, and Israel in the Maillard box; the porter helped me in as the train was moving, and I sank breathless into my chair. I remained quite still a long time, with my eyes closed, for my heart and my head were throbbing, and I felt rather weak, as I had not slept for two days, nor hardly eaten anything; then I was seized by a great thirst and I rose to get myself water, but as I stood up everything turned black before my eyes, and I became very dizzy, so I sank back in my chair; and I felt frightened to be all alone, and wished Angélique were with me.

"Can I do anything for you?" a voice asked, which I felt I had heard before; as in a dream and without opening my eyes, I said:

"I should like a little water, please."

In a moment some one gave me some fresh water with a little brandy in it. I drank and felt revived, but there were silly tears in my eyes, and I feared to look up lest they should drop.

"Lie back in your chair and I'll fan you," and

the cool air made my tears to dry; then I looked up, and before me stood the same kind gentleman who had paid for my ticket on my voyage to Newport, with the same kind expression in his eyes; he gently fanned me and smiled.

“You are feeling better now, Miss Carrington?” he asked.

“Oh, yes,” I said and held out my hand to him which he took and sat down in the chair next to me, for our end of the carriage was quite empty. “I am so glad, to see you again, and what a strange hazard we should meet once more in the train, and,” I continued, reddening a little, “I have always wanted to see you to pay you for my ticket, but unfortunately to-day I have not money, because, well — because I have none,” I stammered and felt so foolish not to be able to explain, and I was ready to cry again.

“It does not matter, I assure you,” he said quickly. “How is the American History getting on?”

“Well,” I explained, “I have been so tremendously occupied at Newport and Bar Harbor and at the Settlement, I have not been able to finish the first volume; and to-day my eyes hurt me, but when I return to Europe —” my voice trembled, and the tears came back; I did never feel before so feeble and weepful.

“If your eyes hurt you,” he said, “close them,

and I will read to you," and he began immediately to read to make me feel he was not looking at me; his voice was so soothing that I very soon regained my calm. It was a nice, well modulated voice, and although he read quite softly, the words were clear and distinct; I felt at peace and protected, and glad to be no longer alone, but with someone who thus took care of me. I recalled what Prince Ulrich had said,—that I needed a good, strong man to watch over me; while he read I half opened my eyes to observe him. Yes, he was the same man as in the portrait in that horrid journal; I wondered who he was, and how he knew my name, but I felt a timidity to ask him his. And as I observed him, I saw how gentlemanly he looked, with a certain grand air and distinction that Americans do not often possess. He was very well dressed, very clean, very neat, and did not appear to suffer from the heat like the other men, who had taken off their vests, and had handkerchiefs in their collars. His hair was brown and so was his small moustache, which was neither curled nor twisted. His hands were long and sun-burnt; his shoulders were broad; and I remembered he was tall; he gave the impression of a man of great strength, I mean to say strength and power to lead and dominate people. I was noticing what a well designed, straight nose he had when he suddenly looked up and said:

"What is your opinion of the Dred Scott decision?"

I reddened very much and said, "I gave not attention to the sense of your words, but I like so much the sound of what you read."

He laughed and said, "My reading has been to you a song without words. Shall I go on?"

"Oh, please do," I answered, "if it does not tire you, and I shall apply myself well to listen."

So he went on. Gradually my eyes closed and his voice was like a delicious murmur, and I think I fell asleep.

I was aroused by the porter announcing dinner, and the kind gentleman looked at me smilingly:

"You seem rested by your nap; now I should advise you to have something to eat, and I shall be much honored if you will go with me to the dining car."

"No, thank you," I said, "I prefer remaining here."

Not for the whole world would I have him pay for me again; thus in fasting myself, I should achieve my sacrifice for the poor little girl of the broken jug. He glanced at my Maillard box and said:

"Well, I suppose you are better provided for," and he left me.

I wish Israel were a couple of sandwiches instead of a toad! I should like to have asked him

to bring me back a piece of bread, but no, I must be heroic, and I tightened my belt. I was glad to see his coat hanging up, for thus I knew he would return. To pass the time, I read over a letter of Lieutenant Hill, which had made me to decide our fate.

LETTER.

“Dearest Yvonne,—

“I cannot express to you the pain your last letter has given me. My effort in French was evidently ridiculous in your eyes, and each short note you have written since we parted has convinced me how little you care for me. Without regard for my feelings you speak of this Tom, the brother of your friend, with exaggerated terms of affection; and you inform me that he engrosses much of your time and thought. I wish you to realize that I am only a poor army officer at the very beginning of his career; your visits to all these rich and brilliant people may have opened your eyes to the life which awaits you at my side. In all fairness to yourself, in all fairness to me, reconsider your promise. I await your decision. I love you as passionately as ever, but I feel certain that you are too young and too inexperienced to know your own mind. Your always faithful but unhappy,

“JOSEPH HILL.”

In the train I composed a rough copy of my answer.

LETTER.

“ Dear Lieutenant Hill,—

(I know now the right way of addressing him.)
“ Your suspicions of my fidelity are very unjust and show you do not understand me at all. Tom, of whom you are jealous, is aged — 10 years. I am very fond of him, which is all natural for he is a very nice boy, and he gave me as a token of his affection his favorite pet—a toad. I am carrying it about with me which is not very convenient. As for your not being rich, that is to me indifferent, if only I do not have to live in tenements in hot weather and do not suffer too much from hunger; otherwise I love not riches as I observe their owners are not happier for them. That I am young and inexperienced is not my fault, although it has often been applied to me as a reproach. I grow older every day, and I accumulate experiences every minute. Oh, so many, you would be surprised. I hope I have justified myself and you will retire your accusations. But as for my loving you very much? Very frankly I do not think I do, and when I accepted you I did not know it was necessary, as long as you were honorable and I liked you; but my new experiences make me think otherwise, and I am now of

your opinion that ardent love may be obligatory. Ardent love I have never felt, except for my country. I could have waited till I saw you to decide, but as you wish to know at once, I think we had better renounce the idea of espousing ourselves. I am very sorry if you are unhappy. I have not yet finished the History of the United States.

“Sincerely yours,
“YVONNE.”

I know now how to terminate in the English manner.

So at present, I am free; I do not know if I am pleased or sorry; but when I love someone with all my heart, with an ardent passion, I may better understand the joys of marriage.

I became more and more hungry; I tried to console myself by thinking that the little girl and her family had milk and food, but the idea did more nourish my soul than my stomach.

When the kind gentleman returned we were stopping at a station; he said, “You still look rather pale, the air is fresher here, come out, it will do you good.”

He seemed to enjoy taking care of me. I arose to follow him, but I was again very dizzy, and I had for an instant to hold on to the chair. We had ascended into the hills, and the air was deli-

cious; I at once thought of Anna Engel, and I asked him if it would be possible to find a place, somewhere in the high regions for a consumptive. He asked me several questions, and I told him all about her; he said he thought he could arrange to have her placed in a home, where consumptives have a chance to get well and strong. He was so sympathetic and seemed to know so much about the poor that I told him about my two days at the Settlement, and we reached Pittsfield before I thought it could be possible for the minutes to go so quickly.

This time when I arose, everything turned black before my eyes, and I had to seize his arm so as not to fall. He asked me no questions but helped me out of the train in so careful a manner that I was touched, and he carried my bag, and my book, and Israel.

I knew I had to take another train for Lenox, and I asked him to show it to me.

He said, "I am not going to let you take the train. I have a trap here and I shall drive you over; Lenox is on my way home."

Why should I refuse so agreeable an invitation? I accepted with gratitude.

He helped me up to the front seat of the carriage, and drove himself a beautiful pair of horses. I breathed with full lungs the air so fresh, and looked with admiration upon the hills; I re-

joiced myself to be once more in the country. After driving some time in silence, he said :

“ May I ask what that Maillard box contains? I supposed you carried sandwiches, but just now I thought something jumped inside.”

I said, “ Oh, yes, it is Israel, Tom’s toad which he gave to me as a souvenir from Bar Harbor ; it has not been very convenient.”

“ Have you had anything to eat? ”

“ No,” I answered, “ I gave all my money away, but it does not matter.”

“ Not for once,” he said, “ but I never saw a child who needed more some one to take care of it, than you do.”

“ You have taken care of me twice,” I said a little shyly.

“ I shall always be happy to do it again,” he answered, and then he talked pleasantly of various things.

I told him I was going to stay with my Cousin Carolina Short, and he seemed to know where she lived. As we drove up the avenue he said :—“ I shall come and see you soon.”

I thanked him for all he had done for me. He drove away. I felt all of a sudden a terrible loneliness, as if he were my only friend, and I was abandoned among strangers.

A maid answered the door ; she said Miss Short had gone to the Lenox station to meet me, and

she asked me to wait in the parlor. I sat in a dark room with all the shades down, and I felt more and more miserable and oppressed.

After a long while I heard a carriage arrive, and soon an elderly lady entered the room. She had gray hair, and a perfectly flat figure, and she resembled a little Cousin Henry; she seemed very much agitated.

"I suppose you are Yvonne Carrington?"

"Yes, Cousin Carolina," I answered, and she kissed me awkwardly as if she were not in the habit of it.

"How did you get here? I drove to the station to meet you, and was very much upset not to find you."

"I am sorry you were inconvenienced but I was driven over from Pittsfield."

"With your trunk?"

"Oh, no, the gentleman who drove me over had not the place for it."

"What gentleman? a friend of yours?"

"Oh, yes, but I do not know his name."

"You do not mean to say you drove with a stranger whose name you do not know; it is most extraordinary conduct."

I do not know if it were her tone of reproach or that queer weakness which returned, but I burst out crying, quite violently. This disturbed Cousin Carolina, and she led me quickly to my room re-

peating, "Hush, hush, child, don't cry." And I began to laugh and cry at the same time. She then called to the maid: "Send for the doctor," and that brought me to my senses; I stopped and said, "No, please—I am all right." And then I was quiet, and she helped me off with my hat and made me lie down.

"We don't have afternoon tea in summer," she said, "and we dine at half past seven. I have asked some ladies to meet you, so try and get a good rest," and she left the room.

I lay down a long time. I drank a quantity of water and took a bath, and after getting fresh clothes from the box which had been sent to me from West Point, I felt more presentable; and although very weak, I went downstairs with a devouring hunger. At last we went to table; there were six ladies beside ourselves; all quite old, so it was not an amusing dinner, but I did not care, for I was so happy to be able to eat, and I never tasted a more delicious repast. After dinner four of the ladies played Bridge. I was asked to play, but I do not know how, which annoyed Cousin Carolina, so she and I and two other ladies were obliged to converse; I wondered why they sat not outside on such a beautiful evening.

"I saw Mr. Dale drive through the village this afternoon," said one lady who was thin, with a long nose.

"I hear his consumptives' home is enlarged," said the other; "it is very unpleasant to have consumptives established in the neighborhood."

"Yes," said Cousin Carolina, "it is very inconsiderate of him to do such a thing, but then we all know he is a very selfish, eccentric man; I have asked him repeatedly to my teas and card-parties, and he has always refused; so now I shall not ask him again even if he begs for an invitation."

"He is so conceited and stingy," said the thin lady; "I wrote and asked him for money,—and you know he is as rich as Cræsus,—for a temporary home for dogs with distemper,—so inconvenient and painful to have them round,—just like children with measles,—and would you believe it, his secretary wrote a note of refusal and I have never heard from Mr. Dale himself."

"Are you girls talking of Herbert Dale; I adore him!" shrieked a lady at the card table whom I noticed gave herself airs of youth; "he is a perfect fascinator! Why, Carolina Short, you never told us you had a box of Maillard candy! I adore Maillard candy!"

Before I could stop her, she jumped up and opened the box over the table so Israel fell out and hopped among the cards. The ladies all began to scream and pushed back their chairs so violently that several chairs fell over. And the table, the cards, and Israel all tumbled down together.

Cousin Carolina became very red and said, "Who has been playing a practical joke on me, like this?"

I advanced myself and said: "Cousin Carolina, I am very sorry, but it is no joke; it is a toad I brought from Bar Harbor; it was given to me as a present."

"Take the creature away," called several ladies who had gathered their skirts together as if they thought Israel was a mouse who would run up their legs.

"I regret," I said, "I cannot, for I have a horror of touching a toad, but he will do no harm."

Cousin Carolina looked very angry and said, "Ladies, as Yvonne is unable to rid us of the animal she has brought with her, we shall adjourn to another room; the gardener will remove it in the morning."

All the ladies describing a wide circle from where Israel was hopping among the cards, retired to another parlor. I felt humiliated by their reproachful glances and I slipped off to my room, and there I have written for over an hour.

I shall not be happy with Cousin Carolina, and of course I have displeased her very much. Alas! I have to remain here two or three days. Cousin Henry is coming to-morrow to pass Sunday, and to take me back to my dear grandmother, whom I have such a longing to see. When I was amusing myself my longing was not so great, but now, oh,

yes, I want to be with her and not leave her till my departure.

Although the people here please me not and I am not happy, yet I like to sit at my window and listen to all the soft voices of the night. They have never sounded so melodious to me before. I think of all the poor, hot people in their tenements, and oh, I thank God, that their lot is not mine; but I want to help them, and I hope I shall some day.

XVII

AUGUST 9th. I have spent two days of complete boredom; every hour I pass here becomes more intolerable; my only compensation is, that I am reposing myself completely, for I was very tired.

I have decided to separate myself from Israel, for his greater happiness and for mine; the gardener has put him in a nice cool place among hydrangeas, and I have written to explain it all to Tom; I hope he will not be wounded at my lack of appreciation of his present, but a toad as traveling companion causes many annoyances.

I do not think that Cousin Carolina finds me to her taste. Her effort to be amiable is very evidently a great one; to distract me she took me yesterday in her carriage to a Church Bazaar, and also to call upon several old ladies; they said there were very few gentlemen at Lenox in August, so they have "hen parties"; I should prefer "chicken parties" of young persons instead. Thus the hours passed slowly yesterday. I had hoped the kind gentleman would come to see me, but he did not, nor has he been here to-day.

This afternoon Cousin Henry arrived. Oh, how he does displease me! He takes possession of me as if I belonged to him, and evidently Cousin Carolina was glad to be relieved of my care.

I am enormously annoyed for I intended to return to my grandmother, Monday, and I was counting the minutes until my departure, when Cousin Henry informed me he had obtained her permission to have me remain until Wednesday. He had arranged to leave his office on a holiday for that length of time, so as to escort me back; he had affairs to attend to in Lenox for his sister until then. I reasoned and argued, and said I could not bear being away from my grandmother so long, but he treated me as usual—like a foolish child. I had to run to my room so as not to burst out crying in his presence.

I feel like a captive, like a bird with clipped wings! Just before dinner I escaped to go to the Post, to see if I had any letters; I met there a lady whom I had known at Bar Harbor, Mrs. Edward Lacy, and I nearly embraced her with pleasure at seeing someone who recalled to me those happy days. She is not very old, not quite thirty, I think, and is very pretty, and has a nice, jolly husband. She is very amiable; she asked me where I was staying, and would I not come to her for a visit. She lives at Stockbridge, and I said I should like to come very, very much. At that instant appeared like a spectre

at my side, Cousin Henry — he knew Mrs. Lacy and she invited us both to lunch, to-morrow, Sunday. I would have preferred to go alone.

As we walked back to the house, I asked Cousin Henry if Mr. Dale of Stockbridge lived near the Lacy's.

"Yes," said Cousin Henry, "about a mile off, at Rilldale."

"Rilldale!" I said, "what a pretty name."

"It was called that way because a brook runs through the meadows."

"Do you think," I asked, "that Mr. Dale is a philanthropist, or a perfect fascinator?"

"He is neither," said Cousin Henry; "what absurd questions you ask, Yvonne. He is a man full of fads and fancies; he goes out in society very little; he associates somewhat with artists and Bohemians; a pretty good sort of fellow, but I should find difficulty in accurately determining his real character."

"I think," I said, "that Evelyn also thought it was difficult for other people to understand him; I should like much to know him."

"I doubt if you get a chance," said Cousin Henry; "it is about ten years since he has paid the slightest attention to a young girl, and you are still very immature, my dear Yvonne."

"Yes, Cousin Henry," I said with a meek ex-

pression, "you must find me very dull as I am so much younger than you are." And I ran up to my room. I am curious to see Mr. Dale. Why is it ten years since young girls interested him?

At dinner Cousin Carolina told Cousin Henry that a gentleman had driven me over from Pittsfield, whose name I did not know; whereupon Cousin Henry began to preach me a sermon.

"My dear Yvonne, you think in America because a girl has more freedom, that everything is permissible. To accept an invitation from a man you do not know, to drive that distance with a total stranger, is the inconceivable acme of bad taste. If he is a gentleman, he must think you a very peculiar young person. Allow me to tell you, my dear Yvonne—"

"No, I will not allow you to tell me anything more!" I said, rising from the table and stamping my foot with exasperation—just as I do at *Fraülein* when she irritates me beyond measure. "You are not my guardian, Cousin Henry, nor my tutor, and I am under no obligations to accept your advice. Please excuse me, Cousin Carolina, my head is aching badly. Good-night."

I went to my room where I remained a long time at my window, watching the stars, and wondering if the kind gentleman did think me a peculiar young person—that is perhaps why he has not been to

see me. If he comes not, I shall write to Mr. Dale and ask if there is a place in the Home for Anna Engel; if Mr. Dale sees me not, his objections to young girls will not prejudice him against me.

STOCKBRIDGE



XVIII

AUGUST 10th. Sunday morning, my cousins do not breakfast till half-past nine, and it was long before that when I wandered in the garden, as is my habit. It was a delicious morning, with a mist over the hills and all the flowers were opening their petals to bid the sun good-day; although I was afflicted to dwell with people I do not like, yet the earth was too beautiful not to rejoice therein.

I passed the stable where the old coachman was grooming a little horse, and we began to converse. I told him how much I liked riding, and he told me the horse he was rubbing down was the best saddle horse he knew; he had been a polo pony, now he was only used in harness. A great desire seized me to ride him, so I begged the coachman to bridle him for me; I assured him that I was quite in the habit of riding without a saddle; at first he would not, but I begged so hard that he finally said:

“One can’t deny you, Miss,” and he mounted me.

Oh, I was so happy as I rode quietly through the back gate, and the pony was in truth a dear little animal. I rode astride; I was dressed in a pink linen frock and a pink muslin hat, but it was an early

hour, and there was fortunately no one to see me. Besides, I do not mind a scolding if the pleasure is great enough to compensate, and as I rode away in the fresh morning air, I felt free and joyous, for the first time in many days.

The pony had delicious gaits, and I made him to gallop. I think he enjoyed the promenade as much as I; for there is sympathy between a horse and his rider, and it is surely more honorable for a horse to bear a person on his back who caresses him than to draw a carriage.

I felt intoxicated with the morning so fresh, and the sun not too hot, and I went on and on without thinking of the direction that I took. After a while, I stopped under the shade of a great elm; I listened to the song of the birds, for like me they are more joyous in the morning; and the little insects were beginning to rejoice in the increasing heat and to hum more loudly; and I could hear church bells in the far distance; the sounds of nature and the church bells seemed to summon the whole creation to praise God.

I understood now why my grandmother wished me to visit Lenox; she comes here herself in the Autumn, for it is oh, so beautiful, and as I gazed at the hills that surrounded me they looked violet in the distance; a beautiful lake was visible below me. I went on, guided by a vague desire to pursue the road as it rose higher and led me through

unknown country. I had no watch and knew not the hour; but one does not wish to count the minutes when the moments are pleasantest, especially when the return leads to displeasure and annoyance.

I was thirsty, I was hungry, and I thought I would stop at a farm and ask the peasants for a glass of milk, as I have done in Swiss Mountains sometimes. I slid off the pony in front of a little house, and tied the bridle to a branch. I went to the door and knocked, but no one answered; then I walked to the back, and no one was there, just a few hens pecking the ground; the people had all gone to church; I made up mind I must return to Lenox and let the pony guide me back.

At that moment, I heard a horse trotting, and running to the road I saw the pony galloping away, back in the direction we had come. I called and ran after him, but he went only the faster, and hot and tired, I sat down on a wall. Not a human being could I perceive — and no houses either — as the hill was covered with trees.

It was a little discouraging to be abandoned like this, far from home, in a country so solitary. I decided to walk till I found an inhabited house, so I arose and marched through the dust, the heat becoming greater. After a long moment I arrived to an avenue, which led from the road; it was well kept and looked as if it belonged to a private do-

main; this was encouraging, so I followed it, being convinced it would lead me to a house. I walked and walked indefinitely through a fine forest and I observed the underbrush was cleared and the trees trimmed as they are in Europe; a bridge crossed over a stream.

I decided at last that this road had no end and that I was quite lost; I was so fatigued my legs would no longer support me. I was abandoning all hope of ever reaching a habitation or seeing a human being again, when the avenue turned and I saw a white villa; revived at this view, I rapidly approached it. A broad terrace stretched in front of the house and on the side there was a porch covered with roses. I found a bell which I rang. A domestic appeared.

"Who inhabits here?" I asked.

"Mr. Herbert Dale, Miss," he answered.

Oh, I thought, how fortunate; he is a philanthropist, he will let me a rest a moment. I then said:

"May I sit here for a while, and do you think Mr. Dale would let me have a glass of milk?"

"Yes, Miss," said the man; "but won't you come to the front of the house? this is the back entrance."

"No, thank you," I answered; "it is very nice; I will stay here."

"Whom shall I say, Miss?"

"Mr. Dale does not know me; do not disturb

him, but oh, yes —" I suddenly thought of Anna Engel — "tell him I want to speak to him about a young consumptive."

The man looked at me with surprise and departed. I leaned against the pillar of the porch all surrounded by roses and wondered what air Mr. Dale would have; for every one spoke of him so differently, judging him really according to their own natures; and I wished,—oh, I wished it were some one else who has come twice to my succor before. I have only one superstition,—that is, that the number three brings good luck; the Germans say, "*Alle gute Dinge sind drei.*" And oh, what joy! my wish came true; I saw my kind friend of the train approaching quickly towards me.

I held out my two hands to him, saying: "Oh, I am so glad it is you; for the third time you have come to my assistance."

He took my hands and looked at me wonderingly and yet with pleasure, and as if answering my thought, he said:

"*Alle gute Dinge sind drei!* I am glad to see you once more; please follow me," and he led me inside; it was deliciously fresh and I rejoiced to be out of the heat.

"Come into the library," he said and we entered a great, big room lined with books, with an enormous writing desk, where it was evident someone had just been writing. "I was told a young lady

wanted a glass of milk, can I not give you something else?"

"If Mr. Dale does not mind," I said, "perhaps I might also have a piece of bread."

I saw the domestic's eyes were big with astonishment; while my friend gave him directions I looked out of the glass door which led on the terrace from which there was a superb view; he came towards me, and made me sit down in a big leather arm chair, and showed me all the solicitude, which I am now accustomed to receive from him. In truth, I felt as if he were an old friend.

"Are you staying with Mr. Dale?" I asked.

"I am Herbert Dale," he answered.

"You!" I exclaimed and jumped up. "Oh, how extraordinary! Then you are the philanthropist, you are Bobby's uncle, you are the traveler and the humanitarian Evelyn admires so much, you are the perfect fascinator the old lady spoke of, and then it was you, Mr. Dale, whose photograph was behind mine in that Sunday journal."

"Yes," he said smiling, "and it was through that article that I recognized the likeness of my traveling companion who had lost her ticket in the train, and I have followed ever since the career of Miss Carrington with the greatest interest."

He opened a drawer of his writing table and took out a small piece of cardboard on which was

pasted my portrait and handed it to me. Yes, it was the same cutting Evelyn and I had quarreled over.

"I stayed at Newport," he said, "with your aunt, Mrs. King, a few days after you had left, and Mischief confided to me her great love and admiration for you; your name has appeared several times in the social news of the papers; at the Settlement I saw by chance your graceful performance before those girls, but you refused to let me be introduced to you."

"Oh," I said, "you were then the gentleman with Evelyn. How strange a hazard we should have traveled again together the next day."

"It was not quite an accident; your cousin told me what train you were taking for Lenox and I found it convenient to take the same, and now, will you tell me what happy chance brought you here to-day? When I saw you on the porch in your pink dress, you looked like a fairy rose among the roses. Have you run away from the respectable Miss Carolina Short?"

At that moment the domestic brought in a tray with all sorts of delicious things, and I sat down to the best morning repast I have ever eaten. I told Mr. Dale my adventure of the morning; he laughed several times but when I had finished he said:

“Your cousins must be very much worried about you. I shall telephone to them at once and drive you back, for it is nearly twelve o’clock.”

“Oh, but!” I said, “I wanted so much to lunch to-day with Mrs. Lacy; it was the only nice thing I was going to do during my whole visit to Lenox.”

“Then I shall drive you to her house; she lives only a mile from here, and your cousin can come for you there.”

He went to the door and as he passed me, I shyly detained him by putting my finger on his arm and looked up at him.

“Mr. Dale,” I said, “can’t I stay here a little longer? I am so happy; it is the middle of the day and very hot out of doors, and we shall be too early for lunch, or perhaps,” and I rose and folded my hands before me—“perhaps it is true what Cousin Carolina said, because I drove with you, without knowing your name, you disapprove of me, and think me a very peculiar young person.”

“I think,” he said impulsively, “that you are an adorable child, and that you greatly need someone to take care of you.”

I looked about me after he had gone. It was a room in which one felt at ease, books are such good, silent companions, and I imagined in cold weather a great cheerful fire burning in the beautiful big chimney. There were three long windows opening on the terrace and the view was over distant moun-

tains; on a small table were photographs. I divined they were members of his family; there was a picture of a little boy with curly hair who must be Bobby. I carefully observed everything so as to remember long each detail, and as I stood by the table I saw a letter addressed to myself.

Mr. Dale entered the room and I took the letter to him. "You were writing to me," I said.

"Yes," he answered, "about your consumptive girl. I can arrange to have her come here next week."

"You were not coming to see me then?" I asked with a queer feeling of disappointment.

"I thought it better to write," he answered. "I am going to-morrow to New York. I have also written to the Doctor at the hospital to have Anna Engel accompanied by a nurse." He took the letter from me and tore it up. "Your cousins," he went on—"have been much upset over your disappearance. Mr. Short is at present wandering about the country looking for you; the pony had just arrived and they thought you had had an accident."

"Oh," I said with a deep sigh—"I can imagine how contraried Cousin Carolina will be, and Cousin Henry will preach me such a long sermon; they will think worse of me than ever. I wish I had not to go back to them."

The domestic announced the carriage was at the door. I looked about me regretfully and said, "It

is so nice to be here; I should like to stay. It is a very unkind arrangement, do you not think, that when one is happy time runs and the moments are gone, and when one is dull, time drags so slowly, so slowly, the little minutes become long hours. I wonder if I shall ever be here again," and at the door he was holding open for me, I whispered to the room, "*Auf Wiedersehen.*"

We drove in a phaeton with a groom behind. Several houses I saw on his estates and young horses gamboling in the prairies; and before I thought we had gone but a few metres, we drove up to Mrs. Lacy's door.

He said good-bye to me quite cheerfully, but I felt not cheerful to say good-bye to him, for I feared I should never see him again.

Mrs. Lacy was at home and received me in a most kind manner. I told her of my misadventure, and my lips trembled, as when I was a child, when I said how I dreaded going back to my cousins, because now I was in utter disgrace with them, and I longed to get back to my grandmother, but Cousin Henry would not let me go till Wednesday, so as to travel with him.

"Listen," said Mrs. Lacy; "we will take you to New York with us to-morrow when we go to Long Island. We are going in our automobile, and I wonder if we could not find a fourth, another man."

"Mr. Dale said he was going to New York tomorrow," I suggested.

"That's splendid," she said; "we could not have a more delightful person. I know him well. We shall motor over to Lenox this afternoon to get your things, and you'll spend the night here as we have to make an early start."

I kissed her hand with effusion, and thanked her oh! so joyfully.

Cousin Henry had telephoned all the horses were used up hunting for me, so he could not come to lunch. Mrs. Lacy telephoned to Mr. Dale who said he would go with us with pleasure. I was so joyous, my heart seemed filled with little springs of contentment.

When it was cool in the afternoon we motored over to Lenox. I was afraid of the battle before me, for I knew Cousin Henry would not wish me to leave so suddenly. By wonderful good luck he saw me not, and I was shown into Cousin Carolina's room; she was lying down in semi-darkness; the blinds were closed; she had a wet handkerchief on her forehead which indicated she had a headache.

"Well, Yvonne," she said as I stood at the foot of her bed, "you have caused us by your thoughtless behavior, the greatest anxiety; we thought you were killed, and until two o'clock your Cousin Henry and the coachman have been hunting for you in all direc-

tions. When I heard from Mr. Dale, at twelve o'clock, that he had picked you up somewhere I collapsed, and I expect as a result one of my three days' headache, when I am utterly prostrated."

"I am very sorry, Cousin Carolina," I stammered, "but —"

"There is no use in being sorry afterwards," she said, like the queen in "Alice in Wonderland," "I don't know what you will do with yourself for the next three days, for I feel quite incompetent to look after you; and I shall beg you not to leave the house, unless my brother escorts you; he is also completely worn out and it has brought on one of his bilious attacks; now leave me; I wish to be entirely quiet."

"Cousin Carolina," I said, "Mrs. Lacy has asked me to spend to-night at her house and she will take me home to-morrow to my grandmother's, if you do not mind."

"No, I do not mind at all," said Cousin Carolina sitting up as if the idea of my departure had revived her. "I think under the circumstances it is the very best thing you can do. I will explain it to your Cousin Henry."

"Please do," I said, and hurriedly took my leave, for fear he might appear.

I threw all my things into my trunk and then jumped on it. It would be too horrible if Cousin Henry should prevent my going, and never was I

so relieved, as if escaping from a great danger, as when we safely were clear of the house on our way to Stockbridge.

In the evening Cousin Henry telephoned — this is what he said :

He —“ Yvonne, I will not reproach you for running away from us as you did this morning; your falling off the horse was an accident. After all the anxiety I have gone through, I am only too grateful to know you are well and alive, but I wish you to return to us.”

I —“ Cousin Henry, I am very sorry to have troubled you, but Cousin Carolina does not wish me to come back.”

He —“ You are my guest, Yvonne, as well as hers, and I cannot let you go away like this. I am unfortunately rather played out or else I should have driven over this evening to get you.”

I —“ Cousin Henry, I wish you to know I did not fall off the horse; he left me —”

He —“ This misfortune was not your fault; I have explained that to my sister.”

I —“ It was not a misfortune, for I was very fortunate to meet Mr. Dale, and I breakfasted in his beautiful house.”

He —“ What do you say? ”

I —“ I say I visited Mr. Dale.”

He —“ Were you alone there? ”

I —“ Yes.”

He —“ But he is a bachelor.”

I —“ That matters nothing. He is very kind and nice, and did not mind my being immature.”

He —“ What do you say? ”

I —“ I say I am going to New York with him to-morrow.”

He —“ I cannot allow it; you shall do nothing of the kind. What train do you take? I shall join you at Stockbridge.”

I —“ But Cousin Henry, you told me you had business affairs which detained you in Lenox till Wednesday; besides we are going with Mr. and Mrs. Lacy in the automobile; there is no room for more. Good-bye; please express my regrets to Cousin Carolina for the annoyances I have caused her.” And I rang off the telephone to end the discussion. I wish in future I could always talk to Cousin Henry at the end of a telephone.

My day has been full of adventures, and I look forward to the morrow with all sorts of wonderful expectations.

WEST POINT



XIX

AUGUST 11th. This has been the most interesting day of my life! I awoke at six, as the sun was streaming into my room; I ran to the window; it had rained in the night, and the trees were shining, so clear and fresh as if emerging from a bath.

I felt as if happiness was resplendent all around me; the sky was azure blue, with little soft clouds floating lightly, as if spun from the morning mist. After I was dressed, I tried to sit down quietly and read my American History, but the phrases my eyes dwelt upon penetrated not to my brain; I could only think of one thing, and so I ran down to the garden to procure myself a little exercise.

Afterwards I was finishing my breakfast in my room when I saw from my window Mr. Dale drive to the house in his dog-cart; my first impulse was to run down and greet him, but a sudden reticence took possession of me, and I waited till they called me to depart; and a new and strange timidity emotioned me, as I shook hands with him.

Mr. Lacy activated our departure and hurried his wife, who is always a little late. We sat thus in

the automobile: Mr. Lacy in front with the chauffeur; behind, Mrs. Lacy at the right, Mr. Dale at the left, and I — being the slightest — in the middle.

The air was deliciously fresh, and the ground a pleasant brown color, darkened by moisture. The road was shaded by trees, and the overhanging branches sprinkled us lightly with rain drops as we brushed past them, which made us to laugh. We were gay and I think very content to be together.

At first we rose among the hills to a high point where there was a beautiful view, and then we descended by a rough road to a long, winding valley, with a stream, at the bottom, rushing over stones and disappearing beneath a thick foliage. I was reminded of the Tyrol, although, I regret to say, the peasants' houses were not so picturesque.

It was striking twelve at the town clock when we entered a little city where we intended to lunch. We felt rather stiff as we descended from the machine, especially Mrs. Lacy, whose back is weak, and she looked pale and fatigued.

At table the two gentlemen did all the talking; I know not why I felt silent although I was most happy. The nourishment was not appetizing, and the hotel little attractive. In Europe a small inn would possess a terrace where we could have our repast out of doors, but my compatriots never eat

in the fresh air. I suppose they have a good reason for that.

Mr. Lacy meant to start as soon as we had finished: for we had a long run before us, but Mrs. Lacy begged him to wait a little longer, and engaged a chamber to repose herself. I sat in the hotel parlor; an ugly room with soiled lace curtains, monstrous furniture and absurd pictures. I tried to read Rhodes' History, but again my mind did wander.

My eyes instead of being fixed on the book were watching the open door, and thus I saw Mr. Dale pass before it. He stopped on seeing me, and I smiled, so he entered the room saying:

"Shall I disturb the ardent American in her pursuit of knowledge, by joining her for a moment?"

"Oh, please disturb me," I said, "for I seem not able to apply myself to study."

He sat near me in one of the grotesque arm-chairs, and again I felt an emotion or consciousness of myself that made me ill at ease, and I did so want to appear as old as possible, Cousin Henry having told me Mr. Dale liked not young girls.

"I suppose," Mr. Dale said, "that besides your study of American History, you have been interested in our summer life, though no doubt you find Europe more interesting."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "believe not that! Verita-

bly if I could see my prayers accomplished, never again would I return to Europe. I hate it! I hate it so that my feet will crisp themselves with repulsion when I touch once more European soil!"

He laughed and I wondered if I had said a childish thing; then he said; "But you were born and brought up in Europe."

"Yes, that is what makes it so tragic; no one has known what I felt; they have treated me as if I were one of them over there; as if it were all natural for me to be content to be retained in a foreign land."

"You speak as if they kept you in captivity."

"Were not the strict rules and coventions that compressed me, chains? Chains to my feelings, chains to my actions, chains to every desire of liberty? Oh, but yes, I have been in chains, just my heart do you see could not be made foreign. My manners, my clothes, my voice, my language, all these were forced to be European, but my heart! no, that is American, and belongs all entire to my wonderful country." I had animated myself in talking, I could feel my cheeks were burning; he was looking at me, I thought with curiosity.

"You strange child!" he said with a little laugh.

The words gave me a blow to the heart; he mocked himself of me, I appeared to him as a child. I felt tears come to my eyes. I arose and went to the window.

"Miss Carrington," he called, but I did not answer; he repeated my name more softly and joined me at the window. "Miss Carrington, don't misunderstand me."

"You have laughed at my words," I said reproachfully.

"No, don't think that. Do you know why I laughed? I was thinking of myself. I laughed, remembering my own youthful dreams of patriotism and my early enthusiasms for the Greek heroes."

"My heroine is Jeanne d'Arc; I have envied her so. Oh, it would be glorious to lead the armies of one's land."

"I felt that way," he said, "when I was young — young like you."

"And would you not," I asked, "be joyful to die for your country now?"

"I hardly know," he answered, "living in it nowadays seems to be bad enough."

"Oh, how dreadful," I said, "to feel like that. If America was invaded, would you not take arms to repulse the intruder?"

"Every immigrant who lands on our shores, invades the country; thousands take possession every year. None of us dispute one inch of ground; they rule us in city politics; the strangers dispose of our money for the education of their children and other profits of their own; there is

no country in the world, Miss Carrington, where it is harder to be patriotic."

I reflected gravely over his words, then I spoke: "What you say is no doubt true, but I agree not with your conclusion. An American can be patriotic, for just as parents love the new little children whom they have not possessed long, who are helpless and cannot speak, so the new arrivals in our land become part of the great family of the nation to be protected and cared for. It is good we pay for their education, for we teach them the laws of our marvelous constitution, and they are happy to leave the servitude of European governments; thus they soon look up to our flag as their own."

"Indeed, Miss Carrington, I named you well just now, the ardent American."

"The name pleases me," I said, "but not your way of saying it. You seem to mock yourself of me, as if your heart were hard and not tender to other people's feelings. Evelyn truly said you were difficult to understand, for your words make forget your actions: you have a Home for Consumptives; Bobby loves you; Mischief likes you much; children know who is good, so do animals it is said. Are they afraid of you?"

"Be reassured," he answered, "dogs and cats make up to me at once."

"I was right," I said enchanted, "I knew you must be better than you thought yourself to be."

"Thank you," he said, "for your good opinion. I wish you could help me to discover some more valuable qualities."

"Yes, I will gladly," I answered, "for I think you take pleasure in disliking yourself. I do too sometimes. I think I am horrid, and then I scold myself for I believe I must not hate what the good God has made, and the people who thus encourage themselves, I think, are better liked, and it is so nice to be liked."

"A new philosophy," he said laughing, "love yourself and others will love you. That is quite a wise observation."

"Oh, please," I said, "do not laugh when I talk to you seriously. I open to you my thoughts, and rudely you thrust them back. I know not why I want to like you. I disbelieve the way the old ladies spoke of you, for I think when people judge another harshly, they do show more their own character, than that of the person they condemn."

"I ask for no better champion than you," he said with a nice smile, "to defend my cause against myself and against others."

"I want," I said timidly, "to show my recognition of your kindness, for three times you have come to my succor; I must think you kind therefore."

"Not so very kind after all," he said, "for I confess the first time I saw you in the train going

to Newport, my curiosity was awakened; you reminded me of someone."

"My Cousin Romola?" I asked; "they say I resemble her."

"Yes, your Cousin Romola," he answered.

"You know her well?" I asked again.

"I knew her well; but let us talk of you — that is more interesting."

"I thought you liked not young girls."

"This young girl interests me. You looked to me on our first meeting like a little princess wandering alone, unguarded."

"Angélique was there," I said.

"Hardly a conscientious duenna, for she was soon asleep. I wanted to hear you speak again. Your accent was charming, and as I talked to you I confess you quite bewitched me."

I reddened with pleasure at what he said. At that moment Mr. Lacy called us. As we arose, Mr. Dale said: "Now I count on your friendly feelings, besides those of Bobby and Mischief, and the dogs and the cats."

"Oh!" I said, "I should like to take you in seriousness."

"That's a promise," he said, "we shall both take each other in seriousness."

We started off again in the motor. We were not gay and talkative as in the morning. We went fast, the road was bad and we were silent. As

the day advanced the atmosphere grew more oppressive, clouds of storm gathered overhead and the thunder made itself heard in the distance. We had then traveled two or three hours when Mrs. Lacy said to her husband, she felt so unwell, she would have to descend at the first station, and continue in a train. She had become more pale; I think not that she is very strong.

We were entering a city and stopped at the railroad. A train for New York was awaited in a few minutes; the Lacys asked me if I would go with them or continue in the machine, which would take me to Garrison, where I had to traverse the Hudson. I was hesitating how to answer, as I did not want to enter a hot train, when Mr. Dale said he would look after me and see me safely to West Point.

Our partings from the Lacys were hurried, as they had to hasten to catch their train, and thus he and I continued our journey together. I felt happy to be alone with him, and I think the storm in the air also did excite my nerves.

We were passing through a desert country when the first loud rolling of thunder burst forth, and the hills echoed the sound; at the same moment the auto stopped, and the chauffeur turned round to tell us a pneumatic had burst. Big drops of rain began to fall; no house was to be seen. Mr. Dale jumped out, and said he would explore for a house

or barn, and as the chauffeur began to jack up the car, I had also to descend.

In a moment Mr. Dale returned saying he had found a small shed over the crest of the hill. The chauffeur remained with the machine, and Mr. Dale throwing a rug over our shoulders as a protection to the increasing rain, we ran together, like Paul and Virginia caught by the tornado.

We found a little open shed near the road; it faced the valley below, and overlooked the horizon of hills and black clouds. We had hardly entered our shelter when a torrential rain descended, and the sky was torn by zigzags of lightning, while great claps of thunder followed each other closely.

"Are you frightened?" Mr. Dale asked.

"Oh, but no!" I answered, "I adore to watch the clouds; all the mysteries of the sky approach the earth in a great storm."

We stood in silence awed by this grand display of nature's powers. The thunder increasingly shook the ground.

"The vibration," I said, "reminds me of avalanches in the Alps."

"Yes," he answered, "I once witnessed a hail storm in the Veldt—a terrible sight, for as I crouched in a cave, all around me the vegetation was reduced to pulp and a herd of sheep were stoned to death."

"I am glad you were safe," I said, and at that

instant a flash of lightning blinded our eyes, and we were deafened by a terrific roll of thunder. A tree before us was covered by fire, the flames hissed over it and then vanished in the earth. Instinctively I seized his hand, and he drew me toward him, for the danger was very near. I was not afraid but I trembled with excitement, and I felt it was good to be protected by a strong man, as if nothing now could do me harm.

The rain began to lessen, the lightning faintly quivered and the storm clouds sailed grandly away; across the sky a rainbow elevated its shining curve, a promise of safety and of sweet peace.

There was no more reason for our standing so near together; he left my side; nature was smiling and the sun reappeared; only the tree was scorched and blackened.

"The car is coming," he said, and in truth it approached; he hailed the chauffeur; the grass was soaked we had to traverse. "I will carry you across," and taking me in his arms, he lifted me easily.

It lasted but an instant but the sensation was indescribable! . . .

The hood of the machine was raised, and under the cover we sat near together with the rugs wrapped around us, in a sort of obscurity. I was emotioned and happy, and we did not talk; rapidly we ran over the smooth road, with all the perfumes

of the damp verdure penetrating to us in a manner I think is intoxicating. After a time, I know not if it were long or short, we drew into a village.

"Stop here," he commanded and we drew up before a house called "Maple Inn."

"It is after six o'clock," he said, "and you must have something to eat, for you will not reach home till very late."

We entered the inn; a clerk more polite than they usually are here in hotels came up to me and said:

"Will you have a room for the night, Miss — or Madam?" he added seeing Mr. Dale following me.

I became scarlet, but Mr. Dale said quietly —

"We only wish tea served at once," and then to me — "And would you like a room to rest for a while?"

"Oh! no!" I said, "I am not fatigued at all."

We had the merriest little repast imaginable, and were alone in the dining room. Mr. Dale has traveled all over the world, and he told me of many funny and interesting experiences, then he asked me about my life in Europe and of my family, and I described to him my dull existence there, and as I spoke of the life I was so soon going back to, a cloud of sadness enveloped me.

"Of course," I said, "just abandoning America is to me most terrible, for I do love her so, and all the people here, except perhaps one or two"

(thinking of Cousin Henry and Cousin Carolina), "but what makes it more difficult for me to dwell over there, is, that my mother so much wants me to marry; it is not agreeable for her to conduct in society so old a daughter, when she does look so young. But, I will not be forced against my inclination to marry a European, nor will I consent to marry without love an American for the joy of living here. Perhaps thus I shall be an old maid," and I sighed.

He looked at me thoughtfully as I spoke, but he seemed not to find words to answer me, and abruptly he arose from table, we having finished eating and said:

"I am going to telegraph and let your grandmother know when she can expect you."

I remained by myself, puzzled by new ideas and feelings which disturbed me, for they had no shape nor could I express them clearly to myself. I sat on the floor and played with a kitten which had strayed into the room. He returned, and we immediately started off again, the top of the car being opened at my request.

The last part of our journey was like a dream. The air was cool, drops of rain hung on the leaves, the sky was blue, with a few pink clouds colored by the setting sun, and the birds were twittering gently their tender good-nights.

I did never in my life feel so perfectly happy!

After a while, the motor taking a too rapid curve, a rug fell out; we stopped and the chauffeur had to go back to get it. Everything around us was still, a silence full of sweet mysteries. The new moon appeared above some great elms, to complete the beauty of the evening.

"Oh!" I said softly, "I wish I were a poet to fill the universe with symbols; even I have had many fancies. When I was little I used to pray to the evening star, thinking my dear father dwelt there and could see me." I interrupted myself to look at him to see if he were laughing, but no, his expression was full of sympathy.

"Go on," he said, "tell me more."

"And then," I continued, "I love the language of the flowers, a pansy means a thought, a forget-me-not a request."

He smiled at me, and I felt I could have confidence in him; the long day together had made us friends.

We continued on our way. The moon rose higher and the stars shone brighter one by one.

We reached Garrison after eight; Mr. Dale seemed agitated lest we should not catch the boat; it reminded me of Prince Ulrich's anxiety on the little island, and I was diverted thereby.

Why should one be disturbed by the sentiment of the conventions in a country where chaperons

are not really necessary, and where men's honest intentions ought to excite no distrust?

The ferry boat was at the point of departure, so we successfully took it, leaving the automobile behind which was to join the Lacys the next day. We stood forward on the boat and watched the river, whose waters seemed quite black, except where the moon cast a silvery light on the ripples.

"Well," he said, "our journey is coming to an end."

"Oh, yes," I answered sadly, "I suppose you go to New York at once."

"My train," he answered, "leaves West Point in two hours."

"Oh, then," I said gladly, "we have two more hours together, for you must come to my grandmother's and wait. I am sure she will be content to meet you."

"I have," he said, "the honor of knowing your grandmother, and I shall be glad to see her again."

And thus I felt joyous once more. At the landing the carriage was waiting, for he had telephoned from Garrison, and it was about nine o'clock when we reached the house.

I had not realized how glad I would be to see my dear grandmother again, and I embraced her more tenderly than anybody before in my life. She received Mr. Dale in her kind, gracious man-

ner while I explained how he had taken care of me after the Lacys left. She had made the dinner to wait until this late hour. As we sat at table in animated conversation, and I looked from her to him, I thought that never could three people be happier together.

As we left the dining room she put her hand to my forehead saying: "Are you feverish, Yvonne? you are flushed and your eyes are unnaturally brilliant."

"Oh, but no, dear Grandmamma," I answered, "I am perfectly well, not even tired; it is the effect of the grand air all day."

And then he had to leave, and a sort of anguish seized my heart, for I might never speak to him or see him again. As he held my hand a little lengthily for good-bye the only thing I said was — "Don't forget Anna Engel."

He smiled and answered: "I shall not forget."

He went, and all words of farewell were left unspoken.

I suddenly did become terribly fatigued, and I bade my grandmother good-night. I went to bed but was too agitated to sleep; I arose and I have written all these pages in my journal. My head is burning, my hands are cold, perhaps I have fever after all.

XX

AUGUST 15th. These days following, I feel myself all funny, so restless and yet so fatigued, and all my thoughts concentrate on one subject or rather on one person. It no longer amuses me or makes me angry when Angélique scolds; she was perfectly horrified at the condition of my clothes which I had thrown into my box at Lenox. I want to be alone, and I promenade myself in solitary places, where I can be quiet, and think, and think. . . .

My grandmother asks me no questions why I appear troubled; I am so grateful she does not inquire; for I should know not what to answer; yet she is interested in all I tell her of the people and of the distractions of Newport and Bar Harbor, and of my experiences in the Settlement. I told her the sad story of Anna Engel, to whom I have sent some money; I wish to pay her pension at the Sanitarium at Rilldale, for I am to receive from my grandmother an allowance of two hundred dollars a month, to be given to me also in Europe. My grandmother said she would pay half

the pension and that she would write to Mr. Dale to find out what it cost; she asked me:

"Have you any message to send him, for he has been very kind to you."

I had told her of my two meetings in the train and how I had lost my way to his house, and she knew I had been under his protection in the automobile; for some unknown reason I blushed now at her question.

"Oh, Grandmamma," I answered, "I know not what kind of message I can send."

"Well," she said, smiling as she prepared herself to write, "I shall thank him for his excellent care of my little girl."

"Oh, it is so strange," I said, "the different opinions that people have of him. To me he has been kind; Bobby and Mischief and animals like him. Do you think, Grandmamma, that he is good?"

"I also like him," said my grandmother, "but I should not qualify him by simply calling him good. He has excellent qualities, some of which he has never developed. Very early in life he was his own master, with no one to be responsible to. His father died leaving a large fortune. His mother was an invalid; he was devoted to her; he sacrificed a year of college to accompany her abroad, taking her from one health resort to another. She had consumption. In those days

warm climates were considered essential, and doctors had not attained sufficient knowledge to open windows; I remember visiting her in stifling hot rooms."

"That is perhaps why he has a Consumptive Home," I said, "although he does not avow the real reason of his interest."

"I have no doubt of it," said my grandmother, "he prefers calling it a fad. His mother died when he was twenty, and he then traveled extensively. A year or two later, a young boy was left in his charge."

"It was Bobby," I said, "he adores his uncle."

"Well he may," continued my grandmother, "for Herbert took him into his own house until Robert was of age to be sent to school, and in every way he proved himself an efficient and affectionate guardian. But unfortunately Herbert's career has been that of the rich young man; every wish granted without the savor of longing; no object to work for; no one to be answerable to. He experimented in various directions, studied law for a year, engineering the next, was a secretary of Embassy abroad for a while. He excelled in every game. Society opened her arms to him; but in the last ten years, after a severe disappointment, he has kept aloof."

"Was he in love with somebody?" I asked hesitatingly.

"Yes, the story is well known. He was engaged to your cousin Romola, but she changed her mind suddenly and married the Duke of Fairfield."

"Oh, how could she!" I exclaimed, "the Duke looks like a wilted cornstalk, and to prefer him to Mr. Dale who is so noble and strong!"

My grandmother looked at me and smiled. "I am afraid Romola was very indiscriminating, to say the least; so she became a duchess and Herbert Dale became a cynic; his idol was shattered. He turned his own enthusiasms to ridicule, and began to distrust other people's motives."

"I see now," I said, "why he seems sometimes scornful and bitter; oh, Grandmamma, you have made me understand him so much better, and your judgment is so just; but how did you thus know him well?"

"His mother was my friend, and a few years ago when I was staying at Lenox, he had a fall, hunting. He was alone at the hotel, so I invited him to stay at my cottage. His gratitude was touching, for the little I did was only a pleasure. I found he had an intelligent, well cultivated mind. He knew I would not tolerate any cynical pose; he was therefore natural, and showed a far gentler, kinder nature than he himself is perhaps aware of, or than he is generally credited with."

"Oh! I am sure you are right," I exclaimed. "I knew he had a generous heart!" And I ab-

sorbed myself in a reverie while my grandmother recommenced her correspondence.

This conversation took place two days ago. Yesterday I was sitting under a willow tree in the garden, with a book in my hand I was not reading, when I saw coming towards me an officer, in the American uniform which at first had given me such a thrill of patriotic joy — it was Lieutenant Hill! I had not thought of him at all lately, and as I rose to shake hands with him I felt all confused.

He looked at me for a moment very earnestly, then said :

“Yvonne, I must have one more talk with you, before I can be certain that I am doomed to give you up.”

We sat down and I felt discouraged: for what could our conversation change? I had written I would not marry him, I knew more strongly than ever now that it was impossible: even his uniform did not excite in me the same sentiment as before.

“Listen to me, Dearest,” he said, “and let me plead my cause once more. Our letters have been unsatisfactory. You do not seem to understand how much, how passionately, I love you. Your last letter breaking our engagement sounded so heartless, I could scarcely believe it came from you.”

“I wrote in the train, perhaps in a hurry,” I murmured.

“You wrote in a hurry, Yvonne, when you knew

your words meant the breaking of a man's life and happiness?"

There was deep reproach in his voice, yet his look was kind, and I felt full of remorse to have treated him thus.

"Oh, Mr. Lieutenant," I said, "forgive me, please forgive me, I had no intention to be to you cruel. I am so terribly sorry if I have broken your life and happiness. I affianced myself with you without any experience of such things; now I have seen more young men and learnt a great deal, and veritably, do you think it would be right for me to marry you without a great love?"

He looked at me with knitted brows, as if studying my face.

"You are a child still in many ways, for you know nothing about love and real affection; and yet how like a woman, to shift the responsibility of your refusal onto my shoulders. No, of course, you must not marry me, if you do not love me; I do not want you if that is the case," and then suddenly bending over my hand and pressing it to his lips, he cried—"that is not true, I want you, Yvonne; I want you, my Darling; with every longing a man is capable of, I want you; after thinking of you so long as my own, it breaks my heart to give you up."

As his dark head was bent before me, I had the strongest sensation of compassion, and of affection,

for what can stir more a young girl's heart than to see a man grieve so at renouncing her? With the hand he had left free I timidly touched his hair and whispered:

"Dear Mr. Lieutenant, if it were only not in marriage you wanted me, I should like so much to be like my grandmother, able to console you."

He raised his head and laughing bitterly he said: "Indeed that's an original idea for a girl to offer to the man she refuses, to be a grandmother to him; they usually in similar cases call it a sister."

I was offended at his tone, and said, "Lieutenant Hill, I hope you may become a general in our army, but I assure you, you will never become my husband."

He paced up and down, and paid no attention to what I said; then he stopped before me. "Yvonne, our last talk shall not end in a quarrel. I am enough of a man and enough of a soldier, to accept marching orders, bravely. I leave you, and before I go I wish to beg you not to be sorry on my account; my pain must in no way distress you; I thank you for the unutterably happy moments you have given me; I do not regret that you entered my life; your memory will remain ever as a vision of loveliness, and if—but no," he sighed, "there will be no if; you have changed in these six weeks; you are no longer the confiding little girl I first met. I have of late reproached

myself that perhaps I had taken advantage of your inexperience —”

“Oh, but no,” I interrupted, “dear Mr. Lieutenant, make to yourself no reproach; it was I who was hasty and thoughtless; you have been so very kind, that I shall be grateful to you always; and do you know I think that being engaged to you, has saved me from marrying two other people I did not really love.”

I thought he would be pleased at my confiding to him this, but no, not at all, his voice was severe as he said:

“What do you mean?”

“I cannot explain,” I said, “only that two gentlemen would have persisted in making me their court, if I had not said I was engaged.”

“I am then to understand,” he said bitterly, “that our engagement has served as a useful pretext to put an end to some of your flirtations.”

“Oh! do not speak to me like this,” I said half frightened, for his voice sounded so harsh. “I never tried, as an amusement to make anybody love me, I should not know how.”

“Forgive me,” he cried, “I am a beast to say such things! Nobody who sees you can help loving you, and I really feel sorry for the other poor devils. The fact is, you know nothing about love, your heart is like a closed flower bud; if I only could have inspired you with a little love for me!

I thought the warmth of my passion could awaken some response. But I will no longer torment you; good-bye, Yvonne, good-bye, my sweetest Darling."

He pressed my hand so hard I would have screamed had I not thought I deserved pain to make so nice a young officer to suffer, and as he went he looked once more upon me as if the effort to separate himself from me was immense.

And in the same way as after Prince Ulrich had gone, my heart again was much troubled, and I felt distressed.

I entered the drawing room where my grandmother was sitting. She looked up at me. "What is the matter my little Yvonne, you do not look well?"

I could restrain my emotions no longer; I fell kneeling at her feet, and hiding my head in her lap, I sobbed.

"Dear little girl," she murmured and stroked my hair softly; then I became calmer and sitting on a footstool at her feet, I said:

"Dear Grandmamma, you are so wonderful, you never ask me questions but I always feel you understand."

"Long ago," she answered, "I was young myself, and we old people only require a little memory to sympathize with the young. All your youthful emotions revive my past ones. Alas, my darling, I wish my knowledge could assist your inexperi-

ence, but we elders can only look on, and watch tenderly. My wisdom can not remove a single pebble from your path. You must know and feel them for yourself."

And thus she soothed and consoled me by her infinite affection, asking nothing in return.

XXI

AUGUST 19th. I have just had a very disagreeable interview with Cousin Henry. He came yesterday, and all the afternoon he tried to persuade me to walk or drive with him, but I would not, and took every precaution not to be alone with him. He made me no reproaches about my shortening my visit to Lenox, but said he had never been so disappointed in his life, for he had intended doing so many things with me. During the evening he tried to render himself agreeable in all sorts of ways, and if I dropped anything he precipitated himself to pick it up. Yet he seemed not at his ease, and very early I went to bed, congratulating myself that I had avoided what I felt was a great danger — a proposal from Cousin Henry. I have no superstition about broken mirrors, spilt salt, going under a ladder, and the number 13, but I have a strong feeling that the number 3 is always lucky and successful, and Cousin Henry, I was determined was not to be the third American to ask me in marriage.

But I have been nearly caught by my habit of rising early. The carriage had been ordered at twenty minutes to eight, to conduct him to the

station. At half past seven I descended into the garden, taking the precaution not to pass under his windows, but he must have seen me from the dining room, for he rushed out into the garden, with his mouth full as I perceived when he spoke to me:

“Yvonne, how good of you to give me a chance to see you again, because —”

“Oh, Cousin Henry,” I said, wondering how I could gain time, “you must not think me good, I did not intend to see you, please return to your breakfast.”

“Hang my breakfast, it’s no matter, I want before I go to ask you a question.”

“Wait, Cousin Henry,” I said quickly, and directed our steps towards the avenue when I knew the carriage would arrive soon. “I have also a question to ask you.”

“What is it, my dear little Yvonne?” he said with an insupportable tenderness and making the goo-goo eyes Mischief had spoken of. He also tried to take my hand, but I put it behind my back for safety.

“Excuse me, Cousin Henry,” I said with dignity, “I am not your dear little Yvonne; I am not dear, I am not little and I am not yours.”

“We are wasting time,” he said impatiently — then wishing to be pleasant — “and what was your question?”

"I want very much to know," I said with great gravity, "how my dear little toad is getting on with Cousin Carolina." He flushed very red but I kept on talking and approached nearer to the porch. "You see, Cousin Henry, Israel was a present from Tom, whom I am so fond of, and I know Cousin Carolina has toads in horror, and I was also troubled lest the little insects at Lenox might be different from those at Bar Harbor, and therefore not agree with Israel."

To my relief I saw the carriage arriving, but Cousin Henry stopped suddenly behind a hydrangea bush, and said very solemnly:

"Yvonne, I am afraid you are making fun of me. Never have I seen a girl so exasperating and elusive as you are, and at the same time so attractive. I suppose I shall be a fool, but I am impelled to tell you —"

"Oh, no!" I exclaimed, "tell me nothing; do not become a fool; please go; you will miss your train —"

Before I could defend myself, he seized me in his arms and kissed me violently, and while I tried to recover my breath, he disappeared round the hydrangea bush and drove off in the carriage.

I have never been so furious in all my life, to be thus embraced by that detestable man. I ran up into my room to wash from my face the offense of his kiss. I rubbed and I rubbed. Even if he

is my cousin, he has no right to embrace me in so passionate a manner; but at least he made me no proposal, and of that I rejoice.

I have busied myself since I have been here with my new large correspondence, for I have promised Lily Stuart and several other young girls to write regularly and very often; of course, since I am no longer betrothed to Lieutenant Hill, I write not to young men.

I had a letter from Evelyn in answer to one of mine, but we neither of us did speak of Mr. Dale.

Here is a letter from Mischief:

“Dearest, darling Yvonne,—

“I cannot bear to have you go back to that horrid Fraülein you told me about; my governess is also a beast. I love you so much, my sweetest! I am quite jealous of Tom and his toad. I think Nancy is engaged to the Marquis; I saw him kiss her. I heard Nancy and Romola talk about Evelyn the other day; they said she was in love with an old bow of Romola’s, that is why she has taken up charity and given up society. I think Evelyn is a humbug; anyway she is nutty! Good-bye, my dear, dear Yvonne; all my thoughts will follow you across the ocean, but its bigness is not as big as my longing for you.

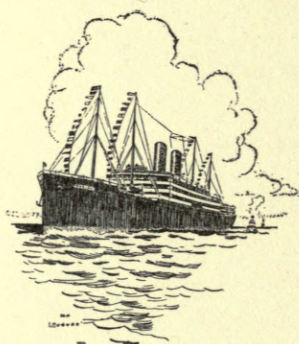
“Your adoring and lonely,

“MISCHIEF.”

Of course I know who Evelyn is in love with. Did she not take by force his picture in the journal from me? Evelyn will see him often and I never! Thus many doubts and thoughts disturb me; my last days are filled with the sadness of my departure.

I have pressed a few flowers and leaves, and I have put in a little sandal-wood box some earth. But oh, how lifeless are the things detached from where they belong, and how little they give back the sensation of that which one worships and adores — they are like a curl cut from a beloved head — yet I shall treasure them in a foreign land.

ON THE STEAMER



XXII

AUGUST 23rd. I have stood on deck taking leave of my dear country, until the shores faded in the distance. Then I descended to my cabin with my heart full of sorrow, and full of feelings I cannot express. I do not understand why my thoughts are so shapeless, for until now I could easily describe all my different sensations; that power is gone; my soul is mute and it pains me like a hidden suffering.

Of course, I mourn above all at leaving my grandmother; nothing could surpass her sweetness and goodness to me; nobody has cared for me before as she has, or shown me affection in so tender and discreet a manner, and yet an undefinable regret possesses me more and more.

I am sitting in my cabin; it is filled with the odor of flowers, which renders it like a mortuary chapel; they give me as little pleasure as if I were a departing corpse surrounded by the tributes of friends. At first I opened with interest all the boxes addressed to me, but now the interest is gone.

In a box five feet long are some red roses with a card signed —“ Your adoring and disconsolate —

Bobby." A basket of all sorts of flowers with an enormous pink ribbon is from Count Janos; Lily Stuart and Mr. and Mrs. Lacy also sent flowers. Cousin Henry sent flowers and fruits; he met me this morning at the train and accompanied me to the steamer, where he put me under the care of an old lady, a friend of Cousin Carolina. Cousin Henry's manner was composed, as if he had forgotten his outburst behind the hydrangea bush; I was cold and dignified; thus our adieus were not emotional.

Dear little Tom sent me a box of Maillard sweets, happily he put no animals within; there is a package of books from Evelyn, and from Mischief these verses:

TO MY LOVE

Descending from the sky above,
To all the winds that blow,
I whisper words of burning love
That from my lips do flow.

For thee, my sweet one they are meant,
Receive them when they come;
Many a tear on them was spent,
And sighs accomp'ny some.

For thou hast gone far, far away
And I am left to mourn,
Still by the breeze day after day
My heart to thee is borne.

I do not comprehend how all these tokens of affection from my friends do leave me so indifferent. Two months ago, when I never had received a single bouquet, I should have been excited and enchanted. I have grown very old in these two months, I am like another person. All my thoughts dwell now in the past, and I look into the future without hope or joy.

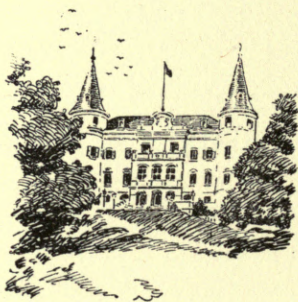
One hour later. I was still sitting in my cabin when Angélique brought me a little box, she said had been overlooked, it was so small and insignificant. I took it with a strange emotion and told Angélique to carry away all the other flowers, I could not suffer them around me.

After she had gone, I opened the little box; my fingers trembled and my heart palpitated. Inside lay a pansy and a spray of forget-me-nots! No card was within, no card was necessary!

As I gazed upon these tokens my eyes filled with tears; could any offering have been more full of knowledge and sympathy? He had remembered my saying on our wonderful drive that a pansy represented a thought, the forget-me-not a request. Oh! how I kissed them! for surely his hand alone had touched them, and my heart glowed as if something loving and kind had awakened it. Like Pandora, hope I had found after disappointment; hope, which had neither shape nor substance, but then it was — hope.

PART II

WILDESHEIM SCHLOSS



XXIII

SEPTEMBER 26th. I wonder if philosophy makes sad hearts less heavy! I have read much lately, seeking to grasp new thoughts like persons blind holding out their fingers to find a guidance.

Nearly one month have I been in this hated country, in my step-father's castle in Hanover, and my little book have I not opened; no, what interest is there in uttering laments? but now I will lament no longer and try to find cause of laughter in my own distress like a true philosopher, or in the foibles of my companions which must turn my sighs to smiles. Brave people always laugh, even with tears in their eyes.

My days are occupied in this manner:

Breakfast at eight, all the family assembled. My step-father at the head, quite unmistakably; my mother opposite, pouring out the coffee. She likes it when people say we look like sisters and, in truth, she seems not very middle aged, although she is nearly forty. Sometimes a guest sits at her right, but it is always certain to be a dull person. Then comes Fraülein, that odious woman, who speaks

but to scold; next to her Wilhelmine, aged ten; gentle, pretty and perfectly stupid, without a drop of American blood to add a little vivacity to her German nature. Next Mamma on her left sits Hugo; a nice enough boy, but who hates girls and women, and who thinks of nothing but of the Cadet School which he enters soon; he was very offended with me for saying West Point was the best military school in the world, but now we are friends again, for I gave him a knife with six blades. His tutor comes next, Herr Candidat Cornelius Hasemann. He is tall, with longish hair, very near sighted, and Hugo is always hiding his spectacles whereby he becomes blind; his hands and feet are enormous, and look like a misfit on his arms and legs, and he is much embarrassed by them. At the first repast I began a conversation with him as if he were an American young man, but he was so shy he became very red and his pinch-nose fell off into his soup; the family stopped talking to listen to me. What I said was this:

“Herr Candidat, do you not think that a government for the people and by the people makes a better nation than one crushed under the rule of an autocrat?”

He did not answer, there was silence — then my step-father spoke: “Yvonne, you forget in foreign countries I represent my Emperor and I cannot tolerate at my table radical doctrines.”

“Indeed,” said Mamma, “Yvonne since her return from America shows an independent spirit which is most unpleasant. She likes to be alone; she no longer courtesies in the proper manner; she walks as if she were indifferent to her surroundings, and altogether she has changed for the worse.”

“*Ach,*” said Fraülein in her rasping voice, “Yvonne has become quite American; I might say a Republican; she crosses her legs, and swings her arms, and cares not in what folds her dresses lie, and she no longer knits or sews, but reads all day long.”

“And,” piped up Wilhelmine, “she eats not all upon her plate, and kisses not Papa’s hand any more.”

“Hand kissing is absurd,” said Hugo, who only presses his nose on ladies’ hands.

“Hush, children,” said my step-father sternly, “you were not questioned, therefore you need not speak.”

I think my silence was noble, for I did not reply to any of these accusations; if you know you cannot persuade people it is more superior to leave them in their dark ignorance.

I have obtained the permission to receive Latin lessons from Herr Hasemann, and we have profound conversations about histories and governments; I think he hides a socialistic soul beneath his long hair, and I think they are growing together, for he

never cuts his hair, and he becomes more and more interested in what I tell him about America; thus in my glowing descriptions of my dear country, I forget my misery. He is the only person here who disapproves not of me, and so our lessons are a pleasure to us both.

Fraülein used to assist at them at first, but the arid beginnings of Latin interested her not, so she leaves us now in peace. She has a very plebeian nature; she is always interested in the servants' affairs of the heart, and listens to Angélique's recitals of my actions in America; she questioned me about Prince Ulrich's visit, but I would say nothing. In truth one can be a plebeian without being a Republican; between the two there is a great distinction.

On knowing better my brother's tutor, I find he also like myself is searching for wider horizons. I give an example of one of my lessons with him. At opposite sides of a table we sit:

"Comtesse Yvonne, be so gracious as to conjugate the verb *esse*."

I begin "*Sum, es, est, sumus, estes, sunt.*"

He remains with his mouth wide open and stares at me while I speak, as if forgetting he were giving me a lesson, and then jumps in his chair and runs his long fingers through his long hair before questioning me again.

The study of Latin grammar is exhausting, and

in the same manner that Lieutenant Hill and I drifted from American History into our personal histories, so Candidat Hasemann and I exchange our reflections.

I ask him: "Are you really going to become a pastor?"

"*Ach ja*, Comtesse Yvonne, that is my vocation or at least my career; for eight generations in my family the eldest son has been a pastor; my father naturally wishes me to follow the tradition."

"How will you feel," I ask, "when you enter the pulpit to preach the first time?" for I could well imagine him stumbling up the steps in his shy, awkward way, and looking wildly and speechless upon a congregation.

"*Ach mein Gott!* the thought fills me with fear, for I feel that I have no aptitude for my profession. I know not how to express the thoughts that throb in my brain; I am a scholar, I love my books, I reverence the great teachers; and then Comtesse Yvonne dare I tell you? but the philosophers, the agnostics, the free thinkers, the socialist doctrinaires, the emancipated spirits have for me a terrible fascination; they seem to possess minds with wings — powerful pinions that soar high, while I must crawl along the beaten path, and close my eyes to the broad views of modern times. Have I the right to stand in a pulpit and speak to men of doctrines which I believe not in, or to admonish them in ways of virtue

towards which I am unable to lead? *Ach!* my soul is torn with doubts!"

He waved his arms in the air. I thought perhaps I could help to emancipate him.

"Dear Herr Candidat," I said, "why not free yourself and become an independent man?"

He paced the room; a chair or two falling to the floor as he knocked into them. "*Ach barmhertziger Himmel!*" he exclaimed, "how can I free myself! I am the weak little stream following the channel cut in the rock of fate, by eight generations of ancestors. I am the oldest of nine children; my father has made every sacrifice to send me to the University," then stopping suddenly, "this story of myself cannot interest you."

"Oh, yes," I exclaimed, "it interests me immensely, for truly when a person speaks from the heart as you do, Herr Candidat, I could listen all day long."

He looked at me very gratefully at these words, and sighed and sighed.

Yesterday we had again wandered away from Latin and seeing that continually he is distressed in his thoughts, I tried to make him feel more at his ease with me.

"You see, Herr Hasemann," I said, "you and I in this castle can only exchange our aspirations with each other, for no one else would understand. I also make dreams of emancipation; for I am an

American, and in my dear country we should both be free. You would not be bound to step into your father's shoes, I mean into his pulpit. In America you could follow your own ambition."

"*Ach*, Comtesse Yvonne, if I could shake off my fetters, I would reach upwards and embrace a new career."

He opened wide his long arms and threw back his head. He looked so ridiculous that had I not pitied him, I should have laughed; but controlling that unkind impulse, I spoke even more gently than usual.

"Dear Herr Candidat, why not liberate yourself, and go to America, and show the world you can do great things?"

"*Ach*, Comtesse Yvonne! I have no money, no patronage!"

"Perhaps I can help you, by writing to my grandmother to assist you to become a philosopher. She is very kind and generous."

"Comtesse Yvonne, you overwhelm me with your goodness. *Ach!* if only you were not a high born *Fraülein*."

"But I am not," I interrupted eagerly, "I am just like you — *bürgerlich*, I am proud of it; in my land we are all equal, and I want to beg you not to call me — Comtesse Yvonne."

"What would the Frau Gräfin say?"

I hesitated: "My mother wishes me called thus

to make no difference between me and my sister Wilhelmine; before her then perhaps you had better give me the title which in my heart I think odious, but when we are alone remember I like absolute equality."

"*Ach, mein Fraülein!* you make me so happy; you think then there is no difference between us? that I am your equal?"

"Herr Candidat," I answered with great seriousness, "you are my superior, for you work; people who like myself take no part in the labor of the world are inferior beings. I watch the little ants and the busy bees so active and laborious all day long, and reflect how much more useful creatures of the universe they are than I. Thus I consider you my superior, and you must henceforth have more confidence in yourself."

"*Ach, Fraülein Yvonne,* you are as good and wise as you are beautiful."

Thus a bond of sympathy has established itself between Cornelius Hasemann and me,—between our two minds, for otherwise his personality is not in any fashion seductive.

I also study the English language assiduously so as to make no more mistakes in my turn of phrases. Much of my days I spend locked up in my room, and as I look at the German landscape from my turret it gives me no pleasure; only the clouds I contemplate, for when driven by an east

wind I think they are sailing towards America, and I long to be swept away on their white wings. I am not allowed to walk alone in our park, except in view of the castle. I often sit for hours beneath some great cedars of Lebanon, and I dream and I dream; through the branches I see a bit of blue sky, and I wonder if, in the manner of the earth's rotation, that bit of sky has been looked upon by those three thousand miles away. I should like to whisper messages to the sun and moon which illumine all the continents, but I cannot gaze upon the sun, and the moon regards me coldly. I feel with mournfulness that I am a useless object on the face of the globe; I long to be active and join in the struggle for existence I perceive going on all around me; down among infinitesimal creatures, up to the busy Chancellor of the Empire. I want to work at something. To be able to weave a basket and place it on the market for sale, would be a contentment. My step-father often takes me to ride, that is my only distraction, and thus my days pass by in heavy monotony.

XXIV

SEPTEMBER 30th. At last I open my little book not in vain for I have something to relate.

The Autumn Manœuvres are taking place in our neighborhood and the Emperor is staying at the castle of a cousin of my step-father; several officers and a lot of men are quartered with us.

Yesterday I rode with the gentlemen to the great field where the first review took place, and some of the officers did not consider me like my step-father — too young to converse, and we talked quite gaily; this was a surprise to me, for I meant to be sad like a stranger far from my country, but my reserve melted; I forgot my troubling thoughts; the younger officers and I, riding through the forest, in the morning air so fresh, formed the rear guard of the cavalcade.

We had five German miles to go, and when we arrived at the Camp of Manœuvre the sight was very imposing. A great line of cavalry was drawn up awaiting the Emperor's arrival, and when he took his position with his staff on a little hillock above the field, I felt quite excited by the spectacle.

A quantity of persons had arrived. I was fortunate enough to be in the first rank, although this position was the cause of my misadventure. A charge of artillery took place, and down the incline, at a grand speed, came the thunder of the caissons and of the mounted guns. I suppose I was holding my bridle loosely, for my horse suddenly quivered with excitement, and, plunging and rearing before I knew what happened, cleared a little ditch before us and galloped alongside of the troops.

The noise beside us made him go faster and faster. Soon he was bolting without my having any power to stop him; we gained on the troops, and as we reached the hill where the Emperor was standing, I was at the head of the charge, on a line with the commanding officer. It was wildly exciting, and I raised my hand to salute, while I heard shouts in all directions. Then I realized that unable to guide my horse, I must urge him on, so as not be run down by the battery behind me, and faster we flew.

I heard a loud command, and I perceived by a superb manœuvre the whole battalion swerved to the left; thus I went on without danger, and soon my horse was pacified. I turned round and slowly rode back, stroking my horse and trying to quiet him completely. I perceived an officer riding quickly towards me. It was not a Prussian officer. He wore the Austrian uniform. I recognized

Prince Ulrich. He was very pale and bowing to me said: "His Majesty commands your presence." He took my horse's bridle.

"Prince Ulrich," I said, "it is not necessary for you to hold him, he is quiet now."

But Prince Ulrich shook his head and kept his hold on my bridle. "You have been in the greatest danger of being trampled on by the whole battery, you must never ride this horse again."

"Oh, he is my favorite," I exclaimed, "and truly I loved the excitement; it is the first time I have felt myself alive since I have returned to this horrible country." Prince Ulrich looked at me reproachfully, and I felt suddenly revived the same old feeling for him of respect and sympathy, mixed with impatience at his air of authority and intolerance.

"Are you really not happy?" he asked after a moment; his voice was kind, and he was the first who seemed to care about what I felt.

"No, I am not," I answered, and I felt my eyes moisten, but remembering my resolve of courage, I smiled and held out my hand to him. "I am very happy to see you, Prince Ulrich."

And he looked so pleased, that I thought it were perhaps better not to say nice things to him; it is so difficult to measure one's words after a man has made a declaration of love; if you are nice, he thinks you relent; if you are horrid, he looks distressed; so

it was with Lieutenant Hill, and the same with Cousin Henry.

Prince Ulrich held my hand but an instant for we came in view of the Emperor and his staff. One of the Aides advanced and asked, "Is the young lady injured by the fright?"

"Oh, no," I answered gaily, "I enjoyed it very much."

Prince Ulrich said sternly, "Be careful how you answer the Emperor."

His Majesty was very gracious and made me no reproaches, but treated the affair as an accident. I answered in a very proper manner. As another charge of cavalry was coming, he ordered me behind him with an Aide to hold my bridle. My step-father approached me, and I was surprised to see he had been very much worried, for I had thought so little of the danger.

My mother, who was in a victoria, told me I had made myself ridiculous, and henceforth I should drive with her, which would be an abomination; I had rather stay at home. And thus the incident caused many officers to notice me and be introduced, and I had a very amusing time.

The dinner at the castle of my step-father's cousin was very gay. The young people sat at a different table, and at the dance afterwards I had more cavaliers than I could accept. Prince Ulrich danced only with me and with the wife of my step-father's

cousin. I must say, he looks very handsome in his beautiful Austrian uniform; I wish he liked me instead of loving me, for then we could be such good friends.

I saw him and my mother in deep conversation, and the result was, this morning I was called to my mother's little sitting-room, and here I inscribe our interview :

My mother —“ My dear child, I wish to announce to you that Prince Ulrich of Weissenberg has done you the honor to ask your hand in marriage.”

I —“ Yes, Mamma, he asked me this summer in America to marry him, and I refused him.”

My mother —“ Your refusal, my dear child, is of no importance; you had not reflected what a brilliant offer you were receiving; your father and I entirely approve of this marriage. The idea may frighten you a little as the Prince has an imposing appearance, as such a *grand seigneur* should have, and you may not wish to leave your happy surroundings, and marriage is perhaps a little appalling, but —”

I, interrupting —“ Oh, Mamma, I should be very glad to marry, but I told Prince Ulrich it would never be with a European.”

My mother —“ You are very silly and obstinate, Yvonne. Remember the Prince belongs to the Order of the Golden Fleece; he is a mediatised nobleman; his children can marry royalty.”

I —“ I care not, Mamma, if my husband wears a little gold mutton round his neck and if his children marry kings and princes ; I do not wish Prince Ulrich’s children to be mine, for my children shall be true Americans.”

My mother, angrily —“ You are very impertinent, Yvonne, and I am very good to be so patient with you. Your conduct is deplorable since you came home. You have taken airs most unbecoming to a young lady. I observed yesterday your freedom in conversation with gentlemen, which may be tolerated in America where there is no proper reserve among young people, but here such conduct is judged as fast and immodest.”

I, with indignation —“ I can assure you, Mamma, that in America,—the country in which you were born, and which you have quite forgotten — young girls are not fast and immodest ; our beautiful freedom teaches us to care for ourselves, and be pure in mind, and think no evil, and we are respected by men in all conditions of life.”

My mother, laughing disdainfully —“ You have truly become a red Republican, but you only deserve to be treated as a ridiculous child.”

I, calmly —“ In that case, dear Mamma, I am too young to be married, and Prince Ulrich knows well my feelings.”

My mother —“ He spoke to me of some absurd attachment or engagement you had formed, but I

told him that from what I heard it was a babyish flirtation you had taken too seriously."

I—"What you heard, dear Mamma, could have only been Angélique's opinion reported by Fraülein, and that I would not value very much."

My mother, very angry—"Go to your room; your impudence is abominable; you shall stay there until I send for you; I will tell Fraülein to lock you in, for I cannot trust you." (Then calling me back as I reached the door) "You shall return henceforth to the schoolroom, which you may be glad to leave to become one of the great ladies of Europe."

I made no answer but fled to my room in a blue rage. I threw myself on the floor, shaken with dry sobs. Oh! I am so unhappy! If only I could run away. I feel like a stormy petrel shrieking in the dark skies.

I have just had an excellent idea; I shall beg Prince Ulrich, for my sake, to marry some queen or royal princess, and then I shall be left in peace. That at least will dissolve for the moment this horrid persecution. If I were only twenty-one, I should be free to return to my darling grandmamma; oh, how slowly one gets old when one is young!

XXV

OCTOBER 1st. Twenty-four hours have I been in my room, with bitterness and anger in my heart. How can I wait nearly three years until I am free? I saw this morning the officers riding away to the Camp of Manœuvre, the one pleasure I might enjoy, but no, there are no pleasures for me any more, and my youth will pass away without joy or recreation. To-night is the big ball here in honor of the Emperor. I shall hear the music, and remain imprisoned like a naughty child.

One person at least is sorry for me, that is Candidat Hasemann; but I am destined alas! to make him also unhappy. A sheet of paper was slipped under the door. In thirty stanzas was written a declaration of love beginning:

"Du herzallerliebste Yvonne!

Mein Schmerz, mein Glück, und Pein, und Wonne—"

and continuing with the expressions of an ardent love. The signature, Cornelius Hasemann, is so unpoetic—I should laugh if my soul was not in pain, but I must make an effort to respect feelings

I cannot share, and that even somewhat offend me. At the end of the poem, he said in prose he was leaving the castle for Hamburg, to await my answer, as he feared notwithstanding my encouraging words that his love was hopeless. I do not understand why our talks on philosophy should have such a distressing result; and although his words are humble, it is surely presuming of him to make love to me.

Again I heard a rustle beneath my door and Hugo's voice saying, "I have brought you an American letter."

The faces of our modern Presidents on stamps are not very heroic, but they always make my heart beat a little faster with pleasure. It was a letter from Anna Engel and I transcribe it, as it has had much influence over my actions:

"Dearest Miss Carrington:

"I must write to you, to tell you how happy I am, for, owing to you, I am well and the doctor says I can go to work again in healthy surroundings, so I am most fortunate. Mr. Dale, who visits us, told me yesterday he had found a position for me in a nice family, who are going to San Moritz, and that is just the place to complete my recovery. I thanked him with tears in my eyes, and, dearest Miss Carrington, I look upon you and him as my benefactors, for without you both I should

have succumbed to the terrible, White Plague. In my prayers I unite you both when thanking the good God for all His mercies to me. It is two years ago since I came to this country, when I was seventeen, knowing no one, and speaking but a few words of English; here I discovered that people could be very unkind like devils and good like angels. I was distressed to hear through Mr. Dale that your grandmother, who is in Lenox now for the autumn, was so ill —”

I threw down the letter. What did that mean? My grandmother very ill, and I not know of it. Indeed I had not received from her my weekly letter; had news been sent which I had not heard? I could not wait a moment longer; I had disdained till then to try and escape, but I knew a way in which I could get out of my room. It was evening now and dark outside; by climbing out of the window of my dressing-room, I could drop down on a little balcony about five feet below.

I am agile and it was not difficult. I burst open the window of the room opening on the balcony. A lady was dressing for the ball; she and her maid looked at me stupefied; but I cared not, and without making excuses I rushed through the room and ran along the corridor to my mother's little sitting-room, which I entered without knocking. No one was there, but on the table I saw the envelope of

a telegram; I took it; it was addressed to me; it had been opened, read and I had not been told.

Flaming with indignation, I flew into my mother's dressing-room; she was seated before her toilet table, polishing her nails, while Angélique was doing her hair. She was giving directions to the housekeeper, and Fraülein was standing in a corner with Wilhelmine, who loves to watch people dress.

My voice trembled with passion as I asked abruptly, "Where is the telegram that was sent to me?"

My mother looked at me with eyes of anger: "How dare you enter my room like this? How did you get out of your room? Fraülein, is not the door locked?"

But I gave not Fraülein the chance to answer, and stamping my foot I cried, "Give me my telegram. You had no right to take it; it is mine; give it to me."

There was a chorus of shocked expressions; Angélique ejaculated, "*Bonté divine, Mademoiselle Yvonne est folle!*"

The housekeeper murmured, "*Du lieber Himmel!*"

Fraülein exclaimed, "*Ach! solch Benehmen ist empörend! ya! ganz entsetzlich!*"

My mother arose, her long hair streaming over her shoulders, "Out of my room, at once," she commanded.

"No," I answered, "I will not go until I have my telegram."

Fraülein put her hand on my shoulder, but I shook her off with violence, and Wilhelmine began to cry. At the noise thus made, my step-father entered the room dressed in his Ambassador's uniform to receive the Emperor.

"What is the trouble?" he asked quietly.

"Oh, you at least are just," I exclaimed quite wildly, "come to my aid. I am sure my grandmother is ill, very ill. Here see, is a telegram addressed to me and Mamma has taken it, and will not show it to me. Oh! please tell me, if it is very bad news?"

"Have you heard anything, my dear, concerning Mrs. Carrington?" he asked my mother.

"Yes," she answered, "a telegram came yesterday, from a Mr. Short. I had just had an unpleasant scene with Yvonne, and I thought I would let her come to her senses before sending for her; as nothing can be done now, it would be time enough to tell her after the ball."

"My grandmother is dead!" I cried, "I am sure she is dead, and you wanted me to be gay and dance."

I looked at my mother so fiercely that she stepped back, and then raising her eyebrows in disdain, she seated herself at the table and told her maid to do her hair.

My step-father put his hand on my arm, "Hush, Yvonne. You are beside yourself. You shall not speak to your mother in that tone." He could feel I was trembling. "Where is the telegram, my dear?" he asked.

My mother told Angélique to look for it in the writing-desk. We were all silent. I felt as if my heart would jump out of my breast. My step-father took the telegram and read it to himself; then he said, "I think as Yvonne is so anxious she had better know the news;" he read aloud: "Your grandmother is ill with acute bronchitis, come if you can by Thursday's steamer, condition serious, not dangerous. Signed, Henry Short." He handed me the telegram.

"You perceive," said my mother coldly, "there is nothing to be done. It is out of the question that Yvonne should take the steamer, it sails to-morrow. It is impossible to make preparations at such short notice."

I could not speak or I should have burst out crying.

"Fraülein," said my step-father, "conduct Yvonne to her room; the Countess will send orders concerning her later."

I left without a word, pressing the telegram in my hand and not heeding the remarks Fraülein poured upon me; she unlocked my door and asked

how I escaped, but I would not answer. I felt stunned. In a moment she returned; she had heard through the lady's maid how I escaped. With an indignant cackle, like a hen, she locked also the door of the dressing-room and left with the keys: "Now unless you have wings you cannot fly from here."

I paced my turret chamber like a wild animal in a cage. I looked out of the window, thinking of all the mad escapes I had read about, but I was three stories from the ground, and my two sheets tied together would reach but a little way. There was no open fireplace by which I could crawl onto the roof, only a porcelain stove. My mind fluttered between a thousand impossible projects. The steamer sailed to-morrow — could I persuade Angélique to fly with me? No, I knew she would not. I saw Anna Engel's letter on the table; it reminded me that she, younger than I, had traversed the ocean alone, not knowing the language, arriving among strangers, therefore I certainly could go alone. But was it not too late? When did the steamer sail? I must know!

I heard a soft knock at the door; then Hugo's voice in a whisper, "Poor Yvonne, I am sorry you are shut up here to-night, and you won't see my new uniform; can I do anything for you?"

"Yes," I said, "dear Hugo, run and get me the journal."

He soon returned and slipped each sheet under the door and then ran away.

A plot was beginning to form in my brain. I looked at the shipping news: the steamer sailed from Hamburg to-morrow morning at ten. If I could catch the milk train leaving our little station at two, in the night, I could get to Hanover in an hour, and take the five o'clock train to Hamburg, getting there in time. But in some manner I must escape from my room. As I was wondering whether I could force the lock with my scissors, I heard the key turn, and Angélique entered with my ball dress; she told me my mother wished me to appear at the ball. My first impulse was to refuse, but then I quickly reflected I now had a way to escape, so I resolved to play a comedy with tragedy in my heart.

Fraülein entered a moment afterwards followed by Wilhelmine: Fraülein had evidently been sent to watch me. I bathed my face in cold water, but I still felt a deep flush in my cheeks.

"Oh, Yvonne," said my sister, "you look so pretty to-night; nearly as pretty as Mamma when she puts color on, but you know you have been very naughty."

"Yes," said Fraülein, "take warning, Wilhelmine, not to be like Yvonne; it is America which produces this pernicious effect."

They went on talking about me, but I paid no

attention until Wilhelmine, who has a manner of touching things, exclaimed, "Who calls you *Herzallerliebste Yvonne*, and writes a long poem?"

Fraülein seized the paper. "*Ach!* it is Herr Candidat Hasemann's writing; I shall warn your mother, Yvonne, to-morrow; it is most shocking and unseemly to have a flirtation with your brother's tutor; your interest in Latin was only an excuse," and she pocketed the verses and cackled again.

I was annoyed; but after all to-morrow no one could harm me, and poor Herr Hasemann was also leaving. I showed a superbly indifferent aspect, and spoke not a word, for I was concentrating all my forces on playing a difficult rôle. Just as I had finished dressing, Hugo rushed into my room. "Come quick, Yvonne," he cried, "the Emperor is arriving! I am so glad Papa wanted you to be present! See my cadet uniform." He seized my hand and we ran down stairs together.

The imperial carriage was driving up. My stepfather was at the door; my mother in the hall; she gave me a cold glance and beckoned me to her side. We courtesied profoundly as the Emperor greeted us. A fanfare was played, and we all entered the great ball room. It was filled with people, the brilliant uniforms putting the ladies' dresses in the shade.

I gave myself to dancing as never before in my life. I felt capable of the wittiest answers to my

cavaliers. I experienced a sort of intoxication, as if exalted by the spirit of my resolution. My mother, as once I approached her, made a disdainful remark that my worries had been soon forgotten; I simply smiled an answer.

Prince Ulrich watched me the whole evening. Once I waltzed with him; he inquired with concern if I had fever. "*Fiebertanz*" I called out as I flew away on the arm of an officer.

After dancing unceasingly I stood for a moment breathless, surrounded by cavaliers. Prince Ulrich approached; they made way for him respectfully, for here he is a great personage.

"Allow me," he said, offering me his arm, "to take you to the buffet for some refreshment."

I bowed and accepted.

"You are very much flushed," he said, "are you ill?"

"I am not ill," I said, and sipped the lemonade he had ordered.

"You are unlike yourself, you are excited, unnatural."

"Oh, Prince Ulrich," I said, forcing myself to laugh, "I am excited by the joy of the dance."

"I think not," he said quietly, "you have something on your mind."

"The dance is nearly at an end," I said, "let us return to the ball room; in a few minutes everything will be over."

"I wish to detain you a minute," he said in his calm, impassive way, as if he always expected to be obeyed, "I have had a conversation with your mother."

"Oh, I know," I interrupted, "as a consequence I was locked up in my room for two days."

"I deeply regret to have been the cause of annoyance to you."

"Let us return to the ball room," I said again.

"No, kindly listen to me. Your mother tells me that your engagement exists not; she called it only an American flirtation; the nature of such an engagement I do not understand; for to my mind a betrothal is a sacred troth; but I want you to tell me whether you are free?"

"I am free," I answered. "I wish to be so."

"I shall not annoy you by my attentions," he said very gravely, "but I repeat that I love you, that I hope some day you will be my wife. I shall wait: Can you not realize, that I know you better than any one else? That I see to-night that your apparent gaiety is forced. There is a haunted look in your sweet eyes. Will you not at least treat me as a friend? Give me your confidence; tell me what is distressing you; let me be of service to you."

"Oh, Prince Ulrich," I said, all smiles leaving me and my anxiety no doubt appearing, "you have divined rightly. I am very troubled, very unhappy

this evening, but I can tell no one what is on my mind."

"If your parents are bringing too much pressure to bear on you, if they are distressing you by urging my suit, I shall retire; on my account no one shall molest you."

"Oh," I cried, "that matters to me no longer," then seeing by his pained surprise, what thoughtless words I had spoken, I hastily said, "Soon you will know why I appear like this to-night; you will hear me criticised. I care not what others say, but of you I beg — do not judge me harshly; and believe me, dear Prince Ulrich, the American girl must follow her own way, and you must go your road up to the high place to which you belong."

At that moment through the halls the fanfare sounded for the banquet.

"They await you," I said hastily, "at the Emperor's table. Our paths separate; here; now; at once. I am deeply grateful to you. Be not angry with me. Adieu."

He looked at me with searching eyes, trying to discover the meaning of my words; we had reached the ball room; the procession was forming for the banquet; there were different tables prepared; the high dignitaries were following the Emperor; no one would take note where I might be; now was the moment for me to disappear. I slipped off without being remarked, and made my way to my

room by an unused staircase. I tore off my ball dress as if it burned me.

I am all ready for my voyage, and to subdue my impatience I have been writing. One o'clock will be the hour for me to leave. I am dressed in a blue serge suit and a dark veil over a simple hat. I shall carry only a rug and my handbag with my necessary things. I have counted my money. I possess three hundred and thirty marks and twenty dollars. Probably Anna Engel had less. My pearls are around my neck, concealed. I hope to be quite unnoticed. I am happy to feel thus valiant and brave. I leave this place I detest with the hope of never returning. My diary accompanies me, the pansy and the forget-me-not pressed within its leaves. I shall lock my door so as to delay the search, but they will not look for me before to-morrow; and now I must go.



HANOVER STATION

XXVI

OCTOBER 2d. I am writing in the corner of the waiting room. To distract my thoughts from a dread of the future, I turn them to the events just past and so I shall take up the thread of my narrative.

Unobserved, down an unused stairway I slipped out by the servants' entrance, and from an inner courtyard I gained the way to the forest, which I had to traverse to reach the little station. The night was dark; there was no moon, and a damp mist clung to the trees. I knew well the path, every turn and every root was familiar to me since my childhood, so without hesitation I advanced, throwing only one look backwards on the illumined castle, which I hoped never to see again.

My heart was beating fast; not from fear but from a sort of tremendous excitement. I had gone a little way, not hurrying much, as I had given myself an amplitude of time, when I heard a dry branch crackle behind me. Then in truth, my heart did beat with terror. I stopped and listened. Yes, surely some one was following me. Perhaps a detective who might arrest me; I knew there were

several about, on account of the Emperor; or perhaps an evildoer who had been prowling about the castle, and observing me thus alone wished to rob me or do me harm.

Wild thoughts flew through my brain; should I run, or confront him, or hide? I could not see him, as the path wound among the trees, but I heard him approaching. A great oak stood to my right; I felt the roots rising above the ground, and noiselessly I hid behind it. The footsteps were not like those of a pursuer, but very uncertain and noisy; then I heard a low muttering, and soon the words came to me distinctly: "*Du herzallerliebste Yvonne.*" It was Candidat Hasemann. He also was leaving the castle, apparently suffering from the torments of his love for me; oh, how I felt at once reassured! At the moment he passed me, he stumbled over the protruding roots and fell all of his length; his valise rolling nearly at my feet. I waited. He soon picked himself up, ejaculating: "*Ach Gott! mein Zwickel!*" he had lost his eyeglasses, therefore he was like a blindman.

Should I make myself known, and help him find them? No, that would not be prudent; nobody must know of my escape. For some time on four paws, he searched for his pinch-nose, but was unable to discover it; picking up his valise, he stumbled along the path; I following at a little distance, and feeling protected by his presence. It

is annoying that women are exposed to dangers and fears which men can ignore, and thus appear so brave.

Our park extends to the station. In the obscurity of the trees I waited for the train. I could hear Candidat Hasemann wake up the station-master and ask for a ticket. Then our farmer drove up with the milk-cart; the whole scene illumined only by two or three lanterns. I had determined not to buy a ticket, so as to pass unobserved, and at that hour when every one is sleepy, there would be fewer formalities. It was unpleasant to be forced to be thus dishonest.

At last the train came puffing in. There were only fourth-class carriages to accommodate the peasants going to market to Hanover. While the guard was talking to our farmer, I slipped in to one of the compartments. The wooden benches were all filled with peasants; at the other end of the carriage I saw Candidat Hasemann, stumbling over baskets and dropping on the knees of a big fat man, who was asleep and who woke up with a fearful swear. It created a little commotion, and I quietly wedged myself between a peasant woman with a basket of hens on her lap and a little boy carrying a bundle of willows. Nearly everyone was asleep and paid no attention to me. The odor from fowls, vegetables, muddy boots, etc., was terrible. I buried my nose in my scent bottle, which

I had fortunately brought. It took over an hour to reach Hanover, and the time seemed to me long.

I felt very much abandoned as I descended into the great station. It was the middle of the night. Never had I found myself thus alone, and it gave me a sort of young, childlike feeling of dread; but I tried to overcome it and remember I was going to my dear grandmother who was ill. I reflected how Anna Engel, younger than I, poor and without friends, had ventured into a foreign country, whereas I was returning to my own dear land.

I inquired for the train to Hamburg; it was due at five o'clock, so I had over two hours to wait. Two hours to wait! Two hours to think! To wonder how I should accomplish my resolve. In all this long evening, with so many varied incidents, the thought of my grandmother had not left me for a second. Before taking refuge in the waiting-room I walked on the platform. It was cold, ill-lighted and full of smoke. I nearly ran into Candidat Hasemann, who was also pacing up and down with hasty and uncertain steps, but he recognized me not. Little did he think that the young girl he was in love with was so near him. I watched his ungainly figure and it reassured me a little in my strange loneliness.

A train entered the station just now; he and I

had both forgotten to buy our tickets, so we rushed simultaneously to get them. I arrived before him, and asked for a ticket to Hamburg.

"What class?" demanded the agent.

"First," I said.

"First?" he repeated with surprise.

"No, third," I said, reflecting I was traveling as it were in disguise.

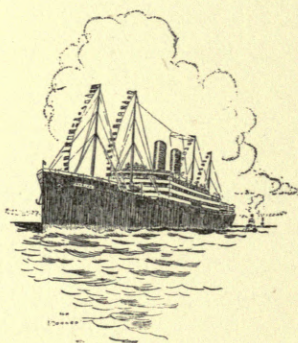
Cornelius Hasemann, breathless, having fallen over his own valise, was behind me, but quite unobservant of his surroundings and unconscious of me. Besides my veil was opaque. I heard him ask for a third-class ticket to Hamburg. As we returned to the platform we discovered it was a wrong train going to Berlin.

I sat down again. Through the window of the waiting-room I see Herr Hasemann; he looks perturbed; his gestures are more uncontrolled than usual. In Hamburg dwell his three aunts; there he will expect my answer. I have none to give. Why because I was interested in his thoughts, did he imagine I could love him? I must in future not show any sympathy to young men. How long the journey seems, I have before me! The ticket agent has looked at me curiously several times. He knew Herr Hasemann.

It is fortunate for me the Candidat lost his glasses; no one shall know I am going to America.

The steamer stops in England and France, and as I am a minor, I might be forcibly returned to my mother. That would be horrible! I must not betray myself.

ON BOARD THE *AMERIKA*



XXVII

OCTOBER 3d. The train for Hamburg came roaring into the station. I wished to avoid the Candidat; I saw him go forward, and so I went to the rear end of the train. The guard helped me, or rather shoved me into a compartment full of sleeping people. One little space in the middle seemed unoccupied, and in that I sunk, making myself as small as possible. Some of the persons grunted at being disturbed, but as soon as the train started all was quiet.

In the dim light I perceived nine people drawn up in grotesque attitudes: two women and seven men. Both windows were entirely closed. I gasped for breath in the thick air, and my zest for adventure was diminished. I wished I was not so young, and had a little more experience and self confidence; but what a coward I was not to be willing to endure anything for my grandmother's sake. I thought of Jeanne D'Arc and other heroines, younger and more ignorant than I; but their fortitude did not seem to fortify me very much; and as the train rushed through the night, I felt as if I were swept away in a strange fantastic whirlwind.

I wondered rather helplessly if my three hundred marks would pay for a cabin, and I also asked myself if I had better take an assumed name. I wish I could look like a widow; but how can I in a blue serge dress? No real disguise seemed practical, in fact, I have no dress at all to change, only a few underclothes and my tortoise-shell brushes in my bag; but I would not think so selfishly of myself any longer, and my thoughts wandered to my dear grandmother; how ill might she really be? "Serious, not dangerous," to repeat those words for ten long days on the ocean, away from all news, oh! what a torturing doubt!

To distract myself I began observing my traveling companions. In the opposite corner was a big, fat man. I could not see his face as it was sunk in his arm; his thick, not clean hand, covered with cheap rings, lay on his knee. A thin little man, with a funny face, and his mouth wide open was squeezed to small dimensions between the fat man and a very fat woman on whose shoulder his head rested. She had at least three chins, which hung on the great curve of her breast, as her head dropped forward. Her forehead was covered with curl papers, and on her lap she held an enormous green hat with yellow feathers. Next to her was a little old man with his head on her other shoulder, his feet were up on the seat, his knees nearly under his chin, and facing him in the same position was

a young man, with a straight nose and very black hair. A bandage was strapped over his mouth. I wondered if he had been wounded, and then I remembered advertisements I had seen for giving the upward imperial curve to the moustache.

I have now described the row opposite me; their lack of constraint made me think they were all relations, and I wondered if when they awoke they would be embarrassed to find a stranger among them.

On my left, were a man and a woman, whom I took for a married couple, as his arm was around her, and she leant against him. She also wore curl papers, and an enormous hat was suspended on the curtain above her. Two men, on my other side, slept with colored handkerchiefs over their faces. Every smallest space was crowded with bags, valises and packages whose extraordinary shapes puzzled me, but the light was very dim. My own bag I was obliged to keep on my knees, and my feet rested on a bandbox.

I could hardly breathe, the air was so oppressive, and for the first time since my escape I ventured to remove my veil; then, so as to lean back my head, I took off my hat. I closed my eyes, and I was beginning to doze a little, when suddenly a voice startled me, by saying, "*Erlauben Fraülein,*" and my bag was taken from my knees. I looked up and saw it was the man on my right. He placed the bag between his feet. I observed he had

deep sunken eyes, and very thin cheeks, and a pleasant, clever face, smooth shaven.

He whispered again, "Go to sleep, Fraülein, you can rest your head on my shoulder." I saw he did not mean to be impertinent, but simply was kind and friendly. I shook my head, and then hoping he might procure me a little fresh air, I asked if he would open the window.

"*Gewiss*," he said and opened it a crack, and then whispered again with a smile, pointing to the fat man, "Herr Meyerbaum will not support it long; he thinks night air injurious."

And in truth after a moment, the fat man's snore suddenly became a tremendous sneeze, which disturbed all the slumbers; with many ejaculations of disgust he rose and closed the window. My companion pretended to be asleep, and I did not move.

After a while I think I must also have slept, for I was surprised on opening my eyes to see it was daylight, and the people around me were all awake.

We had entered a station. My right hand neighbor was at the open door of the carriage, accompanied by a waiter carrying a tray with coffee and rolls. Every one eagerly took a cup, and one was offered to me. I suddenly became very hungry and was glad to accept it, and I felt thus much better. All my companions seemed of good humor although most of them had pale, tired faces, and they talked a great deal and very loudly. I thought

it strange that members of the same family should resemble each other so little.

After the train started again, I heard one of them say, "In an hour we shall be at Hamburg." So I asked a little shyly, "Do we have to change trains to get to the steamer landing?"

The fat man answered, "Yes, *mein Fraülein*, are you also going to America?"

I told him I was; and then they all said in a chorus, "So are we," and the fat man clearing his throat said, in rather a pompous manner:

"As we are going to take this long journey together over land and sea, allow me, *Fraülein*, to make presentations. I am Herr Meyerbaum, Manager of the Frankfurt Musikal und Lustspiel Gesellschaft, visiting New York, Chicago and other cities. This lady (indicating the fat woman) is Frau Theodora Matrosi, who takes the noble mothers' parts; our other leading lady is *Fraülein* Malvina Edelweiss."

Bows were exchanged between the ladies and myself. My polite right hand neighbor was introduced as Herr Schimmel, a distinguished flute player; the comic man as Herr Knackfuss; the old one as Herr Schnirbelmaul, famous violoncellist; the young man, who had removed his moustache trainer, was Herr Alfons von Ritterstuhl, who took the lover's rôle—a world famed tenor and a mandolin player. The one whom I had thought

was the husband of Fraülein Edelweiss, was presented as Herr Ludwig, without further qualifications. The men all stood up as their names were mentioned and made marvelous bows. Then they all looked as if they expected me to introduce myself. I felt terribly embarrassed. After a pause Herr Meyerbaum said, "And how shall we have the honor of addressing you, *mein Fraülein?*"

I said the first name that occurred to me, "Fraülein Schmidt."

"And what Christian name?" persisted Herr Meyerbaum.

"Rosa," I said feebly,

"And with what object are you visiting America?"

"Just for pleasure," I answered — not knowing what to say,

"*Ach,*" said Herr Alfons, "*wie interressant, wie köstlich.*"

The man at the further corner who had not been thus far introduced, jumped up and exclaimed, "My name is also Schmidt, Andreas Schmidt, without doubt we are cousins!"

I bowed and looked at him aghast. He had vivid red hair, brushed up straight, a red bristling moustache, green eyes, and the most turned up nose I have ever seen.

"I play the trombone," he announced; and so the

queer shaped packages I had vaguely descried, were different musical instruments.

We were nearing Hamburg and everybody's toilet was actively begun. The ladies removed their curl papers; the same comb was passed around which served also for the men's moustaches; the powder puff was freely applied; the red lip salve after the ladies used it was passed to Herr Alfons, who colored his rather protruding mouth. He also adorned himself with a cherry tie in which he planted an enormous scarfpin. He produced a mirror from his bag, which Herr Ludwig held for each one of the Troupe in turn. I soon discovered the latter was called upon to render every kind of service.

I was at first bewildered by the manners of the strange company I was in, but then I noticed how amiable and good-natured they all were together, and unrestrained, like children in the same nursery.

When the mirror was also presented to me, I looked, and saw a pale face and untidy hair. I adjusted myself as well as I could. I failed several times to respond when addressed as — Fraülein Schmidt — and then I remembered how in truth I was acting a serious role, so I must not forget to do it well. I took courage to ask Herr Meyerbaum if I should have difficulty in getting a cabin on the steamer.

"*Ach, mein Fraülein,*" he said, "you have no ticket? then you have started in a great hurry?"

"Yes," I confessed, reddening furiously.

"You are going to America so suddenly?" inquired Frau Matrosi, "and without preparations; but at least, my dear Fraülein, let me hope you have friends awaiting you in that far off land."

"I am going to my grandmother," I answered.

"*Ach!*" they all exclaimed, "you have a grandmother in America, has she been there long?"

"Oh, yes," I said.

"She is probably well established then."

"Yes," I answered.

"Then you are not seeking a situation."

I shook my head.

"Because," said Herr Meyerbaum, "I need an *ingénue* for my Troupe, and your appearance would correspond. You may also have some talent. Do you sing?"

"A little."

"Do you dance?"

"I have been taught."

"Do you play on any instrument?"

"The piano, the harp and the guitar," I answered, amused at his questions.

"*Famos!*" he exclaimed, "you will make a career for yourself under my protection and I will arrange about your berth at Kuxhafen."

"I think," said Herr Schimmel, "it would be well

for the little Fraülein to have us look after her and protect her; she is too young to travel alone."

The phrase was familiar to my ear.

"She will be under my care," said Frau Matrosi, laying her arm around my shoulder, and giving me a hearty kiss.

I was inclined to resent such a familiarity; but no, what is kindly offered must be graciously accepted; and I hoped that on the steamer we should remain apart.

"Well then," I said, "Herr Meyerbaum, if you will get a stateroom I should like one to myself; first-class if you please; and here are three hundred marks."

"*Ach*, first-class!" several exclaimed.

"*Kolossal!*" ejaculated Herr Alfons.

"But, dear Fraülein," said Herr Meyerbaum, "you know the saying: Only princes, fools and Americans travel first-class, and three hundred marks would not reach; leave it to me, I see you have no experience."

I tried to protest and explain, but we were entering the Hamburg station where we had half an hour to wait for the train to Kuxhafen. There was a tremendous excitement to disembark the Troupe with their thousand parcels and musical instruments. As we were crossing the platform, Herr Cornelius Hasemann was hurrying past us and collided with Herr Schnirbelmaul's violoncello. There were

loud expostulations, and everybody stopped and stared. I tried to conceal myself behind Frau Matrosi, and my thick blue veil was also a protection; at last I saw the Candidat vanish through the outer gate. With the usual, never-appeased hunger of traveling Germans, the Troupe entered the Buffet for a second breakfast, and with much noise seated themselves and ordered a copious meal. They grew quite sentimental over their last German repast, their last sausages and beer; and their standing toast to the Vaterland attracted much attention.

It was ten o'clock when we arrived on the dock. All the travelers were agitated identifying their own luggage. I sat a little apart on a box, feeling dazed and bewildered by all that had occurred in the last few hours. So here I was, having fled from my family in the castle and from the Emperor's presence, to become a member of a musical theatrical troupe; laughter and tears were striving with each other; I felt much like a wind tossed leaf, which one moment gaily dances in the air and then is swept low to the ground.

But not for long did I remain plunged in thought; soon Herr Meyerbaum appeared and called loudly the Troupe by name. They gathered around him like chickens chirping beneath the hen's wing. Seizing my arm, he said, "Come, little Fraülein, everything is arranged for you," and he marched me up the gang plank. After many inquiries the cabins

were found. To my dismay, I was told Herr Meyerbaum had been fortunate enough to exchange with a lady, who had given up her berth in Frau Matrosi and Fraülein Edelweiss's cabin, which I instead had the privilege to share with them. "The steamer is full," he added, "quite over full, and if it had not been for me, little Fraülein, you would have remained on the dock."

"But," I protested, "is the first-class so full?"

"First-class, little Fraülein, costs six, seven, eight hundred marks. *Ach!* you know nothing of the value of money!"

That was true indeed, so as cheerfully as possible I thanked him, and disposed my few things in the cabin; with the consent of the ladies I chose the upper berth. Then we all went up on deck, the ladies and men of our party wearing white duck yachting caps, thus endeavoring to assume a nautical appearance, and being certainly very noticeable.

As we were standing near the rail, suddenly Herr Knackfuss, the comic man, gave a piercing hoot, and wildly gesticulating, screamed, "*Mein Gott!* there is Herr Matrosi with his little sons and Frau Meyerbaum with her young ladies," and calls of Theodora, Rachel and Judith responded. Indescribable excitement followed, and shoving their way up the gang plank, several persons flew into the arms of the Troupe. After watching a passionate exchange of embraces, I was introduced to

Herr Matrosi; a tiny little man, with two fat little boys clinging to his hand, and to Frau Meyerbaum and her two Jewish looking daughters. They had come to surprise their relatives and bid them good-bye. Everybody talked at once with a hurried exchange of recommendations. Herr Alfons von Ritterstuhl was evidently a favorite with the two Fraülein Meyerbaum, and I never saw such coquetting in my life.

Herr Schimmel, who is evidently very kind hearted, thinking I felt lonely said, "It is very sad to take farewell of one's dear ones, but it is perhaps sadder to have nobody to say good-bye to; and then I love my beautiful fatherland and it pains me much to leave it. Perhaps, you too, *mein Fraülein*, feel as I do."

"We all love our own country most," I said, "and I suppose we thus think it the most perfect."

At that moment the bell of departure rang. With jokes and laughter exchanged between the Meyerbaums, and with loud sobs from the Matrosi family, they all had to separate. It was touching to see Frau Theodora arrange with lingering tenderness her little boys' curls, and then kiss them over and over again, with a thousand words of advice to her poor little husband, who was weeping copiously. Even when we were moving out of dock — in unchecked grief, with streaming eyes and reddening nose, unmindful of appearance, they

waved each other repeated farewell. Sorrow is contagious among warm hearted people, and soon the whole Troupe were in tears, and I found myself patting Frau Matrosi's shoulder like an old friend. "*Ach, Gott,*" she moaned, "if instead of being an actress I could only stay at home, and be the mother of my family."

It is now the middle of the day; we are well out at sea; I have found a still corner on deck where I am writing. At this moment perhaps, at Castle Wildesheim they are forcing open my door, to find the caged bird flown. They will not know where to look, but I shall not feel quite safe until Southampton and Cherbourg have been left behind, so it is well I am traveling under an assumed name.

My thoughts try to pierce the future; anxiety weighs heavily on my heart. The throbbing of the screw seems to chant the refrain—"Serious, not dangerous." Oh, if I were not to find my dear grandmother at the end of my voyage! I long to throw myself at her knees, and have her dear hands laid upon my head as if in blessing, for she alone in this world loves me. But I must be strong and brave, and if when I reach America I find in truth I am alone, then I shall work for my living, for never will I return to Europe. With a feeling of hate, I look back upon the fading shores of the land Herr Schimmel is staring at with love and regret.

XXVIII

OCTOBER 5th. I seem to have lost in the last two days my own personality. I am no longer the spoiled and petted Miss Carrington of America nor the respectable Comtesse Yvonne of Germany, bowing to Emperors and dancing with princes, but just plain little Rosa Schmidt; a member of Herr Meyerbaum's Troupe; called *Du* by the women, and surnamed by the men—*Dornröschen*. This arrived, because that odious Herr Alfons von Ritterstuhl seemed to me familiar and I treated him with a certain highness. Herr Knackfuss, the comic man was present and called out—“*Ach so! the rose has thorns,*” and thereafter they have called me *Dornröschen*.

Vulgar familiarity I will not permit, but otherwise I have certainly no superiority of position to exalt myself with. They have showed their real excellence by their kindness to me. Yet foolishly enough my nerves rebel when the women kiss me, and employ everything of mine they find useful. I am afraid I am still ruled by unworthy aristocratic prejudices and that I am not the true Republican I wish to be.

It is very unworthy of me to object to their manners and not to think only of their good hearts. I suppose that in Heaven we shall only be recognized by our hearts and souls, and that the surface of people which now attracts or repels will vanish; table manners and a refined tone of voice will not be considered; in fact, all the things will count for nothing which alone have been developed in my education. I must also in truth think more of what Candidat Hasemann calls — the inward growth of the Superman, and therefore it makes me ashamed when I review my memoirs to find therein only the account of little trivial things. I shall look for books of philosophy in the ship's library, and study them deeply.

As soon as the steamer rolled a little, most of the men and both the women were sick. Frau Matrosi makes a very astonishing appearance in bed. She wears a purple satin jacket, strewn with little blue flowers, and trimmed with tarnished gold lace, I suppose part of a discarded theatrical costume. She and Fraülein Edelweiss have not unrolled their hair from curl papers, which protrude beneath green and yellow checked cotton handkerchiefs tied round their heads. Herr Ludwig spends all day in the stateroom and renders them every sort of service. He appears to belong especially to Fraülein Edelweiss. I always supposed ac-

tresses were vain; but oh, no, in private life it is quite the contrary, and they display a superb indifference to the effect they produce.

I am now to call Malvina by her first name and *Du*. Her age seems to be a matter of uncertainty. I never go to my cabin except to smooth my hair and to sleep late at night. I am always on deck; I love the salt sea air.

Herr Schimmel — who must be quite an old man — often sits near me silently, like a good watch dog; he is most kind and attentive. He secured me a steamer chair which I paid for with my last money, for this morning an accident arrived to me. I always carried my purse in a little gold filagree bag, hung on my wrist. (The ladies thought it a gilt imitation like my brushes and other things. Malvina perceived my pearls and asked why I had not bought a bigger size, they did not cost any more.) I was stooping over the rail watching a school of fish when the chain caught in a hook, snapped, and the bag fell in the ocean. I was consternated for I was penniless. Herr Meyerbaum and Herr Schimmel were very sympathetic and when the others were told, they all offered to help me. As is always the rule when charity is proffered, they felt justified in asking me questions.

“Had my grandmother any fortune? Was I going to work for her or could she support me?

Where did she live? What was her name?" I answered as well as I could, but I find that one lie engenders rapidly others. I said her name was the same as mine as she was my father's mother.

"*Ach so!*" said Herr Andreas Schmidt, "I had an aunt — Anastasia Schmidt — who possessed a sausage factory in Milwaukee; is she not your grandmother? for then surely we are cousins?"

I looked at him a moment aghast; with his red hair and trumpet nose, the possible nephew of my beautiful grandmother making sausages in Milwaukee, and then I laughed, without answering, and I thought of Cousin Henry; how horrified he would be with my present companions, for he possesses not the magic wand that recognizes people's hearts below the rough surface.

Herr Meyerbaum announced afterwards that he would make good my loss, that he had a little scheme; he brought me a pamphlet and begged me to learn the part of Pierrette in a one act musical comedy. It will divert me from my sad thoughts. I have nothing to do and I can learn easily; I have acted before quite large audiences for charity; this will be in my own aid; it will only delay a little my research of the books of philosophy.

We have accosted Southampton and safely left without enquiry for me. Here is the rough copy of my letter to my mother mailed at Cherbourg:

“ *Dear Mamma,*—

“ I think it is my duty to let you know I have gone to America to visit my grandmother, and that I shall never return to Europe. I have been very unhappy with you, and I have displeased you much, by not marrying those you have chosen for me. You have also told me I was a bad example for Wilhelmine, so I have no doubt you are glad I have gone. If necessary, I shall earn my own living — a career has been opened to me. I shall take care of myself as an American young girl always can. It would not be truthful if I declared I was repentant for running away, and like Luther at the Council of Worms, I shall say, ‘ Were all the slates on the roof, devils, I could not do otherwise, so God help me ’; therefore, dear Mamma, permit me to only sign myself,

“ Yours very truthfully,

“ YVONNE CARRINGTON.”

I think my letter is very dignified, and my only pride is to be able to assert I am a free American. My mother loves me not, I know well; this is very sad I think for a child to feel, but what is the use for me to pretend an affection we neither of us have; my love for my grandmother alone fills my heart, since I know she is so ill.

I had just finished and addressed my letter when Herr Alfons passing through the saloon saw me; he had other letters in his hand, and offered to take

mine as the mail bag was being closed. I did not wish to offend him so I gave him the letter; he calmly read the address.

“Ihre Excellenz Gräfin Wildesheim,
 “Schloss Wildesheim,
 “Provinz Hanover.”

“*Ei, ci, so so*, in correspondence with a Countess.”

“Give me back my letter,” I said angrily; “you have no right to read the address.”

“Softly, Dornröschen, I can read what is open to the postman, *ha ha! ei ei! so so!*” he went off murmuring.

I was in a rage, but what could I do! He would tell the others, and they would ask me more questions, and I would have to invent more answers. I went on deck to see the new passengers arrive on the tug at Cherbourg. I was idly watching them, when I suddenly recognized Graf Adel, one of the young secretaries at the Embassy in Paris, whom I remembered had just been transferred to Washington.

I hastily pulled down my veil, and he did not recognize me; but Herr Alfons had apparently been observing me, for I heard him close at my side murmur “*Ha ha! ei ei! so so!*”

I walked away with my head in the air, and very much annoyed. It is fortunate that I am traveling

second class, for had I met Graf Adel in the Saloon, without a chaperon, everyone would think it improper; those absurd conventions are not observed among my present companions; there are several young girls, school teachers and governesses, who are by themselves, and whose dignity insures them respect. It is curious that with women who work, everyone is not ready to think they will misbehave — like ladies in society, who can never be independent without criticism, so I conclude that the usual careful bringing up by governesses, etc., does not educate women to take care of themselves, but very much the contrary. They are taught that they must depend on safeguards. It is the same with every one in high places, a parapet must surround them for fear of a disastrous fall. I think it is quite wonderful that I should have discovered this all by myself, but solitude develops reflection.

I went to my cabin before dinner; the whole Troupe was there assembled, but they did not perceive me at first in the door. Herr Alfons and Herr Knackfuss were perched on the bunk. Herr Meyerbaum occupied the only camp stool, and the other four men sat at the feet of the women's beds. Several of them were smoking and they were talking with great animation. Herr Alfons was saying: "Her letter was addressed to a Countess. I know the name; the Count is German Ambassador to

Paris, and she gave a start of recognition and pulled down her veil as a young man embarked at Cherbourg, and I have ascertained that —”

“What have you ascertained, Herr Alfons von Ritterstuhl?” I asked with a serene expression, but with anger boiling beneath. A bomb thrown among them could not have disturbed them more. Herr Knackfuss leapt to the floor and landed on Herr Ludwig’s toes; I then saw he was holding one of my brushes; Herr Meyerbaum held the other, and Malvina tried to conceal beneath her pillow my gold scent bottle.

“Dornröschen! Dornröschen! be calm,” said Herr Meyerbaum.

“I am perfectly calm,” I said, “but I should like to benefit by Herr Alfons’ information.” I disdained to inquire why they were examining my things.

Herr Alfons remained perched and with a silly snigger, he said: “Well, *mein Fraülein*, perhaps I ought to say Countess or Princess, as you came among us without a letter of introduction and your grand airs may betoken noble birth; I was telling our friends that a young man, a Count I find he is, is not unknown to you.”

“Yes, and what else?” I asked.

“And that in fact the German Ambassador and his lady, and his staff may be former friends or

patrons of yours, and," he added maliciously, "that your hurried departure may not have pleased them; I noticed you took pains to avoid recognition."

"Is this piece of news of Herr Alfons' very interesting to you all?" I asked. They looked embarrassed and did not answer. "And may I beg you to give me my brushes as I came here to prepare for dinner."

I washed my hands with as much unconcern as if I were alone. Herr Alfons descended from my berth and handing me my brushes, remarked — "It is curious that the initials on these brushes do not correspond with your name; I see Y. C. instead of R. S., and they are very beautiful."

"I thought they were imitation," said Malvina.

"Oh, no," replied Herr Alfons, "they are the genuine article — the finest I have ever seen."

I took them from him and smoothed my hair, then I replaced them in my traveling bag, leaving it open. All this was done with great composure — with what Hugo calls my *air noble*. They watched me in silence; having finished, I went to the door and turning round faced them all. I suddenly felt as if I had grown very tall, taller than any of them. I spoke thus:

"My good people, I came among you as Herr Alfons von Ritterstuhl says, without introduction; nor did I ask for any in return. You gave me the

names with which your audiences greet you; I have not asked what quarterings of nobility Herr Alfons von Ritterstuhl can boast of, nor any other questions. You asked me by what name to call me. I told you. Why the initials on my brushes do not correspond, I shall not tell you. You have been very kind to me. I thank you. That I know the Ambassador's wife is an accident for which I am not responsible, and my other acquaintances do not concern you. Freely you accepted me and you are free to dismiss me. Herr Meyerbaum, shall we part company?"

"*Ach! mein Gott! mein liebes Fraülein!*" he exclaimed, "by no means; it can be no fault of yours if you are an aristocrat; Alfons has a long tongue and a short brain; we care not what he says."

"Very well, my friends," I said smiling, "I shall gratefully remain among you. Gentlemen, dinner is ready. Frau Matrosi, if there is any nice little dainty—I will bring it to you and tempt your appetite. Malvina, you may keep my scent bottle, I give it to you—it is real gold." With that I left the cabin; I heard a few excited whispers and Herr Alfons exclaim, "*Kolossal!*"

From henceforth they have treated me with more reserve. Herr Schimmel alone changing nothing of his attitude of politeness and kindness. Thus my *air noble* imposed on them and I feel I have won

a little victory, and at the same time lost a little of their unquestioning confidence. I think they wonder if I am a runaway governess having stolen her ladies' brushes, or an eloping princess; but then princesses never elope alone.

XXIX

OCTOBER 8th. Three days have passed. Days at sea are monotonous. The weather has been rough. All the Troupe except Herr Schimmel are sick, and he is a quiet and silent companion. I feel he is good and kind; we sit on deck for hours without talking, watching the enormous waves rolling in their gigantic undulations, and his presence comforts me much, for in my heart a nameless dread is growing; the words "serious — not dangerous" beat upon it like hammer strokes. The word serious sounds fainter, and dangerous repeats itself insistently with greater certitude. O my God! not to know what at this minute may be happening! Torturing visions pass before my eyes of my grandmother asking for me, and finding me not; and yet one thought consoles me, I have done all in my power to go to her. I have snapped conventions like dry twigs, and subduing my fears I am coming as fast as this great steamer can carry me.

Not quite four months ago, with my face turned towards my dear country, I was also impatiently counting the throb of the screw; full of hope and

eagerness, and so very young in my inexperience of all things. I am still only eighteen but I have grown very mature. Men have loved me; that has taught me much. I have widely opened my eyes, and watched people in happiness and sorrow; and joy and grief I have also known, and thus in a short time I have grown old.

And then — oh, then, how can I describe it, the tokens of friendship I carry with me, have they not whispered things new and strange? The pansy, the forget-me-not! What thoughts do they suggest? Is he who sent them really my friend? Or just a strange, incomprehensible man whose image constantly pursues me? Poor, faded little flowers! They have lost all their sweetness and perfume, and perhaps I have also faded thus from his memory!

I am now alone and penniless, nothing to pay my voyage to Lenox. I may have to sell my brushes.

I was on the stern of the boat, watching the waves churned by the screw, and pity for myself overcame me, so that tears ran down my cheek. Slowly the sensation came over me that somebody was observing me — that strange feeling of a sixth sense that gives warning. I quickly turned and saw Graf Adel with his eyes fixed upon me. He is nice, young and very gentlemanly; but as his look of curiosity suddenly changed to a stupefied recognition, I grew more embarrassed. My cheeks

flamed with red and I was conscious of the tears still undried. I could not bring it upon myself to wipe them, and thus to acknowledge their presence, so with the formality proper in a ball room I bowed to him.

He approached me cap in hand; "Comtesse Yvonne," he said, "this is a most unexpected meeting."

"Yes," I answered with as much unconcern as I could assume, "my departure for America was sudden. I am going to see my grandmother who is ill," and then I added to leave him no doubt as to our future intercourse, "You see we are traveling in different classes. I am in second and you are in first, so we shall not meet; this part of the deck is allowed to us as it is the least agreeable; I think it is you therefore who have passed the forbidden boundary."

"Do I understand, *gnädiges Fraülein*," he said bowing, "that you are dismissing me?"

I hesitated. I felt keenly the pleasure of meeting a former acquaintance; he looked so nice as he stood bareheaded, and proud, and offended before me; and his manners made me realize how much I missed the lack of them in my present companions. The deck was entirely empty; the spying Alfons was prostrated by sickness, so why not accord to myself a few minutes of civilized conversation.

"Listen, Graf Adel," I said, "you must under-

stand that my position is unusual for a young girl of our world. You see I am traveling alone."

"Alone!" he exclaimed with surprise.

"Yes," I said with pleasure at taking somebody for the first time in my confidence, "I ran away."

"Comtesse Yvonne, we all know that, but thought not that you ran away alone."

"You all knew?" I said in stupefaction, "how is that possible and with whom could I run away?"

"We thought," he said embarrassed, "the journals said —"

"The journals," I cried out, "what can they know, what can they say?"

"Why, *gnädiges Fraülein*, when a young lady in your position disappears it occasions a colossal scandal."

"Oh!" I said consternated, "I never thought of that. I have been very stupid. I had only one thought in my head. Please tell me what you know."

We sat down on a coil of rope, for the steamer was plunging violently and it was difficult to keep our feet. My air of grandeur had departed; I listened to Graf Adel in a spirit of meekness and contrition.

"You disappeared the night His Majesty was at a ball at your castle. Of course the place was guarded by detectives and secret police; no one could come and go without being observed. The

next morning towards midday, you did not appear, nor answer any summons; so your room was forced open and found empty. At once search was made in all directions, then it was found that—" he hesitated.

"Oh, please go on," I entreated.

"That your brother's tutor, Candidat Cornelius Hasemann had suddenly gone in the night, leaving a short note for His Excellency giving his resignation but without any explanation. Countess Wilhelmine's governess had discovered a love declaration addressed to you by the Candidat. A detective had seen a young woman leave the Castle by the servants' door, shortly before the Candidat was observed to follow by the same path, in the forest. He thought they were having a tryst, but naturally when all these facts were ascertained, the conclusion was that you had both gone off by the milk train. At Hanover the ticket agent said he had recognized the Candidat with a thickly veiled young lady; they bought tickets together for Hamburg."

"The good Candidat has gone to Hamburg to stay with old maiden aunts; they have three cats, they call Jungfrau, Mönch and Eiger. The Candidat read me a letter last week, in which he was told that the Jungfrau had eight kittens. Oh, it is too funny to think I could elope with Herr Candidat Cornelius Hasemann!" I threw my head back and

laughed as I have not laughed all these weary months.

But Graf Adel looked serious; yes, very serious; regaining my gravity I said, "But tell me, how did you hear of my flight? You left Europe one day after me."

"Your father's private secretary wrote to me from Wildesheim, the afternoon you vanished; they had just traced your flight in company with Herr Hasemann. The further investigation at Hamburg had not begun. As I left Paris the newspapers had printed a headline — Daughter of German Ambassador to Paris Elopes With Brother's Tutor. Your mother was lamenting ceaselessly that the chances for your sister's marriage had been spoilt, and His Excellency also keenly feels the disgrace."

"Well," I said, "they are reassured now; for I wrote from Cherbourg; and as long as I eloped alone, it is perfectly proper, and nobody is disgraced."

Graf Adel did not look as if he were of my opinion. "I shall write to my step-father and beg his pardon; for I lived in his house and he has been kind to me, and I am sorry I distressed him; but oh," I said laughing again, "how I should like to have seen Herr Cornelius' face and the faces of his old maiden aunts, when the detective arrived at his home in Hamburg, and accused him of running away with me. Why poor dear man, there is noth-

ing he would have liked better, but it never entered his head. He was close to me in the station and never saw me; never knew I was in the same train. That is a fact, Graf Adel, although you look at me so incredulously. Besides it is only princesses who run away with tutors and grooms."

Graf Adel looked scandalized.

"And now listen," I continued, "you must not speak to me again. I am not Comtesse Yvonne. When I land I shall be once more Miss Carrington; at present I am traveling under an assumed name with a troupe of actors."

Graf Adel looked bewildered.

"Yes," I went on, "I am called now, Rosa Schmidt."

"Are you going on the stage?" he asked rather stupidly.

"I hope not to be obliged to, although many ladies do; and now," I said rising, "you must promise me on your honor not to betray me." I held out my hand; he took it.

"One thing, will you tell me why you ran away?"

"Yes," I said; "I told you a while ago; they telegraphed to me from America my grandmother was ill; my mother kept the news from me; when I saw the cable and begged to go, she would not let me; so you see,"—I tried to smile—"I was obliged to run away."

Graf Adel looked unconvinced, but he said, "I

promise not to speak to you, nor recognize you; but I beg you to let me know if I can be of any service to you. You are much too young and too beautiful to travel unprotected in a company of strange people, far below your rank. If I were not afraid of compromising you further, I should insist on your traveling under my care, but unfortunately, that is impossible."

"Thank you," I answered. "I return to my second class comrades with whom I can travel without being compromised. I am glad I met you; I am glad of the information you have given me; but one thing you must quickly learn; in my country, an American young girl can always take care of herself. Good-bye, and remember we know not each other when we meet." He looked at me questioningly one moment, then seeing I was serious, he bowed profoundly and left me.

I confess I have noticed more since this meeting the little vulgarities of the Troupe. I am afraid I am neither a philosopher nor a true Republican; and the clouds overhead seem very dark and heavy, and the waves beneath very gray and angry.

XXX

OCTOBER 10th. I appeared last night as Pierrette in a performance our Troupe gave. This is how it happened. Among the first class passengers there were no distinguished actors and Herr Meyerbaum was asked to permit his Troupe to give a performance for the benefit of the Sailor's Haven. He accepted on condition that half of the proceeds went to his comedians, as they were not in a position to give their services entirely free. He told me he had made this arrangement for my sake, as I had lost my money overboard, and I should get the whole. This I refused, but said we should all share alike. Before I promised to act, I looked over the passenger list to see I had no acquaintances on board. Graf Adel's name was the only one I knew, and I was sure I could depend on his discretion.

Thus the night before landing the performance took place. First on the program was a monologue by Herr Knackfuss, supposing himself to be a German emigrant arriving in New York, meeting millionaires who asked him to dinner, and offered him their daughters in marriage. It was amusing

and fantastic, as the author had never been outside his own country; I think people can write more entertainingly of things they know not, than of things they are intimate with.

Then followed a duet between Malvina Edelweiss and Alfons von Ritterstuhl, very sentimental and not to my taste. Thirdly, Frau Matrosi and old Herr Schnirbelmaul had a little dialogue as between two German peasants, which was amusing for those who understood the dialect.

Then came the last number in which I appeared as Pierrette, in a costume composed of my white silk petticoat with black paper disks sewn over it, a white loose waist of Malvina's decorated in the same manner. With white tissue paper I made a big ruff, and with stiff white satin paper I cut out a three cornered hat, with different colored ribbons hanging from one corner. As I stepped forward I made a sensation, and was greeted with a great deal of applause. Herr Schimmel was Pierrot; although he is quite old, over fifty, he has a nice baritone voice. Herr Schmidt was dressed as Arlequin; he and Herr Schimmel serenaded me in turn, singing with guitar and mandolin; with rouge and paint we made quite a good effect. Herr Ludwig stood behind the piano representing the moon; his round face, plastered with white appeared through the hole in a disk of blue paper, and looked very comic. I sang and I danced or rather went through

a figure with steps and conventional attitudes. I may say our comedy was a success.

Herr Meyerbaum wanted me to go the rounds with my three cornered hat to make the collection, but I absolutely refused. Herr Ludwig performed the duty instead.

I had noticed Graf Adel in the front row ; he gave no sign of recognition ; afterwards the general attention being directed to Herr Meyerbaum who stood up to make a speech, unobserved Graf Adel approached me and whispered :

“ Last time I had the pleasure of seeing you act was at the Russian Embassy before the Grand Duchess Vladimir ; your comrades were two princes, the contrast is strange.”

“ Oh, yes, I remember ; but these people act better, and they are kinder, more helpful and less jealous.” As I spoke, I know not why, a great lassitude came over me ; a desire to hide myself ; and in the midst of the noise and clapping of hands which greeted Herr Meyerbaum’s speech, I slipped away to my cabin unseen.

It was quiet there, and as I stood alone, suddenly I was overwhelmed with a terrible feeling of unhappiness. I cannot describe it ; a sort of nameless misery, that ran through every vein, down to my finger tips ; a wretchedness that made me feel like a little lost child. I saw my painted face in the mirror, and for the first time I realized how my

grandmother would have disliked to see me thus; and tearing off the hateful clothes, I effaced the paint and powder. Such a yearning I felt to seek refuge in her kind arms; it seemed to me I was like a young bird fallen from its nest, unable to fly and with no one to assist it.

I climbed into my berth and hiding my head in the pillow, I sobbed, I sobbed as if my heart would break. I was disturbed by Herr Ludwig who is always sent on errands. He entered my cabin, and his round, painted face appeared over the edge of my berth. I laughed, and then I cried, and then I laughed again in a sort of a convulsive way. He looked at me alarmed and ejaculated: "*Ach du Himmel! die Kleine hat Nervenanzfall!*" and he rushed away.

A moment later, as I lay panting in my berth Herr Schimmel entered; he was also still dressed as a white-faced Pierrot, but he made me not laugh. He looked at me in his quiet kind way and took my hand, and stroked it soothingly, as an old nurse might have done and murmured, "*So, so! muss nit zweinen, armes Kindchen; kleines Mädel, das so schön gespielt hat.*" And over and over again he repeated the same words, patting my shoulder and stroking my hand; so I sobbed no more and only shivered from time to time as waves ripple after a storm.

Then he offered me a glass of water, and I sat

up to drink it. At that moment Herr Meyerbaum and Frau Matrosi, followed by Herr Schmidt entered the room, and were aghast at my face all swollen and red.

“*Du barmhertzige Jungfrau! Das Kind ist entstellt!*” from Frau Matrosi.

“*Potztausenddonnerwetter!*” from Herr Meyerbaum.

“*Ach Jeminä! Cousinchen!*” from Herr Ludwig.

Then Herr Meyerbaum said I must wash my face and get up; they were going to have a glorious supper in the purser's room, with toasts in my honor, and he laid nine dollars on the bed as my share of the proceeds. “Come Dornröschen,” he added, “I will give you a famous engagement; you will become celebrated, and make a lot of money; a lot of American money; big dollars; but you must clip your thorns and be a good little Rosa, for nerves destroy the happiness of the actress and the patience of the stage manager.”

“Yes, my little one,” said Frau Matrosi. “I will comb your beautiful hair and smooth it, and wash your pretty eyes.”

But I shook my head, and lay down again, and turned my face towards the wall. After a few more excited expostulations, Herr Schimmel sent them away and said he would care for me.

Standing by my berth, he began singing softly

those sweet German folk songs, until I was quiet and peaceful. I turned to thank him. He stopped me: "Hush, hush, *kleines Mädel*, thank me not, and listen to me and rest. You are delicate and sensitive, and not shaped of the same coarse material we are; you are not meant for the life we lead; it is full of hardships and knocks which bruise the tender ones like you. I know not why you strayed among us, but I know you must leave us and wander back to your own again. I saw the fair young gentleman speak to you; he is your sort, — you and he — not you and we belong to each other. I have seen much of life; not from the boxes all high and gilded, but down in the pit, where delicate flowers like you are trodden upon and soiled by coarse usage. So far, you have grown on a long noble stem; you carry your head high, and thorns prick the hand that would pluck you. It is among such carefully raised flowers, in a weeded garden that you must bloom, not among us poor thistles and dusty wayside plants. Your fragrance is very sweet; we have all felt its purity; you know not of evil and therefore know no fear; but listen, my child, to the man who trembles for you, and is full of fear."

He paused a long time, and then asked, "One question will you answer me? Are you going to a strange country? I think not that you are a German. Have you friends here?"

“Yes, dear Herr Schimmel,” I said, “to you alone I will tell my story. I have run away from those I lived with in Germany; from my mother, my step-father, my brother and sister; my own father was an American. I am an American. I love my wonderful country. I am a true American. I have friends here, and above all my dear grandmother; it is to her I am going. Yes, to her I hope.”

But my heart misgave me at the assertion I was making with a certitude of disaster; and again big tears came to my eyes. Without further questioning Herr Schimmel began singing again and I must have dropped into a profound sleep for I heard him not go, nor the two women come to bed.

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This account I have been writing on deck where I have sat since a very early hour. Last night I felt like a foolish weak child, this morning I am strong and courageous.

The lines of hills are growing visible. I look on them with ardor, drawing hope and resolution from the joy of returning to my dear country. The aspect is not bright with the fresh green of June, but the land looks soft and hazy, and a patriotic tenderness fills my soul. Once more I shall step onto American earth. That joyous thrill is sufficient to inspire me with courage — and thus what the good God sends me, I am ready to face.

I had nine dollars; three I gave the stewardess who seemed pleased, even unto surprise. The six remaining shall pay my journey to Lenox. We land in time for me to take the afternoon train. It is a wonderful satisfaction to possess money one has earned. I am proud of it; and it gives me confidence that if forced to, I can earn my fortune; for whatever happens I will not return to Europe.

I found on my bed an engagement drawn by Herr Meyerbaum, to which I only need sign my name; his New York address I have; thus, my fortune is assured, if all else fails me. A great shadow of grief hangs over me, which veils the prospect before me. In a few hours it will be cleared; until then my destiny is obscure. Is my fate to be like the carefully tended flower in a blooming garden? Or am I to be the lonely rose of thorns, with head held bravely high, pricking the fingers that would pluck it? Oh, I know not!

RILLDALE



XXXI

OCTOBER 11th. I sit looking at the blank pages of my diary, and knowing so well the words that will soon cover them, my pen trembles, I hardly can write, for how can I describe the emotions I have experienced?

Twenty-four hours ago I disembarked at New York. Mr. Meyerbaum had signed our papers. On the dock I did much interpreting for them all, and for the first time they thus knew I could speak English. They pressed me to spend the night at their boarding house, but I said my grandmother was ill, and I must go to her at once. I felt a never-before-imagined impatience that stung me like the pricks of a thousand pins, to depart rapidly.

Finally, I got away. I had the intelligence before stepping into a carriage to ask the price, and I found I would not have enough money for the train; so I took various electric trams, and after two or three mistakes I arrived at the station, running to catch the train for Lenox.

I sank into a seat which I fortunately occupied alone. I was breathless, my heart was beating, and

every nerve was tingling with apprehensions vague and unformed. Then as the dismal blocks of houses became visible, and later the fields and fences disfigured by odious advertisements, the sky grey with heavy clouds, the day vanishing sadly without the smile of the setting sun, the air growing cold and raw, my abject condition was so overpowering, that never a thrill of joy did I feel at traversing once more my beloved American land.

Pictures of my grandmother lying cold and senseless, without response revolved before my vision like fever dreams. I saw myself kneeling at her bedside, praying, sobbing, and her hands unmoved, white and rigid, unable to extend the blessing I implored. No words of comfort could she speak, and my misery grew beyond any power of expression. Great pain turns us into dumb animals.

I had a book, but I could not read. I had eaten nothing since early morning, and knowing I required all my forces for my journey's end, I bought a sandwich at a station, but I could not swallow it. Night came on, and the train wound its way into the hills, sweeping round great curves, following a river's course. I could hear the wind howl in increasing fury, and the rain beat violently against the window panes. A suffocating steam heat was turned on to the car, which I had never known, and which made me feel dizzy and faint.

A thousand times I looked at my watch. The

minutes are exactly timed on the clock but not so do we realize them; to the happy mind they fly like seconds, to the anxious heart they are prolonged into hours, and the hours into centuries of pain.

Two stations more! I was growing wild at the delays; I glanced out of the window and saw as the train moved slowly again a beautiful horse, prancing near the platform. A tall man preparing to enter the carriage bent forward to speak to the coachman. The light of the lantern fell on his face. It was Herbert Dale.

I rose in my seat with the impulse to call him, but we were speeding past the station platform. It was too late. I sank back with a sob of disappointment. He had been near me through all this terrible journey. He could have set my mind at rest. An intense longing came over me, for some one to take care of me. All my proud independence was gone.

The last moments of suspense passed. New and conflicting emotions possessed me. Lenox! was called out. I rose and grasped my bag and rug, my sole possessions. My knees trembled so, that as I stood on the platform with the wind beating against me, for a moment I could not move. One or two travelers passed by and drove off hurriedly. The rain had changed to sleet and after the hot train, I was seized by the cold.

The night was dark. I saw no other carriage,

but I rallied my strength: I had not traveled three thousand miles to be a feeble coward in the end, and stumbling on to the platform with a voice nearly firm, I asked the chief of the station where I could obtain a carriage.

“Where do you want to go?” he asked.

“I wish to drive to Mrs. Carrington’s house,” I answered.

“That’s the old lady who died a week ago; the house is closed, the help left this morning.”

I stared at him with my eyes wide open as if I could not understand what he said. He moved away, I remained standing in the wind and rain. The man returned, he said,—

“I am going to close the station, you can’t stay here — what are you going to do?”

“I don’t know,” I said feebly, “where can I go?”

“The hotel is open,” he said, “or have you friends in these parts?”

“I have one friend in Stockbridge.” I spoke hardly knowing what I said.

“Whereabouts?”

“I could not tell you where he lives,” I said.

“What’s his name? I know most of the folks about.”

“Herbert Dale.”

“Oh, that’s all right, he’ll look after you. I’ll put you on board the trolley car for Stockbridge. I hear it coming now. You are powerful young to

be traveling alone and you are soaked through already. You need some one to look after you."

"Yes," I said, "I need some one to look after me."

"Well, Herbert Dale will do that all right; he is the right sort, and don't you forget it."

A shrill whistle pierced the night. The chief of the station had an umbrella, and he tried to shield me with it, but it was nearly blown from his hand. I observed everything as if my senses were strung to the keenest perception.

The lights approached; the electric train stopped.

"Say, Billy! Let this girl out at Beach Road; she is going to Dale's." The conductor nodded, the chief of the station shoved me in.

"Good-night," he shouted.

"Thank you," I said and the car started.

I paid my place and sat perfectly still. I felt as if I were turned to stone; all the nervous restlessness was gone; from time to time I shivered so that my teeth chattered. I do not know how long I remained in the car. The conductor called to me, "Here's your stop."

I got up, "Where do I go now?" I asked mechanically.

"Follow the road to the top of the hill; up there on the mountain you can see the lights of Dale's house."

"How far is it?" I asked.

“A bit above a mile. Here’s your grip you were forgetting.”

I descended into a pool of water. The rain stung with icy sharpness; the wind had risen to a gale, and my garments whipped around me so that I could hardly walk.

The tramway started, and soon vanished in the dark. I was alone! The obscurity was profound. The deeper blackness of trees and bushes was the only indication of the sides of the road. The sleet transpierced me. I stumbled at every step; my bag was heavy. My only guide was the distant light on the mountain, which seemed to recede as I advanced.

Twice my hat blew off, and as a more furious assault of the wind swept upon me, I stopped, and said to myself with great clearness of mind as if counseling some one else — “Leave your bag and rug under this tree; by the side of this bridge; there you can find them to-morrow, for you are too weak to carry them further; your hat leave there also; your strength is nearly gone; you must depend only on your will. Courage! March! you must reach his house to-night.” If but the stars were shining that might smile on me, as if with the eyes of the dear dead! For there I like to think they dwell. But no! Above, around, on every side, only darkness.

The road mounted steeply; my breath was short;

my heart beat in a strange manner; my eyes were fixed on the mountain. I stopped again, and I could distinguish the lights in the distant house shining from different windows; as I looked I saw one extinguished, and then another. It was no doubt very late, and soon the lights would all be out, and then how should I find the way? Should I lie beneath the hedge like a poor lamb lost in a storm? Surely then I should die. I shivered from head to foot. I was wet; I was cold, and the darkness filled me with terrors. I thought I saw weird shadows moving; and with a sort of despairing resolution I advanced murmuring: Courage! Courage!

I reached what seemed the top of the road; another road ran across it. On the hill side, one light was shining; the wind struck me as if to throw me down; I bent my head, and when I lifted it again, the light was out. Which way now to turn? I knew not. I knelt down and prayed, and in my anguish I prayed to my grandmother, as if she were a saint in Heaven.

“Oh, my dear Grandmother, I have come to you from across the great Ocean, longing for you all the time, for you are the only one who loves me. I yearned to have your arms about me, and have you bend your head to bless me; bless me now I beseech you; I have lost my way; I am like a little desolate child, and I shall die if I find no shel-

ter; children die and young people like me too, it matters not so very much, but I should like to live a little longer; show me the way to his house, for there I shall be safe."

I rose from my knees, and turned to the left; thus the wind was behind me. I had gone but a few steps when I perceived to my right two gate posts; they surely indicated the road to a house, and as I passed through they seemed vaguely familiar. Instead of the deep mud I had been traversing I could feel beneath my foot the gravel of an avenue. I mounted onwards by great bends, amidst open meadows; then the avenue continued through a wood which was so dark, I had to feel my way slowly; I passed on a bridge, beneath which I heard water flowing. Then I remembered how in the summer, when my pony had run away and I was lost on a similar road, that I had passed likewise through prairies, a forest and a stream. Then I was suffering from great heat in the blazing noon sun, now I was perishing from cold in a stormy night, but surely it was the same path.

In the same manner as before, when I thought my strength was utterly gone, the trees unexpectedly opened to a clear space, and I saw the outline of a big house.

I reflected thus: "Is every one asleep within? Where can I enter? Shall my knocking be heard?"

Vaguely to my right I see a faint reflection of a

light. I mount the stone steps of a terrace; I perceive that through three long windows light is shining; I approach, and turn the handle of the nearest window. I open the glass door. I walk in, shutting the door behind me.

I was in the library I remembered so well. A fire was blazing in the great chimney; Herbert Dale sat in front of it. He turned and saw me, and jumped to his feet. I could neither speak nor move; a strange faintness came over me.

He looked at me first with the greatest surprise, and then with a sort of horror. He has told me since, that as I stood there, pale, with staring eyes, for an instant, he thought I was my own spirit.

Half unconsciously I held out my hands to him and murmured, "I have come to you, please take care of me."

He came forward; I felt the touch of his fingers; everything grew obscure. He caught me as I fell. Gradually my consciousness returned. I was lying on the sofa before the fire, and he was kneeling at my side, chafing my hands. I kept my eyes closed not to disturb what seemed at first a wonderful dream. I heard him murmur: "Poor little girl! Poor child!"

His voice was gentle, his hands held mine in a clasp so protecting and strong, I felt with a sense of peace that at last, someone was taking care of me; thus I moved not, but remained quite

still. He lifted a strand of my hair which had blown all over my shoulders. "Where does she come from, she is dripping wet!" He made a movement to rise from his knees. I could not bear to have him leave me; I opened my eyes and looked at him without speaking. He bent over me; his expression was anxious and so kind as I had never expected to see.

"Yvonne," he said, "speak to me, where do you come from?"

"From Germany," I answered.

"From Germany!" he repeated, "I mean to-night where do you come from?"

"Out of the storm," I murmured, and I shivered.

He rose to his feet: "Where is your maid? Where is your trunk? I heard no carriage approach. You must change your clothes."

"I came alone," I said, "I have brought nothing with me."

My lip trembled; it was difficult not to cry, for I felt very pitiable. He looked at me perplexed and repeated, "All alone from Germany," and seeing my shoes covered with mud he bent down and took them off, "you walked here, how far?" he asked.

"From the tramway at the bottom of a hill, up a long, long, road."

Again I shivered.

"You are cold; you must take these wet things off. I have no woman in the house. I am only

picnicking here with a man servant; he went to bed some time ago." He knit his brow as if reflecting.

I arose and stretched out my hand to him: "Oh please Mr. Dale, don't send me away again. I have nobody in the world to go to now; let me stay by the fire; I shall dry myself thus, and soon I shall be stronger; just to-night let me stay."

He took my trembling hands in his. "Dear child," he said, "don't be alarmed: you shall remain here. I am going to hunt for something that you can wear."

He left the room. I stood by the mantelpiece and waited. In a moment he returned carrying a red silk quilted and embroidered Japanese kimono, woolen golf stockings and a fur coat.

"Take your dress off," he said, "here by the fire, and put these things on. I shall be gone for a few minutes to warm some milk for you."

He went, and I obeyed him and took off my clothes. I wrapped the red silk gown around me, pulled on the long woolen stockings, and put the fur cloak around my shoulders. I then sat down in a big arm chair by the fire; my hair fell to my waist, for I had lost all my hairpins when the wind blew off my hat.

I must have had an appearance extraordinary, for when Mr. Dale returned, he stood still an instant looking at me and exclaimed, "By Jove!"

He gave me a long glass filled with warm milk, a little sweetened and with rum in it. I drank slowly; a delicious warmth penetrated me, for until then I had felt as if the marrow of my bones were congealed.

"That is good," I said, and he put down my emptied glass; then drawing a chair near mine he sat down beside me.

"Now," he said, "if you feel up to it, tell me what strange adventure brought you here to-night."

"But yes," I answered, "I will tell you everything: the reason of my leaving Germany was I heard my dear grandmother was ill, very ill, but my mother wished me not to depart, so I had to run away from the Castle and go to America alone; from the steamer I went to Lenox, and there the chief of the station told me my grandmother had died last week." Emotion overcame me: I hid my face in my hands, and I sobbed.

"Poor little girl," he said softly, and laid his hand on my bowed head as if to protect me. It soothed my grief a little. I no longer sobbed. After a moment he gently drew down my hands from my face, and said: "Listen, Yvonne, I will tell you now what I know about your grandmother's illness, if you want to hear."

"Oh, yes," I said, "I beseech you tell me everything about her; for I know nothing." And as he drew not away his hand, my fingers remained

clasped in his, and this seemed to give me courage to listen, and comfort to my sorrow.

He began in a low, even voice. "Your grandmother came as usual to Lenox this autumn. I have always called on her, and this year I went oftener than usual. We often spoke of you. She loved you dearly."

"Yes, I know," I said with a sob, "and I loved her more than anybody on the earth."

"She told me," he continued, "that she feared you were not happy with your family in Germany; that perhaps your mother did not quite understand your character."

"Oh," I cried, "my mother has never tried to understand me, she thinks I have nothing but bad qualities!"

"Your grandmother on the contrary said you had the warmest heart and the sweetest disposition she had ever seen, but she dreaded that in your impetuosity you did not often consider the consequences of your acts."

"That is true! I am constantly astonished at what arrives to me."

"Therefore I think she was worried over you. The last time I saw her,—she was then feeling very unwell,—she said to me it would be a comfort for her to know that I would stand by you in case of necessity, for if anything happened to her you had no one to turn to."

"Oh, yes, that is so," I said and bent my head to hide my tears.

"I assured your grandmother I would do my utmost to be of help to you, although I feared I was not the kind of man a young girl like you would appeal to."

"Oh, why not?" I asked looking at him questioningly.

He looked at me a moment with an expression I could not define. "We shall not talk now of other matters which concern you and which your grandmother apparently ignored."

I knew not what he meant.

He continued: "Your grandmother's cold developed into pneumonia; she became rapidly unconscious, and was spared all suffering, for when I returned five days later I met her nephew, Henry Short, who told me she had died very peacefully."

I moaned: "Oh, my dear, dear grandmother," and because it was she who told him to be my friend, as he sat beside me holding my hand, I leant my head upon his shoulder and wept.

"Poor little girl," he whispered, and I felt in truth like a desolate child.

After a while, as I became calmer, he said: "Listen Yvonne, I will tell you the rest."

I sat up straighter and wiped my eyes, regaining thus the freedom of my hands, for I knew he could not hold them forever.

“The funeral was in New York five days ago. I tried several times on the following days to see your Cousin Henry, but he was either absent from his office or engaged. At last this morning I obtained an interview; it was not altogether a pleasant one, for when I told him I wished to ask what news he had of you, as I intended writing to you, or perhaps running over to Europe for a few days; he informed me it was impossible to communicate with you at present; that he had received a very disturbing piece of intelligence concerning you, the nature of which he could not discuss with a stranger.”

“Oh, what an odious man he is!” I exclaimed with indignation.

“He was very much excited and relentlessly uncommunicative. I cabled to you, and decided to await your answer as to whether you would like to see me or not.”

“Oh, how good you are, how kind!”

“I was keeping my promise. Now will you tell me your own tale, how you came to my house to-night?”

“I arrived by the last train to Lenox.”

“I was on that train.”

“Yes, I only saw you as you entered your carriage, it was too late to call you. When at the Lenox station I was told my grandmother had died, that her house was closed, and when I was

asked if I had any friend, I could only think of you. I was put on the trolley car, and then left at the bottom of the road, with the light of your house to guide me. Oh, it was terrible walking in the darkness and in the storm, and when the light went out, I thought I was lost; but no, the good God heard my prayer, and I found your avenue, and thus I came. That is my story."

"I want to hear more of your future plans, but we shall wait till to-morrow; now you must rest."

As he stopped speaking, in the silence, a clock in the hall struck the hour; we listened, I counted twelve strokes; we looked at each other.

"It is late," I said.

"Yes," he answered, "I shall make a fire in one of the rooms upstairs, for the house is very cold."

"Let me remain here," I said, "I can sleep near this beautiful fire, on that long comfortable sofa, thus I shall give no trouble."

He reflected a moment. "Very well, stay here; I will get blankets and pillows. A dressing room is next door, where you will find brushes, soap, all you require. May I ask if you brought nothing with you from Europe?"

"Oh, yes, a few things, in a bag I left under a big tree by the bridge. I was too weary to carry

it further, my rug covers it, it may not be quite spoilt."

"To-morrow we shall hunt it up," he said, and left the room.

I found all I needed in the dressing-room; it refreshed me washing my tear-stained face. I braided my hair in two long plaits, and when he returned he found me on the sofa.

He arranged the pillows beneath my head, covered me with the blankets as carefully as a woman might have done. And after putting two enormous logs on the fire, he looked down at me a moment. I gave him my hand: "Good-night," I said, "I know not how to thank you! for had you not taken me in, I certainly should have died in the storm," and very shyly I added: "May I call you, my Friend, now and for always?"

He did not answer me at once, then he said: "I never succeeded in being a woman's friend; with a child it may be different. Good-night."

He left the room, I not knowing how to interpret his words; all the tenderness he had shown me had gone from his voice; I felt chilled and distressed.

I lay a long time with my eyes wide open, staring at the firelight; the long red and yellow flames flashed brightly and lost themselves up the big chimney. I could hear the wind sweep round the

house. I was in safety, and yet all alone in the world; the uncertainty of the words "serious, not dangerous" had resolved themselves in the knowledge of my great loss.

Nobody cared now what happened to me! Why would he not call himself my friend? Did he mean he liked me not as a woman, but only as a child?

I looked around the great room filled with fantastic shadows. The room I had entered so cheerfully when the roses bloomed in summer, into which to-night I had been driven by the storm, in despair seeking a refuge. On the next day no doubt I must leave. Should I ever come back again?

Feverish, with images of all sorts chasing through my brain, I know not how long it was before I fell asleep.

XXXII

OCTOBER 11th continued — I awoke with the sound of low voices talking in the room. At first I thought I lay in my berth on the steamer, and then I suddenly realized where I was.

The sun was shining brightly; I saw Mr. Dale speaking to a young girl. I wondered who she was. They stood in the window; I noticed her hair was the color of flax.

As I moved, they turned round, and I recognized Anna Engel. She came forward quickly, and we kissed each other.

“How well you look!” was the first thing I said, for in truth she no longer appeared like the poor consumptive girl in the hospital.

“*Ach liebes Fraülein!*” she exclaimed, “it is owing to you and Mr. Dale that I am alive; you are my two benefactors, and in my prayers your names are always united on my lips.”

I know not why, but I blushed, and I felt very shy when Mr. Dale wished me good-morning.

“You have slept nearly twelve hours,” he said. “I hope you feel rested; a room is prepared for you upstairs, and Fraülein Engel will show you

the way. Your clothes have been pressed; I found your bag; the rug preserved it from utter ruin, but your hat has vanished."

I thanked him for the trouble he had taken, and Anna Engel and I went upstairs. A charming bedroom, with a fire brightly burning was prepared for me. Also a cup of tea.

"How pretty this is!" I said, and went to the window which overlooked the terrace and the woods beyond. It resembled not the scene of last night; everything was lit by the sun making the whole earth shining and happy; and my anxious feelings were replaced by a sensation of sadness full of resignation.

Anna and I talked for some time; she was very sweet and sympathetic about my dear grandmother; as much so, as if she had also loved her; her gratitude to me is very touching, for it was simply a lucky chance on my part that I had helped her, with no trouble to myself. I told her how much influence her own story had had upon my resolve to come alone to America. Thus one person's experience seems to be a link in the chain of all human experiences — bound together and endlessly revolving.

She expresses the greatest reverence for Mr. Dale and cites of him all sorts of acts of kindness. She leaves the Home in a little while to achieve her complete recovery at San Moritz, where Mr. Dale

has arranged that she shall go with Mrs. Lacy to be the governess of her two little children.

I like to think that, although he seems hard, and brusque, and cynical at times, he possesses all this great thoughtfulness and goodness, which must be his real nature.

Anna Engel left me while I dressed. It was delicious taking a warm bath in the white tiled bathroom. I am ashamed to love so all the luxuries of existence, and after the squalor of the ship they seemed to me more enviable than ever. My clothes were miraculously restored to a decent appearance. I look rather pale, and feel full of lassitude, which is but natural.

Having some time to wait before lunch, I wrote the experiences of yesterday in my diary; then the gong sounded and I descended.

Mr. Dale and Anna awaited me in the library, where a little table was set for us in the big window. I was silent, and they spared me the effort of conversation. Mr. Dale said that Anna would remain with me here in the house, and he spoke not further of my future.

After lunch he invited me to go to drive with him, which I willingly accepted. I wore a fur coat of his, and having no hat, I bound a blue scarf round my head. He said it mattered not, as we should avoid the village and frequented roads.

We drove in a phaeton with two horses; he con-

ducted himself; we went so quick, so quick, that it was an excitement and a pleasure.

The air was wonderfully fresh and sparkling, and the mountains looked blue. He told me that the brilliant foliage had been blown off by last night's storm, but many yellow and red leaves were left in protected valleys which gave me a proof of the beautiful carnation the trees of America wear in Autumn.

When I thought of my grandmother, the tears would rush to my eyes, but at the same time I felt a quiet joy to be alone with him, and yet a feeling of great timidity possessed me also. He questioned me about my life in Germany, in the castle, and said he was sorry for me to have been subjected to a woman like Fraülein. I spoke of my Latin lessons with Candidat Hasemann, which had been transformed into philosophy and ended rather unfortunately. Then I told him of my first quarrel with my mother, how she wished me to marry an Austrian nobleman.

Mr. Dale looked at me curiously when I said this.

"I fancied from something my nephew Bobby told me, that you were already engaged."

"Oh," I said consternated, "what has Bobby told you?"

"Bobby informed me he had asked you to marry him when you were together at Bar Harbor; you refused because you were already engaged; he said

to me: 'You know, Uncle Herbert, all the men are crazy about her; a foreign prince was running after her, an idiotic middle-aged cousin was evidently dotty about her, and even an old chap like you would think she was the most attractive girl in the world,'—Bobby shows occasionally some discernment."

This Mr. Dale said smilingly, then he added in quite a different tone: "Your grandmother, as I hinted to you last night, was ignorant of your engagement, or else I hardly think she would have considered it natural for you to want to turn to me in your trouble. I promised, however, to do what I could; but I do not know if in the future my services can be acceptable to you or not."

Oh! what difficult situation was mine! He who had been disappointed by a young girl—and rendered cynical thereby, how would he understand that I also could so easily break my engagement. Especially, Romola being my cousin, he would consider it a family resemblance, just as our noses and eyes are alike!

I looked all around me; we were driving on the top of a high hill, the beautiful country displayed before us on all sides, and distant mountains over which the sun was gradually descending; no cloud in the sky. I turned and looked at him. He was watching his horses; his face was in profile, clear cut, with a firm, decided chin. Oh! how I wished

to have him like me, and approve of me, not consider me a child, but a woman. I understood also now his refusal of friendship.

"Mr. Dale," I said speaking with much hesitation, "it is very difficult for me to explain to you the circumstances of my engagement."

"I have asked for no explanation," he said coldly.

"Do you not wish to hear?" I asked timidly.

He turned and looked at me, and I looked up imploringly into his eyes, "I want you not to think badly of me," I said.

His expression became softer with the kind look I love so much. "I can not think badly of you, no matter what you say or do, you strange, adorable child."

A little reassured, I began: "You see when I came to America in June for the first time, I had never talked to a young man, except to Bobby on the ship, but then he is only a boy! So at West Point it was my first experience. An officer took interest in me, and gave me history lessons. Do you know, Mr. Dale, I think it is not wise to let young men give young girls lessons. I know not why, but it renders the teachers very impressionable."

"Even the Latin masters," he said laughingly.

I blushed and went on—"So because I knew so little of life, and because also this young officer was very nice, and wore the American uniform,

I thought it a thing all natural, when he said he loved me—to become affianced to him. It desolated me, later on, to break my engagement, for I am afraid it hurt him, although he was never bitter, and was not rendered cynical; he only looked very sad when I told him he must surely think it wrong to be espoused without my loving him. Do you not think I was right? ”

“ Oh, Yvonne! ” he answered, speaking more impulsively than I had ever heard him, “ I can not be your judge; you are the most beguiling creature I have ever seen. I am sorry for the poor devil. He is no doubt a brave man; I congratulate him at not being cynical. I doubt if in his case I should behave so well.”

Oh! I wanted so much then to ask him again if he would be my Friend: I need a friend so much, but I did not dare.

For a time we were silent, then he questioned me about my voyage on the ocean. I told him about Herr Meyerbaum and the Troupe.

When I had finished, he said: “ I do not like at all the idea of your associating with all those people.”

“ Oh, but Mr. Dale, they were very kind to me; and do you not think that true nobility consists in not being dependent on other people; think you not, that it is well to earn one's own living? ”

“ I agree with you there, I respect workers of all

kinds. Typewriters, stenographers, teachers, even factory girls are a far higher type of woman than idle society girls whose only interest is in their flirtations."

His saying this strengthened me in my resolution to seek work.

On returning to the house I lay down, as I felt much fatigued. Anna Engel sat with me in my room. She told me that during the last two months Mr. Dale had her learn typewriting; she had done work for him, and earned quite a little money; on her telling me this, I asked her if she would lend me seven dollars, that I would repay her in a week or two. I mean to go to New York and seek employment; this I did not tell her. She was so pleased that I should ask of her anything, and offered me more; but that will suffice as I only need enough to get to the city. Unfortunately I forgot the cheque book at Wildesheim, my grandmother had given me. I know nothing about money affairs, but I certainly can earn enough to support myself.

Anna Engel has also lent me a hat; I divine it is her very best, but it is very ugly.

We dined again in the library, and soon after dinner Anna Engel went up to her room: she is very discreet.

Mr. Dale and I sat before the fire. It was so intimate, so delicious, I wished it could always be

thus; but my thoughts were rudely dispersed by his first words.

"We must talk a little about your future plans. I have sent a cable to your mother, to reassure her; for she must have suffered great anxiety concerning you."

"She has suffered principally because she thinks I disgraced the family and have ruined the prospects of a high alliance for my sister Wilhelmine."

"How old is Wilhelmine?"

"Only ten, but my mother has plans for her future."

"I think your mother will no doubt send for you."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "it would be the most horrible thing to return. How can you be so cruel as to suggest it?"

"Surely a young girl of eighteen can not run away from home and expect to be allowed to wander about at her will. I have telegraphed to your Cousin Henry. I am going to New York to-morrow, I shall see him. He will very likely return with me. You can remain here with Anna Engel for the next two or three days; then I think the most suitable place for you to await your mother's orders will be with your Cousin Carolina; Henry Short is your grandmother's executor, and he is, no doubt, your trustee."

I stared at him as he spoke, with my eyes wide

open with horror. I rose to my feet; at first I could not find my breath to speak, then I said, in a very low voice, looking down at him: —

“You want to torture me; you have thought of everything that would be the most terrible for me. I would never have believed your heart could be so hard and unpitiful.”

“My dear child,” he said, and rising stood in front of me, “I am profoundly sorry for you; I wish some happier plan could be devised, for I know you have no great fondness for your cousins.”

“I hate them!” I muttered.

“If your aunt, Mrs. King, were here, you would naturally go to her house, but she and Nancy are abroad; only Mr. King and Mischief with her governess are in town. Besides I have no right to decide what you shall do, whereas your Cousin Henry has the right. You must be patient, and things won’t appear quite so bad.”

I was trying very hard to control myself; it is a dreadful sensation to be on the verge of crying at a moment when you want to appear very strong; I felt as if I had to plead to save myself from an awful destiny.

“You do not understand,” I said, “that Cousin Carolina likes me not at all, she has always thought badly of me, now she will think worse for my running away from my home. Cousin Henry although he approves not of me, likes me too much, that is

unendurable. I don't know how they will treat me if I return to Germany." I could speak no more.

"Come," he said, "don't take things quite so hard. You exaggerate the disapproval of your mother and your cousins; they will understand you ran away to reach your grandmother; that you are sorrowing for her now. Promise me you will be a good child —"

His saying this was more than I could bear. Half sobbing, I cried: "I am not a child, I will not stay with my cousins, I will not go back to Germany. Nobody wants me, I am all alone in the world, and I am very unhappy!" I leant my head against the mantelpiece, and I wept bitterly, very bitterly; nothing was heard in the room but my sobs. After a moment Mr. Dale approached me and laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Yvonne, my dear, don't misunderstand me; from the bottom of my heart I am sorry for you. I want to do all I can to help you, but you are very young —"

"Oh!" I cried raising my head and facing him, the tears running down my cheeks, "I know you treat me as a child, but I am not; Anna Engel at my age gained her life, I made nine dollars on the ship, so I am capable of working."

"That will hardly be necessary for Mrs. Carrington's granddaughter," he said with a smile; a smile apparently at my childishness; it was intolerable.

“I can not bear,” I cried, “to have you treat me so; you mock yourself of me; you and Cousin Henry, seeing I have so little power to defend myself, want to force me to follow your wills. Ah! if you knew how sad it was to lose what one loves, to have every one think badly of you; that because one is young every one thinks you foolish! You would not be so cruel. I thought perhaps on account of your promise to my dear grandmother you at least would try to be kind to me; but no, you even refused to be my friend —” No longer could I control my bitterness and sorrow, and sobbing I ran out of the door, up the staircase, into my room.

With every sort of emotion and despair I paced up and down unceasingly. After a long time, I had to rest from sheer fatigue.

To calm myself, as is my habit, I sat down and wrote these pages. Midnight is striking at the hall clock! My resolution is formed. I have run away once, I shall run away again. Nobody shall know where I have gone. I have only to sign my engagement with Herr Meyerbaum; thus my future is assured. I shall work, I shall grow old, and some day Herbert Dale will say: “I was mistaken, she was not a child.”

XXXIII

OCTOBER 12th. The sun streamed into my room as I awoke. Anna Engel stood at the foot of my bed, she was smiling. "You look," she said, "when you sleep, like a little girl twelve years old."

"I am nearly as old as you," I said.

"*Ach!* after working three or four years and living among strangers one's youth disappears. But here is a letter from Mr. Dale. He left by the early morning train."

When I was alone, I broke the seal with hasty fingers; the letter was dated last evening; here is what he wrote —

"*Dear Yvonne,*—

"I hear your footsteps pacing the floor above me; to know that you are agitated and unhappy distresses me more than I can express, more no doubt than you will believe. I wish, my dear, (the word 'child' was effaced) that instead of adding to your perplexities, I could help you to your independence, for this apparently is your chief desire. You call me cruel; it is the last thing I wish to be. I

am afraid my arguments were clumsy; I am aware they were unconvincing, but perhaps when you realize the trust placed by your grandmother in Mr. Short, in making him the executor of her will, for her sake you may wish to consult him; in fact, I have no right to any decision. You misunderstood my meaning if you thought I refused to be your friend. Yes, let me be a friend; this is a suitable position for a man who is twice your age; and yet this title and also what must seem to you my advanced years, do not enable me to keep you under my roof, and I am forced to seek for you a shelter elsewhere. Therefore I beg you not to judge me too harshly, if I am constrained to act the part of a severe mentor. . . . Your restless little feet are still pacing above me, betraying the state of mind which I have provoked. My heart aches to comfort you, but here below I must remain, and I must also remain by my resolve to resign my care of you into the hands of your cousin, at any rate for the present. Forgive me for accomplishing my distasteful task.

“Yours faithfully,

“HERBERT DALE.”

How can I describe the impression his letter has produced! His style appears very clear and yet I do not understand the meaning of all he says. He wants me not to think him unkind; his idea

of friendship seems but a cold one, yet if his heart ached for me, then he has some warmth of feeling. One thing is clear: his will is strong, but so is mine, and Cousin Henry shall not be my ruler.

A train leaves Stockbridge at one o'clock; my preparations to depart are all made. I told Anna I wished to lunch early, and go to drive immediately after. She has to spend the afternoon at the Home, for some treatment she is taking. It is a cheerful place. We visited there this morning, and all the patients speak enthusiastically of Mr. Dale. It must be the best thing in the world to be rich, so as to be able to help the poor.

I am writing my answer to Herbert Dale:

“ Dear Mr. Dale,—

“ You wrote with the wish to pacify me, and you try to be kind, but in the same way that your resolution is unchanged, so is mine the same. You say you have no right over me; therefore I have no reason to obey you, and I am leaving your house; for I understand well that even if you were my friend and had grey hairs, I could not stay here longer. What it signifies to have Cousin Henry execute my grandmother’s will, I know not, but his will he shall not execute on me: for he would in truth be my executioner. I should die if I lived with him and Cousin Carolina! I am going to earn my own life; you said you respected

working girls the most. I may not become rich at first, that matters not, but I will prove to you that I am not a child, and as I have given you and other people much trouble, it is well for me to disappear, and cause no more annoyances. I am fortunately in my own country, thus I have nothing to fear when I travel alone, and this inspires me with courage and confidence in my future. Good-bye, dear Mr. Dale, I thank you for letting me stay these two days with you; notwithstanding my great sorrow, I shall keep of them a good remembrance. Not for what you intend to do, but for what you have already done in the past, I shall always be

“Your grateful,

“YVONNE.”

“P. S. As soon as I have earned money, I shall send you the ten dollars you paid for me and Angélique, in the train to Newport, the first time I saw you; for I wish not to be in your debt.”

To Anna Engel I wrote a few lines thanking her for the seven dollars, which I should soon return, and for her hat, which is suitable for me now as a working girl. I told her I was going to New York, and not to be disturbed about me at all, and that her story and example had been my great inspiration.

For the last time I look out over the distant blue hills, this scene I have so quickly grown to love.

It would be a happy fate to live here always, but I shall never see it again.

I have lost my grandmother; my friends all disapprove of me; I have no fortune; I must depend alone upon myself; I am in debt of seventeen dollars, and so I must go and earn my bread. Thousands of other young girls do it, so why not I?

NEW YORK



XXXIV

OCTOBER 15th,—Frau Goldstein's Boarding House — Three days have passed since I last wrote, and I must begin with the moment I left Stockbridge.

It was very easy to depart; I went to the station all naturally without any one questioning me; I gave the coachman the note for Anna Engel; the one for Mr. Dale I had left on the hall table.

It was dark when I arrived in New York; I felt very calm and independent, as a young girl must, who has no one to occupy himself with her. The red capped porters rushed at me when the train stopped, for my costume being cut in the last fashion does not reveal my poverty, but I refused their assistance, and carried my bag and rug alone. I took a cab, and gave the address of Herr Meyerbaum's boarding house, near the docks on the West side. As I drove through the streets, I thought how they symbolized my destiny; first the brilliancy of the quarter of the rich, with illumined shops offering every luxury to the passerby, then the gloom and poverty of the streets entering the quar-

ter of the workmen. Would my courage suffice to confront these conditions? But I cheered myself by remembering that the Troupe would welcome me as a friend.

The cab stopped before a house; every door step resembled the other exactly, and I wondered if people living there would not likewise lose their own individuality.

A great many Jews were lounging about, who stared at me curiously. After a discussion with the cabman, in which I remained firm, I paid him one dollar and a half; that left me fifty cents as only fortune.

I rang the bell. After a long interval a big fat man came to the door and only opened it a crack: "Vat do you vant?" he asked with a strong German accent.

"I want to see Herr Meyerbaum and Frau Matrosi."

"Frau Hirsch!" he bellowed with all his lungs. "Frau Hirsch! a yunk lady, vants Herr Meyerbaum."

"Tell her he is not here," screamed a woman's voice.

My heart sank. "Please ask if Frau Hirsch knows where he is, and the ladies and gentlemen with him, for they belong to the *Frankfurt Lustspiel Gesellschaft*." I tried to prevent my voice from trembling.

The question was roared up the stairs; the man held the door half open while I stood outside.

"Der was no blace for dem here, I send dem to Frau Goldstein boarding house." Frau Hirsch gave the address.

"Is it far from here?" I asked.

"*Ach nein!*" said the fat man. "You take first street *links*, go five blocks, turn *rechts*, three houses, you find all right," and he closed the door in my face.

Several people were staring at me, but remembering Evelyn's advice in the poor quarter of Boston, to walk quickly without looking about, I started off to follow the fat man's directions.

I discovered the number of the street; it was very difficult to read it on the top of a lamp post; I passed two or three houses; then I stopped and asked a woman for Frau Goldstein's boarding-house; she pointed to a house close by; one mounted by steep brown stone steps, half of which were broken and split.

I rang a bell, but I felt as I pulled it that the wire was dislocated inside; I waited — I knocked at the door; there was no response; so I turned the handle and found I could enter.

There was a staircase straight in front of me, lit by a little oil lamp. On either side of the entrance were two closed doors. A strong odor of *sauerkraut* and fried salt fish pervaded the house;

a smell I discovered later to be always present. I heard voices and the clatter of plates. I advanced along the narrow corridor and found that the smoke from the frying fish, and the voices arose from below. The stairs descended in front of me, so I adventured myself to do down. An open door showed me a room where half a dozen people were eating. I looked in vain for Herr Meyerbaum and the Troupe; the people were strangers of a Jewish type; they stared at me but went on eating. I turned away; opposite me was the kitchen. A woman stood in front of the stove with the greasiest appearance I have ever seen; she was frying something which exhaled the odor of burning fat.

"Does Frau Goldstein live here?" I asked. The woman paid no attention to me, but ladled some sort of pancakes into a dish an untidy little servant held out to her.

I was indignant to be treated so impolitely, and I asked again imperiously: "Is this Frau Goldstein's house?"

"Vat do you vant?" said the woman. "I am Frau Goldstein."

"I wish to see Herr Meyerbaum."

"Herr Meyerbaum?" she repeated, "I don't know no Herr Meyerbaum."

"*Ach Frau!*" said the servant girl in German, "that is the fine gentleman who left the sick lady here and paid for her in advance."

"*Halt dein Maul,*" said the woman crossly, and shoved the girl out of the room, with the dish of cakes. "Now vat do you vant mit Herr Meyerbaum?" she said turning to me. "I no like ladies to come ask questions; they wants to know if my lodgers sleep one in a room, or ten in a room; or how long my servants vorks; I mind my business and I vant —"

"Frau Goldstein," I interrupted her in German, "I have come to join Herr Meyerbaum; I belong to his company."

"*Ach so!* vell he and his company have gone," she said in English.

I felt now that I had nowhere to turn to; then I remembered what the servant had said about the sick lady, and I asked who she was.

"I forgot her name," said Frau Goldstein. "You go see her up three flights back; I busy now."

Being thus dismissed, and in absolute uncertainty as to whom I should find, I went up three flights of stairs. Above the first floor the house was unlit, and I had to feel my way. Arrived on the landing, I listened; for I knew not which room it might be. I heard someone cough and then moan. Seeing a light under a door, I took courage and knocked.

"*Herein!*" said a very hoarse voice.

I entered. In bed, sitting up, with a green cotton handkerchief round her head, and the red satin

jacket I knew so well, sat Frau Matrosi rubbing her chest.

"*Ach mein Gott!*" she exclaimed. "*Die liebe Rosa!*" and she opened her arms in an embrace, into which with inexpressible joy and relief I sank. After the first demonstrations of mutual pleasure at meeting, I sat down by the bed, and answered her question as to how I had so unexpectedly arrived; I told her of the death of my grandmother, and that I had come to sign my engagement with Herr Meyerbaum, as I intended to work with the Troupe.

She sighed heavily on hearing this, and told me Herr Meyerbaum and the rest of the company had left yesterday for Trenton, New Jersey; that she had caught a heavy cold; bronchitis it must be, and was unable to accompany them; she would rejoin them when she was better, "but *ach! Himmel!* I am not better; I am much worse; I have a terrible cough, and pains everywhere. I have no one who takes care of me; I shall die in a strange land, and Herr Matrosi and my little boys will not even see my corpse." She began to weep, which made her cough violently.

"Dear Frau Matrosi," I said, "I will take care of you, and you will soon be well."

"Do not leave me, dearest Rosa," she said, clinging to my hands. "Two days I have been alone; the maid brought me a little to eat for dinner, but never since, all the afternoon has any one been

near me. It is a dreadful place; they are Jews, and the first house we went to were Jews; and when we walked about the streets looking for rooms, the big American rain drops wet us to the bone; and everywhere, Jews! *Ach!* I think New York ought to be called New Jerusalem."

I sympathized with her, and tidied her room, and then said: "I shall go down stairs to get supper for us both."

With my most imposing manner, I confronted Frau Goldstein. I told her I was a friend of Frau Matrosi, and was going to stay and take care of her.

I carried some thick looking soup and bread upstairs. Frau Matrosi was thankful for the slightest thing I did for her. A sort of closet, fortunately with a tiny window in the ceiling, was arranged for me, with a cot bed. My rug served as blanket. After all my anxiety of that evening, and the fear of being abandoned all alone in New York, this seemed like a haven of salvation, and weary with extreme fatigue, I was not long in falling asleep.

Next morning, Frau Matrosi and I talked over our situation. She told me she had written to Herr Meyerbaum, a few hours before I came, to say she was dying. A letter arrived when I was downstairs from Herr Ludwig, who not knowing Frau Matrosi was worse, sent her three dollars to pay her way to Trenton, where she was to join the Troupe

at once. They had engaged an *ingénue*; "she is about fifty," wrote Herr Ludwig; "she sings three notes and dances two steps; she flatters Herr Meyerbaum and Alfons. Her hair is blond; the gentlemen like her, but Malvina does not. Come at once, as we have an engagement in another town; our receipts are very small."

Frau Matrosi lamented over this letter; she was quite unable to move; as for me, my chance to work with the Troupe, which I had counted on, had gone. I told Frau Matrosi that I must try and find some kind of work.

"*Ach was!*" said Frau Matrosi, "then your grandmother left no property."

"Oh, yes," I said, "but I know nothing about it, and being a minor, I shall have to wait nearly three years to inherit."

"*Ach!*" said Frau Matrosi, "American laws are no doubt strange, but she might have left you furniture or clothes. Did you find nothing? Did you look in her mattress?"

"No, I did not inquire," I said.

"Rosa, Rosa, that was not clever of you; you have probably been robbed. When one's relations die, it is the first question one asks: what does one inherit? You must write to her pastor."

"I can do nothing at present, dear Frau Matrosi; I cannot explain to you my circumstances; I simply must earn my bread, for I only possess fifty cents."

"*Ach was!* fifty cents! that is nothing. The pension here costs eight dollars a week; mine is paid till to-day, that is all; and here are three dollars; they will not be enough for us two, for even two days. I who thought to become rich in America, and to return with a lot of money and buy a velvet smoking coat for Herr Matrosi, and give a noble education to my little boys, and have a sofa where my guests could have the place of honor on my right. *Ach!* instead I perish in a Jew boarding house, with Jew food; I who am a German Christian, with a German Christian appetite."

"You will get well," I said as cheerfully as possible, "and I shall go out to-day and find work."

"What can you do? Can you cook, can you sew, can you wash and iron?"

"No," I said shaking my head.

"How were you brought up then? I see by your delicate white hands you are incapable of work."

"I was brought up," I said bitterly, "to be perfectly useless; but I know languages, perhaps I can teach. I have a friend who at my age earned thus her living."

"You can try," said Frau Matrosi doubtfully, "but forgive me for saying it, your parents brought you up foolishly. I have seen other young girls, because they could not use the ten fingers the good God had given them, go to perdition. Teaching is

an ungrateful task, for you have to force children to be less stupid than they were intended to be, and they are very rebellious against instruction."

My future was dark, and I felt no longer as if to earn my living were so easy.

It was Saturday afternoon; it was cold and rainy; I walked on Eighth Avenue, for there are many employment offices there. I entered several. Oh! they were dreadful places; filled with people standing apparently for hours, waiting for employers, like cattle in a market. My courage gave out. I could not join that horde. I passed some hat shops, and inquired if they needed any one to work. In two shops they brusquely told me no one was wanted; in a third they asked me a few questions as to former experience; I having had none, they dismissed me. How do young girls acquire their first position?

When I came back, I found Frau Goldstein had demanded advance payment from Frau Matrosi for her board and mine. Thus the three dollars were spent.

Sunday, I walked about a little to get fresh air, and reflect over my sad fate. I decided to sell my tortoise shell brushes. Thus Monday morning,—that is to-day,—I started for the richer part of the city, and went to a shop where they sold articles of luxury. I offered my brushes, knowing they were

one hundred francs apiece, for thirty dollars for the three, just half their value.

The salesman laughed at me, and showed them to another man; they both laughed, and said they made no such trades, I had better take them to a pawnbroker.

Flushed with mortification, holding my head very high, I left the shop. I could have cried from disappointment; for I had promised Frau Matrosi to bring her back plenty of money.

I returned to my poor quarter, realizing that fine shops sold but would not buy. I passed a pawnbroker, Isaac Levi, by name. I entered and asked what he would pawn my brushes for. He looked them over, then looked at me.

"One dollar," he said.

"Oh, no," I cried, "they are worth sixty dollars."

"I haf no use for such dings," he said; "I would buy your tress, that I could sell, but prushes, I haf no customers for prushes like dese."

I turned away.

"Say, I give you tree dollars; I be generous if you pring me oder dings."

I nodded in acquiescence, and exchanged my brushes for three dollars and a pawn ticket.

A woman entered the shop with a baby in her arms, a little child following her; she looked so

weak as if she could not stand. I watched as she offered a ring to be pawned; her wedding ring, she said, and after much discussion she got twenty-five cents for it.

She staggered as she left the shop.

"Here is your pawn ticket," called out Isaac Levi.

"I will give it to her," I said and ran after her.

She leant against the wall, coughing as I had never heard any one cough. I feared she would drop the baby, and I offered to take it; she opened her arm and the baby slid into mine; it hardly weighed anything, and seemed half inanimate.

The older child cried: "I am hungry!"

The woman recovered from her coughing attack, and started off again, I following with the baby. She stopped at a shop, and bought bread and a bottle of milk, and some tea.

Further on she entered a house, and we ascended a dark flight of stairs; we went into a room where I first saw nothing, it was so dark; the only light came from a window over a door.

"What did you get for it, Jeannie?" asked a man who I discovered lay in bed.

"A quarter; not enough to buy coal. I'll get hot water next door and make tea."

"Who is the young lady?" asked the man.

I spoke: "I carried the baby for your wife; shall I give it to you?"

“Yes, Miss, give me the poor wee thing.”

I laid the baby beside him. “I am afraid you are ill?” I said, “and your wife has a bad cold.”

“We are all ill,” said the woman, “and it’s more than a cold I’ve got.”

“Please,” I said, “will you let me give you this dollar for some coal? I wish I could help you more, but I am not rich.”

“Who are you?” said the man.

“I live not far from here; I am called Rosa Schmidt, and as soon as I find work, I may be able to help you a little. And what is your name?”

“Alexander McGregor. I am ill now going on three months; my wife has lung trouble; this wee baby is sickly from her birth. Ah, yes! Miss, we are badly off just now, but you are welcome to come back, help or no help.”

I left oppressed by the sight of such misery, and determined to sell one of my pearls if I could not find work, although that would be breaking my resolve to earn my own bread. I bought a newspaper to look up advertisements for teachers or governesses. I call myself Rosa Schmidt as Frau Matrosi believes that to be my name, and I wish not my rich friends to discover me. Would they not force me to live with Cousin Henry and Cousin Carolina, or return to Germany? Rather will I suffer any misery. And thus I have lived my first three days as a working girl, without work!

XXXV

OCTOBER 18th. Two days more I have wandered about looking for occupation in shops and employment bureaus; the declaration I had made to Mr. Dale to earn my life was the only thing that kept up my courage; I am resolved to prove I am not a child as he thinks, but oh! it seems impossible for me to find work, and I wonder what is the use of so careful an education if I can put it to no profit.

When I demand a place of governess, these are the species of questions I am asked:

“Have you any references?”

“No, but I speak French, German, Italian; I play on the piano.”

“Let us see your school and college certificates.”

“I have none, I was brought up at home.”

“At least you must have credentials as to your moral character.”

And when I again say I have nothing to prove my respectability, then I am dismissed. Oh, what a difficult problem I have to solve. I knew not how little experience I had of life. Just to be in America, I thought, would make everything easy, but I discover that even in my dear country, one

cannot freely labor, without severe certificates, and I am astonished in New York to find that all the inferior classes are composed of foreigners. If I called myself an American, I should then be the only one of my nation, for the people I encounter in offices come from every part of the world. Everything seems to me very strange and perplexing!

At last I have succumbed and sold a pearl, and thus acknowledged to myself my own incapacity. I feel deeply humiliated!

I came home yesterday cold and tired, and hungry, for I had only ten cents left and I gave them to an organ grinder, whom I had watched a long time and who had received nothing. He was laboring, I was idle, so he deserved it.

I found Frau Goldstein making a terrible scene to Frau Matrosi. The latter was sobbing, and crying she had no money to pay the rent, and Frau Goldstein was screaming, we were a pair of beggars she would turn out in the street.

We owed two days' board and rent, so her words were true, but they made me angry.

"Leave this room, Frau Goldstein," I said very quietly but with my grand air, "in an hour you shall be paid and we shall go."

My accent was so determined that she believed me and went away grumbling, slamming the door behind her.

“Do not weep,” I said to Theodora; “in a little while we shall be out of our misery; pack up the things.”

I went into my little room and detached a pearl from my necklace; I know not what they are worth, perhaps a thousand dollars each, for they are large and perfect. My heart ached to part with one, for I remembered so well how lovingly my dear grandmother had clasped them round my neck.

The pawnbroker, Isaac Levi, had his shop near by. Quickly I walked there. After a long examination of the pearl through a lense, and much bargaining, he gave me a hundred dollars and said if I had others he would buy them of me. I saw my brushes had been untouched and I redeemed them. In my purse I found also Mrs. McGreggor’s pawn ticket, so I got back her ring.

I felt very rich with my ninety-six dollars and a half. I returned to the boarding house. On the steps stood a tall thin man pulling at the broken bell. We stared at each other a second, and simultaneously we exclaimed, “Herr Schimmel!”—“Röschen!”

I was overjoyed to see his dear kind face; he took my two hands in his: “*Ach!* Röschen! you have changed; you look unwell and pale,” he said.

“I have grown a little thin,” I said, “but I am very strong.”

I asked him to wait while I paid Frau Goldstein.

That being done, I took him with me to look for lodgings. He drew my arm through his, and we walked off together.

I told him all that happened to me since I had returned to New York; but my two days with Mr. Dale, I spoke not of. He shook his head many times in disapproval: "This is not the right life for you, Röschen."

Near Washington Square, we came to a house where furnished rooms were advertised. It looked clean and nice. We entered. A quiet, elderly woman showed us a little apartment composed of a tiny kitchen, a parlor, and two small bedrooms. It was clean and simply furnished; the price — fifty dollars a month. We had to do our own cooking; this I knew Frau Matrosi would like, for then she could prepare her Christian German repasts.

I paid the fifty dollars, and said I would move in with my friend, an old lady, that same afternoon. Herr Schimmel engaged a little attic room for the night. He told me he had to join the Troupe in Pennsylvania the next day. Frau Matrosi's letter had been forwarded from one place to the other, and only reached them last night; he had come to see how she was, but never expected to find me.

"Are you supporting Frau Matrosi?" he asked.

"We are taking care of each other; I don't know what would have become of me without her."

He asked no further questions about my resources, as he saw I had enough money.

I made little provisions in the neighborhood of coal and wood, and groceries, and I bought a few things for our supper; I wanted the first night of our installation to have a feast. I insisted on making Herr Schimmel go into a restaurant with me, and eat a lunch, as we neither of us had had anything all day.

We returned to our little flat with our provisions; I had bought a few flowers for the table.

I engaged a carriage to take Frau Matrosi to our new home.

On entering Frau Goldstein's house, I was rejoiced to think I should never go into that odious place again.

Frau Matrosi uttered loud exclamations of joy on seeing Herr Schimmel; and they kissed each other on both cheeks. She was ready to start. I tossed my things into my bag, and took my rug on my arm; these are my sole possessions. We descended the stairs; Herr Schimmel carried Frau Matrosi's small box.

I gave the servant girl two dollars, as she had rendered us a few services.

We all drove together to our new lodgings. Frau Matrosi was enchanted with the rooms, and she immediately began cooking our supper. We had a merry little repast.

I fear from what Herr Schimmel said, the Troupe is not making good affairs. Frau Matrosi will be unable to work for some time more. She asked me no question as to what I had sold,—the source of all our new prosperity. But now we must economize. I find I have spent to-day seventy dollars. I have no idea how much it costs to eat. All my toilet must be refreshed and I want to buy myself a black costume, although I know I wear deep mourning in my heart. I am determined to find work, if only out of what I gain to pay Mr. Dale, as I promised, the money I owe him and Anna Engel.

XXXVI

OCTOBER 20. Herr Schimmel stayed with us only one night. His train departed in the afternoon, but in the morning we took a walk together, down by the Battery near the water.

He has a heart like a child and enjoys the simplest little pleasures; a cloud, a leaf, a baby's curls, fill him with delight. He says that anything that's pleasing to the eye is a gift to the soul, the only possessions that make a man rich.

I should like to cultivate that thought, for it will surely be my only mode of accumulating wealth.

Yet he has had a very sad life. We sat on a bench and he told me much about himself; of the great ambitions of his youth.

"I was brought up as a shoemaker, and while working at the leather, my mind was filled with music; the rhythm of a machine seemed an air, with the time well marked. The pulling of the thread in regular movement, I compared to long drawn scales. I dreamed to be a new Hans Sachs, and now I am terminating my life as a third class comedian. I am a failure!"

"Oh, no, dear Herr Schimmel," I exclaimed,

“say not that. Others are stupid not to recognize your talent. You play beautifully on the flute. And then you are noble in adversity, and you open your heart to people’s troubles; you were my benefactor on the ship; you gave me generously of all your kindness, and I am sure some day you will have a success before the public.”

“*Ach*, Röschen, you make me very happy, but I fear kindness of heart is no help to success. In America I shall not be recognized. The nation here is not musical; they have too many noises in their ears; all the time bells, whistles, horns and their own strident voices. They want music for dancing, and while they eat, and at the theatre, to indicate to them if a play is a drama or a comedy. Without a cake walk tune or an *adagio patetico*, they know not whether to cry or laugh; they have no artistic sense. Why, Röschen, in Philadelphia the other night, I was given a ticket to the theatre; the actor was an artist; he was representing a young bridegroom drunk on his wedding night, not very drunk, but just enough to gradually inspire horror to his bride; it was pitiful, it was tragic, and will you believe it, those idiots of the audience laughed, as they do in the street when a tipsy man embraces a lamp-post. *Ach, mein Gott!* I could have strangled them.”

He was excited and gesticulating; I proposed walking home.

He and I agreed Frau Matrosi would not be able to act for a long time. "And besides, my little Rosa," he said, "until you return to your friends, you must have some one to live with."

I had told him my grandmother had died and that in less than three years I should be major.

He shook his head, saying, "You are a little runaway princess, and I cannot see why you live like this."

I did not explain my reasons for I thought he would not understand them, probably nobody would, and I must fight alone for my own independence.

After he went I felt lonely, for he was a good companion; poor old man, it is sad to live fifty years, with no remembrance of success!

Frau Matrosi bores me terribly with her incessant talk about her ugly little husband,—she wears his picture in a medallion and he looks like a monkey—but still she is jealous of him and fears he will fall a prey to women who make love to him in her absence. Her only thought is to join the Troupe and become rich and go back to him, but she is crippled with rheumatism and she has often attacks of the heart; so she frets a great deal, and when my patience is at an end, I walk indefinitely in the quiet streets about Washington Square.

I have made friends with a poor girl who lives in an attic at the top of our house; she is called Mary Snow, and works in a feather factory; she

spends most of her evenings with us; for I found her room was cold and lit only by a little oil lamp. She has rendered me a great service by finding me work. I sew aprons at twenty-five cents a dozen. I give German lessons to a boy who also lives in our house, in exchange of the use of his mother's sewing machine.

Mary Snow said she used to make four dozen aprons a day; but I am very slow; I only succeeded in making four aprons the first day, but now I manage to do a dozen, and I calculate it will take me forty days before I can send the ten dollars to Mr. Dale. But I am much happier since I am occupied.

Mary Snow and Frau Matrosi talk by signs and they get on very well together.

XXXVII

NOVEMBER 20th. A month has passed; here is what I have achieved.

By learning to work faster and faster, and hardly ever going out, I succeeded in doing two dozen aprons a day, earning thus fifty cents. Last week I had ten dollars; this I sent to Mr. Dale, in an envelope on which I wrote, "from my earnings." I enclosed it in a short note to Anna Engel with seven dollars from my pearl money. I said nothing of my circumstances, and of course I gave no address.

So my debts are paid! What I owed him since the first day we met going to Newport, is canceled. Nothing attaches me to him, not even a debt. Everything is finished between us! The thought while I worked on those endless aprons, that the result of every stitch was to go to him, a proof I had kept my vow to work and could pay, made me so diligent, but now I feel I have no incentive. Fifty cents a day would not even nourish Theodora and me. I had to pawn another pearl. My pride is gone; those words of triumph to him, "from my

earnings," were really false. To myself I own my defeat; I cannot gain my life. Naturally I support Frau Matrosi.

When I returned Mrs. McGreggor's wedding ring, I found the family in still greater misery than before, so I also assist them, and every Sunday I go to see them.

I lie awake at night asking myself: "Ought I not to sell my pearls and give all the poor people I see happiness. Ought I not to send Frau Matrosi back to Germany?" Also Mary Snow who only earns five dollars a week, has no winter clothes and the weather is growing cold. At least she has her supper with us now.

Herr Schimmel worries me, too, for he says the Troupe is not making good affairs and he is experimenting on a nut diet. "You would laugh," he writes, "to see how thin I have grown." Oh, no, dear man, I weep to think you may be starving.

I wish there were someone I could consult. My own judgment is so little sure. I told Frau Matrosi how unhappy I was about the McGreggors and she said, "Don't worry about other people, Rosa; the poor are like grains of sand—you cannot count their number."

One thing I have done. I remembered how the Settlement ladies in Boston sent a nurse to the sick and Mary Snow showed me a Deaconess Home, where I applied for someone to take care of

the McGreggors. A nurse, a nice Miss Brown, goes there every day.

I must find a doctor for Theodora Matrosi; she looks to me quite ill and her heart attacks become more frequent.

I have many cares and anxieties; it would be sweet to avow to someone wise and kind that I felt after all too young to take care of myself and of so many other people; I want someone to help me solve all my difficult problems. I feel sad, and restless and depressed. My only consolation is to think that now he will no longer call me a child, but respect me, as he said he admired most the women who work. I must persevere a little longer.

Last time I visited the McGreggors I encountered there the Deaconess nurse, Miss Brown. I accompanied her to the top of the stairs; she said to me: "Miss Schmidt, unless Mrs. McGreggor goes away from New York, she will die; she has tuberculosis."

As I went back to talk to them, it suddenly occurred to me that if they could all go to Mr. Dale's Home at Rilldale, Mrs. McGreggor would get well.

I told them about the Home; the most beautiful place in the world, where a kind gentleman took care of people and made them well. They both said they would like to go with their children, and I am writing to Miss Brown to propose their being sent there.

“Dear Miss Brown,— What you said about the necessity of Mrs. McGreggor going away from New York, has suggested to me the thought of how happy they could be in a marvelous Home in the Berkshires, founded by Mr. Herbert Dale, for consumptives, where a friend of mine, a young German girl, has just been cured. Mr. Dale inhabits there, and takes the kindest interest to the poor people. If you write to him, I am sure he will send for the whole family when he learns their deplorable condition. It is a little hard for me to assist them much longer, for I support also an old friend, and I am trying to gain my own life. His address is Rilldale, Stockbridge.

“I pray you to think me, dear Miss Brown,

“Your very sincere

“ROSA SCHMIDT.”

Oh! how I should like to accompany them, and leave the dark, noisy city! I feel not very well, and I suffer continually from an infinite fatigue.

XXXVIII

NOVEMBER 25th. Sunday again! I am so tired, so tired that it fatigues me to rest.

Frau Matrosi has had several attacks of the heart this week, but she won't see an American doctor. I have sat up with her these last two nights. I think I have caught cold. The weather is very damp. My head is throbbing. I am dizzy. My courage is fainting away. I shall sell all my pearls. I shall go to the country where it is quiet. The elevated trains are running through my brain. Snow is falling. At Rilldale it is pure and white, here the passersby crush it into slime and mud.

Theodora is crying for her husband and her little boys. I have nobody to cry for. I must send her home, and then I must live all alone. That idea frightens me. Mary Snow lives alone in an attic. But she is courageous and I am a coward.

To-day, like never before, I long for my dear grandmother. I should like to sit at her feet, and rest my head against her knee, and have her counsel me what to do; I feel not wise, and oh! so tired!

I must shake myself and go to see the McGreggors; they are expecting me this afternoon; perhaps they have already received an invitation from Mr. Dale; I should like to see what he writes.

I have kept his letter to me, and often I read it over.

I have a strange feeling, ever since early this morning, as if someone were calling me, I know not where, I know not who.

Yes, I must go to the McGreggors —

I tried to put on my hat, but everything turned black before my eyes, and I had such a terrible chill that I went and crouched by the stove in the kitchen where Frau Matrosi was dozing.

Now I have returned to my own room with my head on fire, and there are pulses beating all over me, and my bones ache.

I am ashamed of myself; I must make an effort and go and see my poor friends.

Out of the window I observe a mist makes the air thick; all the smoke of the city seems to be melting into black drops. I think it is already growing sombre, and it frightens me to go into that worse quarter of the town after dark.

My hand is trembling; my head is throbbing; I feel ill; yes, I know I have fever; I am ill, and there is no one to take care of me.

I want my dear grandmother; I should like to be a little child; I want to cry. But no, it is I who

must console all those other people who are crying; the other little children!

I hear Mary Snow; she has entered the kitchen; she calls me "Rosie." Is that my name? Yes, Rosie Schmidt, or Rosa, Röschen, Dornröschen. Prince Ulrich wants to marry Yvonne Carrington. Mary does n't know Yvonne. Nobody wants to love poor Rosie Schmidt. I will go and tell Mary about Yvonne dancing at the Emperor's ball. She will laugh!

I must go and see the McGreggors. Again I hear a voice! Somebody is calling me! . . .

XXXIX

DECEMBER 14th, 15th, 16th. Fifth Avenue — With a pencil I can write from time to time. The last page of my Memoirs is blotted with tears, but now all my destiny is changed. I have been long unconscious, and can only relate what I have been told.

I went to the door of the kitchen; I said one or two incoherent words, and then I fainted. Mary Snow lifted me onto my bed. Frau Matrosi was so startled at seeing me ill that she had a heart attack.

Mary called the landlady to her aid, and then she ran to fetch Miss Brown.

Vaguely I realized that somebody was taking care of me; that the voice that had been calling me all day, was speaking softly to me, and that I could not answer.

After that I had terrible dreams of being dragged over rocks and through cold streams; of falling down precipices, and of heavy stones dropping upon me and crushing my breast so that I could not breathe.

Then gradually I awoke as from a long, long

sleep. The evil dreams had gone. I lay quite still for days, with closed eyes, vaguely conscious of being cared for. Sometimes I heard people whisper softly, and I often had the sensation of someone standing at the foot of the bed watching me. The first word I understood was my own name "Yvonne" spoken gently with the voice that had been calling me. I was too weak to open my eyes; I only smiled, and a tear ran down my cheek.

Someone said, "Doctor, I think she is conscious."

"Not yet," was the answer, and everything was quiet again. No sound, no noise, a distant muffled rumbling. As my thoughts grew clearer I wondered how it could be so still, for in my little room, the windows had been shaken continually by the elevated trains.

Thus time passed without my knowledge of hours, or of days, or of nights. When I first opened my eyes I saw a nurse bending over me, and later I saw another one. I suffered no pain, only I felt an infinite fatigue.

Soon I began to wonder where I was. I lay in a big, comfortable bed. I saw several windows hung with blue curtains. The floor was of polished wood, with soft colored rugs; the arm-chairs covered in light silk. A fire burned always in the room.

The nurse was feeding me; I observed the spoon

was of silver and the cup of delicate china. The nurse smiled and said: "You are feeling better to-day, Miss Carrington."

I shut my eyes, I could not answer, or ask questions, I was too weak; I simply knew I was no longer Rosa Schmidt.

This brought me my first sensation of pleasure, and I lay still and was happy.

A thought began with persistence to worry me. The first question I asked was, "Who takes care of Frau Matrosi?"

The nurse answered: "Mr. Dale has seen to everything."

"I want to see Mr. Dale," I said as a thing all natural.

"I'll ask the Doctor if you may."

"Yes, please, at once." I felt my will was returning with my strength; I was told the next day I might see him, and he came —

Very softly he walked across the floor, and stood by my bed. He took my hand in his and held it.

I was anxious to see if he were angry with me, but no, his eyes were kind, and he seemed emotioned. I smiled at him, and he sat down beside the bed.

"Please tell me," I said and my voice was so low he had to bend nearer to hear me, "who takes care of Frau Matrosi?"

"A doctor and a nurse have been caring for her;

she is much better. Herr Schimmel has returned and lives in the same house."

"Have you seen him?"

"Yes, he has been here every day to inquire for you. I like him."

"I am so glad, I want to see him."

"Very soon you may."

I sighed, and he said, "Poor little girl!" so tenderly that it sounded to me like a caress.

"Have the McGreggors gone to Rilldale?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "they went some time ago; it was through them, thank God, that I discovered you."

"Tell me about it," I said.

"Not to-day, you must not talk any more."

"I have been ill?"

"Yes, very ill." I think his voice trembled; I closed my eyes, with the joy of knowing that when I opened them, I should see him.

"Where does Mary Snow get her supper?" I asked again.

"She has moved into your little room, to be near Frau Matrosi; she is a nice, good girl."

"I am so glad you like my friends," I murmured.

I wanted to know no more, my mind was at rest. I was happy with such a sweet emotion that I felt tears run down my cheeks.

"Are you crying, dearest?" he said with alarm.

"I am so happy," I whispered, "that I thought I would die gladly now, so as never to know anything different from this."

"Oh! Yvonne, don't say that, I want you to live, my darling, I want you to be happy; I don't dare tell you now all the things I want."

He wiped gently the tears from my face, and in perfect contentment, with the knowledge he was near me and not displeased with me, I fell asleep.

I am living in Uncle John King's house, on Fifth Avenue; how I came here I know not yet. I cannot talk much, my voice is very weak, even my thoughts are rather vague, and seem to blow away easily like thistle-down.

For several days I have seen only Herbert Dale, and truly no one else do I want to see.

He found me writing just now, and was afraid I was fatiguing myself. He says he will inscribe himself in my little book the long recital of how he discovered me; and he has moved the table where I can watch him write.

"Dear Yvonne, you ask me to give this account of my search for you; here it is: Much against my own inclinations, as you know, I went to New York; I saw your Cousin Henry Short, and we returned to Stockbridge together on Sunday. I had meantime seen your uncle, Mr. King, and asked if he would take care of you, in case you

were anxious to go to his house. He readily agreed to receive you, and I had a long argument with Henry Short, in which I at last prevailed; you should have the choice of going to either Mr. King's house or your Cousin Carolina's. I hoped this chance for you to go to more congenial surroundings would make you forgive my seeming harshness. You may imagine my dismay, when arriving at my house I was greeted by Anna Engel with the news that you had left Rilldale Friday, a few hours after I had gone.

She had been very much agitated, not knowing what to do. She sent a telegram Saturday to my office, which I had not received. I read the letter you had left for me,—your pathetic letter, revealing such complete self-reliance, and such total ignorance of the dangers you were confronting; showing also your great distress of mind, and proving to me what a blundering fool I had been. I was obliged to show it to Henry Short, who was indignantly surprised at your saying, you would rather die than live with him and his sister; he had been convinced until then that you would gladly go to his house, to await your mother's orders. But my pity and his indignation were changed to alarm. Where had you vanished to? I remembered your telling me about Herr Meyerbaum; it was perhaps your idea to earn your living on the stage, as a member of his company. Henry Short would not tol-

erate such a supposition, and our fears were increased when Anna Engel told us, you had borrowed seven dollars from her, which she believed was all the money you had.

To fancy you alone, penniless in New York was intolerable!

At once, Henry Short and I returned to the city; he to inquire at the houses of the people he thought you might go to; I, to engage a private detective and put him on the trace of the Meyerbaum troupe.

I can only say the next six weeks were a horrible nightmare. One clue after another was taken up, to be dropped again as the wrong one. Meyerbaum was discovered in Pennsylvania. I went myself to see him; I only learnt from him that a young girl—"Dornröschen" he called her, had joined them on their voyage to America. Of course that was you, but he knew as little as I did where you were. Herr Schimmel was in New York at the time. I went to Frau Hirsch's boarding house; the landlady—a very sullen woman, said she had never seen any one resembling the description I gave of you.

Factories, shops, theatres, every kind of place was investigated, every sort of veiled advertisement was put in the newspapers; for we did not wish the public to be told of your disappearance. Letters and cables were exchanged between your mother and Henry Short. He was beside

himself with anxiety, and was laid low by repeated bilious attacks. He sailed for Europe after a month's vain search to confer with your mother. He was convinced that you had either been kidnapped or died under an assumed name.

I confess every kind of hideous thought passed through my brain. The idea that you, a beautiful, delicate girl, with no knowledge of life, thrown entirely on your resources, was an hourly torture. Bitterly I blamed myself for being responsible for your flight. You had come to me asking for help and protection, and I, fool that I was, had rebuked you, and had cruelly told you that I should return you to hated surroundings.

Anna Engel gave me the card accompanying the seventeen dollars you sent. By this, I knew you were alive and had money, but I was just as anxious as ever to know where you were.

I went home to Stockbridge. As I entered my library, your image seemed to fill the room. The piteous words, "I am all alone in the world now" rang through my ears. Your sweet, sad eyes, your expression of reproach, the sound of your little feet pacing the floor,—every impression you had left behind challenged me as a rebuke, and mingled with my remorse came the knowledge that not alone my frantic anxiety as to your fate, but an ever increasing desire to see you again, to beg of you the greatest gift, was adding despair to my suspense.

I went to my writing table and idly I sorted my mail. Among my letters I opened one from the Deaconess Home—a request to help a destitute family. I was throwing it aside, when I said to myself—if Yvonne were here she would tell me, I know, to help these unfortunates; I remembered your interest and sympathy towards all suffering, and surmounting my indifference, I read Miss Brown's letter; she spoke of a young friend—a Miss Schmidt—who had supported this family of McGreggors, and proposed sending them to the Sanitorium at Rilldale. Miss Brown enclosed Miss Schmidt's letter. Mechanically I opened the enclosure; the signature was unfamiliar, but the handwriting startled me. I compared it with the note I carried always with me. It was the same, and the unique style was unmistakably yours! I pressed the letter to my lips, in unspeakable joy. At last I had a clew!

In a fever of impatience I chartered a special engine, for it was late Saturday night. On my way to the station, I stopped at the Home and saw Anna Engel; she shared my hopefulness and assured me she had always been certain her prayers would be granted.

The engine was ready, I stood in the cab, and insisted on helping the stoker. Every delay was intolerable, every rapid stretch of speed seemed a moment gained over the interminable suspense.

At six A. M. I arrived in New York. At seven I was at the door of the Deaconess House.

I asked for Miss Brown and gave my card. After a while a trim little nurse appeared, evidently surprised at my early visit.

Suppressing as best I could every sign of excitement, I said the McGreggor family filled me with the greatest interest, and I should like to see Miss Rosa Schmidt concerning them.

Imagine my feelings when Miss Brown told me she did not know where Miss Schmidt lived; she had only met her a few times at the McGreggors, that they however might know. "She is a foreigner I think," said Miss Brown, "she speaks with an accent; the McGreggors simply worship the ground she treads on. She saved them from starvation; she has supported the family for over a month, and yet I believe she herself works, and she looks to me far from strong."

In as casual a manner as possible, I asked more questions concerning you. Miss Brown said: "Miss Schmidt has spoken of you and your Home with the greatest enthusiasm; the fact is, Sir, she looks to me more as if she belonged to Fifth Avenue than to the West Side; she is a real lady, and no mistake."

My next step was to visit the McGreggors, although I knew the hour to be unsuitably early. I announced as I entered their room, I came as

a friend of Miss Schmidt, and the man immediately held out his hand to me :

“ Any friend of Miss Schmidt is welcome here. If it had n't been for her we'd been dead long ago. It is not for the money she gives, although I believe she can ill spare it, but it's just her bonny way of giving it that has helped us bear our troubles; did n't she say to me when I was thanking her last time she comes, 'It is perfectly natural that I should help you, Mr. McGregor, you would do the same by me, if conditions were reversed.' And she looked at me with that pretty smile of hers, as if it was she who was under obligations, not me. Ah! yes, sir, take my word for it, there's no young lady like her, in the British Isles nor in the States.”

Every word spoken told me it was you. With diplomatic precautions I first inquired into their needs; I promised to send them at once to the country, and I wanted to see Miss Schmidt, but I had unfortunately lost her address.

Again my eagerness to see you at once, was checked by their saying you had never told them where you lived, but you were coming to see them that Sunday afternoon; I might return and meet you, towards three o'clock.

During the hours that intervened I walked the whole neighborhood, wondering where you lived, what your circumstances were.

The afternoon was cold and raw; rain began to fall; I hoped you were sufficiently clad. I paced up and down before the McGreggor's house. It was long after three. I went to their room, and talked with them for a while. My impatience was visible.

"There's no doubt you want to see her," the woman said. "She may be ill, she looks delicate; she ought to go with us to your estate; she speaks of it as the most wonderful place in the world."

"She always comes before this," said the man.

I never in my life longed for any one as I did for you that day; if my soul had had a voice, you would surely have heard it calling you.

At six o'clock the McGreggors said it was no use waiting any longer. In despair I went back to the Deaconess House to consult Miss Brown. I was determined to find you, if the whole detective force were turned out to hunt for a Miss Rosa Schmidt.

Miss Brown was at supper. I waited in the hall. I had been there a few minutes, when an excited, disheveled girl rushed in, saying she wanted the nurse, Miss Brown, to come home with her at once. Miss Brown appeared.

"Oh! that's you, Miss Brown," the girl said panting, "I'm Mary Snow that lives with Rosie Schmidt; she's took awful sick, and Frau Matrosi also. Come along quick."

I caught the girl by the arm: "Is Rosa Schmidt the McGreggors' friend?"

"Yes," she said looking at me suspiciously, "but I guess that ain't no business of yours."

I said that it was my business and admitting of no contradiction, I accompanied Miss Brown and Mary Snow. At last we reached the house; I followed the women upstairs. In the first room we entered, an old woman lay in bed.

"Go quick, see Röschen, she sick, *Ach, mein Gott!* very sick!"

With my heart beating wildly, I went in to the little room where you lay. Your face was deadly pale, your eyes half closed, unconscious of us all. The nurse bent over you, and examined you, Mary Snow standing guard at the foot of the bed by my side.

Miss Brown turned to me and said, "Mr. Dale, she has pneumonia, she is very ill; she can't be taken care of here, we must send for an ambulance, and telephone to admit her to a hospital."

"Miss Brown," I said, "this young girl you call Rosa Schmidt, is a friend of mine. Her name is Yvonne Carrington."

From my pocket I drew the old newspaper cutting with your name and picture, which I carried always with me, to serve as identification. Miss Brown and Mary Snow looked at it; the latter ex-

claimed: "It's Rosie all right! but my she looks like a swell! I smelled a rat right along that she weren't at work in her own diggings!"

Your diary lay open on the table; the words Rosie Schmidt and Yvonne Carrington caught my eye; further back my own name was mentioned. I showed it to Miss Brown; she was convinced.

I ran to the nearest drug store; telephoned for an ambulance; got Mr. King on the line, and told him to prepare a room for you at once, and to have a doctor and nurse ready to receive you.

When I returned to the flat, Frau Matrosi was having some sort of attack, and the two women were busy with her.

I went and stood again at the foot of your bed. You were unconscious, your breath came in gasps. Your golden hair fell all over the pillow; round your neck I caught a glimpse of your grandmother's beautiful pearls. I looked about the tiny room, with its miserable furniture: in strange contrast on the table lay tortoise shell brushes with gold initials; next to them the diary; thinking you would not care to have it fall in the hands of strangers, I took it; a little key was attached; as I was locking it two faded flowers dropped from between the leaves. I recognized the pansy and forget-me-not I had sent you on board ship. With emotion I replaced them: they revealed to me what I had hardly dared to hope.

I longed to bend over you, and speak to you, and obtain your forgiveness; your thin hands showed me you had suffered privations; my heart was wrung with pity to find you in such surroundings.

The ambulance men arrived. They said the stairs were too narrow for a stretcher.

I said I would carry you down. Miss Brown wrapped you up in blankets. I took you in my arms; you opened your eyes for one instant, and I thought you looked at me and smiled; I held you still closer to me.

We drove off. Arrived at your uncle's house, I again took you in my arms and carried you upstairs.

Mr. King and Mischief and the servants stood silent in the hall as I went by with my precious burden. I laid you on a bed, a nurse was in the room, and the doctor soon arrived.

I waited downstairs for his verdict. Your uncle seemed anxious; and Mischief was pale with fear; I told them how I had found you.

The doctor came in looking extremely grave, and said you were very ill. You had pneumonia; such a sudden collapse was due to a chill, and a debilitated condition.

Your uncle invited me to stay in the house. Ten days passed in the greatest suspense. At last you slowly rallied, the fever departed, your breath-

ing became normal, you were declared out of danger. The doctor had said one person might be allowed in the room; I gave your uncle a reason which he accepted, that I should be the one; and day by day I watched your gradual recovery."

He read me all he had written, and I listened intently. Oh! the strange and wonderful discovery his words brought me!

"I never imagined," I said, "you would care so much."

He closed my little book, and came and knelt by my bedside.

"Yvonne, my darling," he said, "I want you to forgive me for the way I treated you at Rilldale — the cause I think of all you have suffered."

"You have also suffered from cause of me," I answered, "and I have much to be forgiven too!"

"Yvonne, I want you to be my wife, I love you." I laid my hand timidly on his arm and said, "I think I have always loved you."

He put his arm around me, and I rested my head upon his shoulder. I looked up at him; he bent over me and kissed me, very gently, very tenderly, with reverence, and I never had imagined a feeling of such happiness.

I was so weak, I hardly felt as if I had a body at all; only a spirit to think of him, and a heart to love him.

The daylight had gone; the fire illumined the room; everything was hushed and quiet; in low words we spoke to each other, so that not even the walls could catch the sound of our voices.

Having been so near dying, I was given back to this new, wonderful joy of living, and thus I became affianced.

XL

DECEMBER 22d. I am rapidly growing stronger. I sit up a few hours every day, and each of the people I like best, I have seen.

Mischief was the first, for Herbert told me how changed she had been during my illness, and in truth when I saw her come in, very softly, on tip-toe, she looked not like the wild child I had known at Newport.

She held my hand, and pressed it against her cheek, and in a low voice she spoke:

“Oh, Yvonne, my very sweetest, I am so glad you are alive, for I was sure you were going to die. I stood hours outside your door, waiting for your last gasp, as people do in books, and now instead you are well, and you are going to marry Mr. Dale. He is fine! And I will come and live with you, and play with your little children. He told me I was the first to whom he announced his engagement. Until then my heart was in little pieces, I was so unhappy, but now we shall have a jolly life together, we three.”

“Dear Mischief,” I said, “I love you dearly, and you certainly will come and pay us long visits.”

“You will see how good I am now,” said Mis-

chief, "even my governess says I have improved. I am glad I have got you to love, beside horses and dogs; of course I am fond of Papa, but he is too busy to pay attention to me, and Mamma was too old when I was born; she likes better grown up daughters. Nancy, you know is going to marry her Marquis. I shall marry a cowboy. I told Mr. Dale how you and Evelyn fought over his picture, and that I was mad that you let her have it afterwards. She is now in San Francisco, attending a Charity Congress. Oh! you Sweetest, I am so glad to have you here!" And Mischief chattered on. I am a little disturbed that she imagines she is to live with us always.

Anna Engel wept over me a flood of tears, and I realized how much I had worried her and Herbert, and even those whom I thought liked me not, by my disappearance. I have remorses to have made any one so anxious. She is also staying here in Uncle John's house. She visits daily Frau Matrosi, who, she tells me, at once became in better health when Herbert promised to send her back to Germany. Frau Matrosi and Anna travel together to Europe next month. Herbert went to see Frau Matrosi, and said that he owed a large debt of gratitude to any one who had been kind to me; so his present to Frau Matrosi is to her a fortune, which enables her never to act again, but to live at home with her husband and her little boys.

Mary Snow has been established, as was her dream, in a little hat shop, of which she is mistress, and is doing well I hear.

Herbert and I have arranged the best way to assist my different friends. And Oh! it is the greatest joy in the world to make people happy. He told me I inherited a large fortune from my grandmother, and I can have money to spend even before I am twenty-one. He explained to me what it signified that Cousin Henry is executor of the estate.

To-day when I sat in the little boudoir, next my room, he brought in Herr Schimmel to see me, saying in German, "Yvonne, here is a good friend of yours."

I was so glad to see Herr Schimmel. I held out my two hands to him. He bent over and kissed them both, and his face was full of emotion.

"Röschen, Röschen," he said, "*Ach nein!* I must call you now *gnädiges Fraülein.*"

"No," I said, "that is not necessary."

"Soon," said Herr Schimmel, "you will be *gnädige Frau.*"

"Yes," I answered, "and you and all the Troupe are coming to my wedding. It will be here in the house, with only my best friends present."

We three talked together some time. Herr Schimmel told Herbert he had worried much to leave me in New York to earn my own living,

but he knew not what to do for he was pledged to Herr Meyerbaum. The Troupe had suffered many difficulties. "But now," he said to me, "owing to your *Herr Brautigam's* generosity and patronage, the different members have found well paying situations; and as for me, *Ach!* I am so happy! I am first flutist in a little orchestra, with a regular salary; that was always my dream."

"Dear Herr Schimmel," I said, "the experience I have made, of knowing what it is to be cold, and not well fed, without money, in surroundings sombre and unpleasant, has taught me much, and now I shall be able to make life more commodious to other people."

"*Ach! mein teures Kind,*" said Herr Schimmel, "it is not the money you will give that alone will make other people's lives happier, it is the golden grace, the kindness of your heart which accompanies and beautifies the gift. Believe me, *mein Herr,*" he said turning to Herbert, "each one of us poor comedians felt the better for her presence among us; and our respect for this innocent young girl seemed a natural tribute from our better natures."

"Oh," I said, rendered humble by all this praise, "you forget how thoughtless and childish I have been, and I made him suffer." I held out my hand to Herbert, who smiled at me.

As is the custom in Germany, for the bride to

give presents to her friends, I have sent gifts to all the Troupe which I think will please them.

I have had a letter from Cousin Henry, who is taking a cure for his liver in Bohemia. He tried to be pleasant and express joy at my return to, what he calls,—my natural sphere,—and to congratulate me on my engagement to Herbert, which was cabled to him. But I am afraid his feelings are still affected by the sufferings of his liver, and that the news of my betrothal made him swallow a bitter pill of disappointment.

Herbert asked my mother's consent to propose to me, in one of the daily cables he despatched during my illness. I thought it was very wily of him to imitate the European custom; she cabled her assent, and here is a letter from her I have just received.

“ Dear Yvonne,—

“ After the months of cruel anxiety we have endured owing to your unutterable conduct, it is a relief to know that someone is willing to undertake your future guidance. I am informed Mr. Dale is of good family, that he has fortune, and is still in robust health; this is fortunate, for my nerves are shattered by the mortification caused by your disgraceful flight. We had it understood that your grandmother, having made you her heiress, had sent for you to America; that finding

her dead, you had gone into retirement during your mourning. I first thought when I ignored where you were, of announcing you had gone to a nervine establishment, as many ladies go there, *de nos jours*, instead of in convents; but I reflected it might produce *une impression fâcheuse*, affecting Wilhelmine's prospects, if people thought there was a touch of insanity in the family; although I consider you were quite mad to behave as you did. Your marriage dispels our *inquiétude* for your unfortunate proclivity, as your Cousin Henry Short justly calls it, for awakening the affections of undesirable young men. Herr Hase-mann has had the good taste to vanish to a *Pastorat* in North East Prussia. When Mr. Dale cabled you were found, and that you were ill, I should have forced myself to cross the ocean, although I nearly die from *mal de mer*, but the Emperor was expected in Paris, and I had to be at my post. I have announced your marriage to our friends; I confess to see you allied to a simple American, when my sister's girls are married to a Duke and Marquis, and to think you might have been a Serene Highness, is a great chagrin, especially now that your being an heiress would have equalized your situation towards the *Fürst*, and rendered Wilhelmine's *avenir* infinitely more brilliant. It is my duty to wish you all joy, and I shall welcome you and try to forgive you, if you

and Mr. Dale should make your *voyage de nocce* to Paris, as American frocks are impossible.

“Your Affectionate

“MOTHER.”

I shall try and write as filial an answer as I can.

My happy hours are those I spend alone with Herbert. It is wonderful that a man like him should love me! Oh! how I look forward to the moment when he arrives every afternoon.

I sit in a big arm-chair by the fire; the lights are dim; the sweet fragrance of flowers fills the room; I have learnt to appreciate, from having missed them so long, these delicious things that make life so agreeable.

I said to Herbert to-day, that I must not let myself forget my experiences of poverty; for now that I am marrying an American, of which I am so proud, I want to use all my sentiments of patriotism, not only in loving my country but in loving all its inhabitants, especially the poor ones. Herbert is so sympathetic, and says he will help me in everything I wish to do.

We had a conversation just now which made clear to me many things in his former conduct I understood not. He sat by my side, and I rested my head on his shoulder. I asked why he had discovered he loved me when I was absent from him.

“When I found you were gone I knew that not fear, but love — love such as I had never known was what I felt. From the first moment I saw you in the train going to Newport you interested me. When you came to Rilldale in the summer, I was charmed by your pretty ways. You were so innocent and untouched by the world. You showed such earnestness in your enthusiastic love for your country. On our long motor drive from Stockbridge to West Point, when we were alone together, again I was drawn and fascinated by you but I reminded myself that I was twice your age. And when Bobby informed me that you were engaged, I tried to close my heart against you. That is why I seemed brusque and repellant. Oh, my darling, if I had been less of a fool, if when you came to me on that stormy night, I had taken you in my arms, all your sorrows and all my anxiety would have been spared us.”

But now his arms are my natural shelter; thus when we are silent, as also when we converse, the deeper love enters more and more into our hearts.

RILLDALE



XLI

DECEMBER 31st. This is my wedding day! The ceremony of marriage I cannot well describe; I look back upon it as a sort of bewildering dream. It took place in my Uncle John King's house. All my best friends were there: Bobby, Lily Stuart and Tom, Cousin Hilliard Carrington, Anna Engel, Frau Matrosi, Herr Schimmel, Mary Snow, Herr Meyerbaum and all the Troupe, some friends of Herbert's, Cousin Carolina, who looked consternated at finding herself in a company so mixed—I was not very regretful that Cousin Henry was in Bohemia, and Evelyn in the West.

At the breakfast, many speeches were made and toasts were drunk. We left the house in a glowing atmosphere of good wishes. Just as we were entering the carriage, Mischief appeared dressed in a costume for travel; she intended to go with us, but Cousin Hilliard said he had made up a party for the theatre that night; she would spoil all their fun if she did not go with them, and I would be willing to wait and have her come later. After some demur she gave me what she calls a "fierce hug," as farewell.

I seemed during the voyage to Stockbridge to be gliding onward into the joyful realization of a vision. Behind me I was leaving all disquietude, all trouble and pain, and before me lay a radiant happiness.

As we rose in the hills, snow covered the ground like a bridal veil to do me honor. Thus I have seen my beloved country under the aspect of all the seasons, and in every change I find a new delight; it is in truth the land of promise, in which it is my good fortune now to dwell.

We drove from the station up the road, where I had toiled with grief and fear in my heart.

For the third time I entered the library at Rilldale. I entered hand in hand with Herbert. Now it is my home! A fire burned in the great chimney; our evening repast was served before it.

My soul is filled with tender thoughts. If my grandmother could but see me! She knew well she was making my joy secure when she asked Herbert to be my friend.

He and I are sitting together before the fire, there is but half a page left in my diary. He tells me I shall no longer want to inscribe my thoughts, and so these last words are a farewell.

As I flutter the pages, the names of many people leap before me, and nearly all have been kind; it may be my fault that one or two have not so well liked me. In this half year, every sort of experi-

ence has entered my life, and I have been taught many lessons.

In the silence of the house slowly the clock strikes twelve, and as the New Year opens, I close my little book.

THE END

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